

EDINBURGH  
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PAUL'S WORK

RELIQUES  
OF  
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:

CONSISTING OF

Old Heroic Ballads, Songs,  
AND OTHER PIECES OF OUR EARLIER POETS  
TOGETHER WITH SOME FEW OF LATER DATE.

BY

THOMAS PERCY,  
10th BISHOP OF DROMORI

REPRINTED ENTIRE FROM THE AUTHOR'S LAST EDITION

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With Memoir and Critical Dissertation,

BY THE

REV GEORGE GILFILLAN.

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IN THREE VOLUMES

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An ordinary Song or Ballad, that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers, as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or their ignorance, and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature which recommend it to the most ordinary reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined

ADDISON, in SPECTATOR, No 70.



# AN ESSAY

## ON THE

### ANCIENT MÉTRICAL ROMANCES.



THE third volume being chiefly devoted to romantic subjects, may not be unpropely introduced with a few slight strictures on the old *Métrical Romances* a subject the more worthy attention, as it seems not to have been known to such as have written on the nature and origin of Books of Chivalry, that the first compositions of this kind were in verse, and usually sung to the harp

#### ON THE ANCIENT MÉTRICAL ROMANCES, ETC

I The first attempts at composition among all barbarous nations are ever found to be Poetry and Song The praises of their gods and the achievements of their heroes, are usually chanted at their festival meetings These are the first rudiments of History

It is in this manner that the savages of North America preserve the memory of past events <sup>1</sup> and the same method is known to have prevailed among our Saxon ancestors, before they quitted their German forests <sup>2</sup> The ancient Britons had their Bards, and the Gothic nations their Scalds or popular poets, <sup>3</sup> whose business it was to record the victories of their warriors, and the genealogies of their princes, in a kind of narrative songs, which were committed to memory, and delivered down from one reciter to another So long as Poetry continued a distinct profession, and while the Bard, or Scald was a regular and stated officer in the prince's court, these men are thought to have performed the

<sup>1</sup> *Vid* Laisseau, Moeurs des Sauvages, T. 2 Di Browne's Hist of the Rise and Progress of Poetry — <sup>2</sup> Germani celebrant cœnibus antiquis (quod unum apud illos memoriae et annalium genus est) Tacit Germ c 2 — <sup>3</sup> Barth Antiq Dan Lib 1 Cap 10 ——— *Woman Literature Ruica, ad finem*

functions of the historian pretty faithfully, for though their narrations would be apt to receive a good deal of embellishment, they are supposed to have had at the bottom so much of truth as to serve for the basis of more regular annals. At least, succeeding historians have taken up with the relations of these rude men, and for want of more authentic records, have agreed to allow them the credit of true history.<sup>1</sup>

After letters began to prevail, and history assumed a more stable form, by being committed to plain simple prose, these Songs of the Scalds or Bards began to be more amusing than useful. And in proportion as it became then business chiefly to entertain and delight, they gave more and more into embellishment, and set off their recitals with such marvellous fictions, as were calculated to captivate gross and ignorant minds. Thus began stories of adventures with giants and dragons, and witches and enchanters, and all the monstrous extravagances of wild imagination, unguided by judgment, and uncorrected by art.<sup>2</sup>

This seems to be the true origin of that species of Romance, which so long celebrated feats of Chivalry, and which, at first in metre, and afterwards in prose, was the entertainment of our ancestors, in common with their contemporaries on the continent, till the satire of Cervantes, or rather the increase of knowledge and classical literature, drove them off the stage, to make room for a more refined species of fiction, under the name of French Romances, copied from the Greek.<sup>3</sup>

That our old Romances of Chivalry may be derived in a lineal descent from the ancient historical songs of the Gothic Bards and Scalds, will be shown below, and indeed appears the more evident, as many of those songs are still preserved in the north, which exhibit all the seeds of Chivalry before it became a solemn institution.<sup>4</sup> 'Chivalry, as a distinct military order, conferred in the way of investiture, and accompanied with the solemnity of an oath, and other ceremonies,' was of later date, and sprung out of the feudal constitution, as an elegant writer has clearly shewn.<sup>5</sup> But the ideas of Chivalry prevailed long before in all the Gothic nations, and may be discovered as in embryo in the customs,

<sup>1</sup> See 'Northern Antiquities, or a Description of the Manners, Customs, &c. of the ancient Danes and other northern nations, translated from the Fr. of M. Mallet,' 1770, 2 vol 8vo (vol 1 p 49, &c.)—<sup>2</sup> *Vid. infra*, pp xi, xii, &c.—

<sup>3</sup> *Viz Astræa, Cassandra, Clelia, &c.*—<sup>4</sup> Mallet, *vid. Northern Antiquities*, vol 1 p 318, &c vol 2 p 234, &c.—<sup>5</sup> Letters concerning Chivalry, 8vo. 1703

manners, and opinions of every branch of that people <sup>1</sup> That fondness of going in quest of adventures, that spirit of challenging to single combat, and that respectful complaisance shewn to the fair sex, (so different from the manners of the Greeks and Romans), all are of Gothic origin, and may be traced up to the earliest times among all the northern nations <sup>2</sup> These existed long before the feudal ages, though they were called forth and strengthened in a peculiar manner under that constitution, and at length arrived to their full maturity in the times of the Crusades, so replete with romantic adventures <sup>3</sup>

EVEN the common arbitrary fictions of Romance were (as is hinted above) most of them familiar to the ancient Scalds of the North, long before the time of the Crusades They believed the existence of Giants and Dwarfs <sup>4</sup>, they entertained opinions not unlike the more modern notion of Fairies, <sup>5</sup> they were strongly possessed with the belief of spells, and enchantment, <sup>6</sup> and were fond of inventing combats with Dragons and Monsters <sup>7</sup>

The opinion therefore seems very untenable, which some learned and ingenious men have entertained, that the turn for Chivalry, and the taste for that species of romantic fiction were caught by the Spaniards from the Arabians or Moors after their invasion of Spain, and from the Spaniards transmitted to the lands of Armo-

<sup>1</sup> Mallet — "The seeds of Chivalry sprung up so naturally out of the original manners and opinions of the northern nations, that it is not credible they arose so late as after the establishment of the Feudal System, much less the Crusades. Nor, again, that the Romances of Chivalry were transmitted to other nations, through the Spaniards, from the Moors and Arabians. Had this been the case, the first French Romances of Chivalry would have been on Moorish, or at least Spanish subjects: whereas the most ancient stories of this kind, whether in prose or verse, whether in Italian, French, English, &c. are chiefly on the subjects of Charlemagne, and the Paladines, or of our British Arthur, and his Knights of the Round Table, &c. being evidently borrowed from the fabulous *Chronicles* of the supposed Archbishop Turpin, and of *Jeffrey of Monmouth*. Not but some of the oldest and most popular French Romances are also on Norman subjects, as *Richard Sans-pain*, *Robert Le Diable*, &c., whereas I do not recollect so much as one, in which the scene is laid in Spain, much less among the Moors, or descriptive of Mahometan manners. Even in *Amadis de Gaul*, said to have been the first Romance printed in Spain, the scene is laid in Gaul and Britain, and the manners are French: which plainly shows from what school this species of fabling was learnt and transmitted to the southern nations of Europe." — <sup>4</sup> Mallet, *North Antiquities*, vol. I. p. 36; vol. II. *passim*. — <sup>5</sup> *Olaus Verel ad Hervæus Saga*, pp. 44, 45. *Hickes's Thesaur.* vol. II. p. 811. *Northen Antiquities*, vol. II. *passim*. — <sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* vol. I. pp. 69, 871, &c. vol. II. p. 216, &c. — <sup>7</sup> *Rollof's Saga* Cap. 35, &c.

rica,<sup>1</sup> and thus diffused through Britain, France, Italy, Germany, and the North. For it seems utterly incredible, that one rude people should adopt a peculiar taste, and manner of writing or thinking from another, without borrowing at the same time any of their particular stories and fables, without appearing to know anything of their heroes, history, laws, and religion. When the Romans began to adopt and imitate the Grecian literature, they immediately naturalized all the Grecian fables, histories, and religious stories, which became as familiar to the poets of Rome, as of Greece itself. Whereas all the old writers of chivalry, and of that species of romance, whether in prose or verse, whether of the Northern nations, or of Britain, France, and Italy, not excepting

<sup>1</sup> It is peculiarly unfortunate, that such as maintain this opinion are obliged to take their first step from the Moorish provinces in Spain, without one intermediate resting place, to Armorica or Bretagne, the province in France from them most remote, not more in situation, than in the manners, habits, and language of its Welsh inhabitants, which are allowed to have been derived from this island, as must have been their traditions, songs, and fables, being doubtless all of Celtic original. See p. 3 of the 'Dissertation on the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe,' prefixed to Mr. Tho. Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. I. 1774, 4to. If any pen could have supported this daring hypothesis of Dr. Warton, that of this ingenious critic would have effected it. But under the general term *Oriental*, he seems to consider the ancient inhabitants of the North and South of Asia, as having all the same manners, traditions, and fables, and because the secluded people of Arabia took the lead under the religion and empire of Mahomet, therefore every thing must be derived from them to the Northern Asiatics in the remotest ages, &c. With as much reason under the word *Occidental*, we might represent the early traditions and fables of the North and South of Europe to have been the same, and that the Gothic mythology of Scandinavia, the Druidic or Celtic of Gaul and Britain, differed not from the classic of Greece and Rome. There is not room here for a full examination of the minuter arguments, or rather slight coincidences, by which our agreeable Dissertator endeavours to maintain and defend this favourite opinion of Dr. W. who has been himself so completely confuted by Mr. Tyrwhitt. (See his notes on 'Love's Labour Lost,' &c.) But some of his positions it will be sufficient to mention such as the referring the Gog and Magog, which our old Christian Bards might have had from Scripture, to the *Jayougue* and *Majougue* of the Arabians and Persians, &c. [p. 13].—That 'we may venture to affirm, that this [Geoffrey of Monmouth's] Chronicle, supposed to contain the ideas of the Welsh Bards, entirely consists of Arabian inventions' [p. 13].—And that, 'as Geoffrey's history is the grand repository of the acts of Arthur, so a fabulous History ascribed to Turpin is the ground-work of all the chimerical legends which have been related concerning the conquests of Charlemagne and his twelve peers. Its subject is the expulsion of the Saracens from Spain, and it is filled with fictions evidently congenial to those which characterize Geoffrey's history' [p. 17].—That is, as he afterwards expresses it, 'lavishly decorated by

Spain itself,<sup>1</sup> appear utterly unacquainted with whatever relates to the Mahometan nations. Thus with regard to their religion, they constantly represent them as worshipping idols, as paying adoration to a golden image of Mahomet, or else they confound them with the ancient pagans, &c. And indeed in all other respects they are so grossly ignorant of the customs, manners, and opinions of every branch of that people, especially of their heroes, champions, and local stories, as almost amounts to a demonstration that they did not imitate them in their songs or romances for as to dragons, serpents, necromancies, &c., why should these be thought only derived from the Moors in Spain so late as after the eighth century, since notions of this kind appear too familiar to the northern Scalds, and enter too deeply into all the northern mythology to have been transmitted to the unlettered Scandinavians, from so distant a country, at so late a period? If they may not be allowed to have brought these opinions with them in their original migrations from the north of Asia, they will be far more likely to have borrowed them from the Latin poets after the Roman conquests in Gaul, Britain, Germany, &c. For, I believe one may challenge the entertainers of this opinion, to produce any Arabian poem or history, that could possibly have been then known in

the Arabian fables' [p. 58]—We should hardly have expected, that the Arabian fables would have been lavish in decorating a history of their enemy but what is singular, as an instance and proof of this Arabian origin of the fictions of Turpin, a passage is quoted from his IVth chapter, which I shall beg leave to offer, as affording decisive evidence that they could not possibly be derived from a Mahometan source. See 'The Christians under Charlemagne are said to have found in Spain a golden idol, or image of Mahomet, as high as a bird can fly—It was framed by Mahomet himself of the purest metal, who, by his knowledge in necromancy, had scaled up within it a legion of diabolical spirits. It held in its hand a prodigious club, and the Saracens had a prophetic tradition, that this club should fall from the hand of the image in that year when a certain king should be born in France, &c.' [*Id.* p. 18, Note]

<sup>1</sup> The little narrative songs on Morisco subjects, which the Spaniards have at present in great abundance, and which they call peculiarly *Romances*, (see vol. I. Book III. No. XVI. &c.) have nothing in common with their proper *Romances* (or histories) of Chivalry, which they call *Historias de Cavallerias*—these are evidently imitations of the French, and shew a great ignorance of Moorish manners and with regard to the Morisco, or Song-Romances, they do not seem of very great antiquity—few of them appear, from their subjects, much earlier than the reduction of Granada, in the fifteenth century—from which period, I believe, may be plainly traced among the Spanish writers, a more perfect knowledge of Moorish customs, &c.



Spain, which resembles the old Gothic romances of Chivalry half so much as the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid

But we well know that the Scythian nations situate in the countries about Pontus, Colchis, and the Euxine sea, were in all times infamous for their magic arts and as Odin and his followers are said to have come precisely from those parts of Asia, we can readily account for the prevalence of fictions of this sort among the Gothic nations of the North, without fetching them from the Moors in Spain, who for many centuries after their irruption, lived in a state of such constant hostility with the unsubdued Spanish Christians, whom they chiefly pent up in the mountains, as gave them no chance of learning their music, poetry or stories, and thus, together with the religious hatred of the latter for their cruel invaders, will account for the utter ignorance of the old Spanish romancers in whatever relates to the Mahometan nations, although so nearly their own neighbours

On the other hand, from the local customs and situations, from the known manners and opinions of the Gothic nations in the North, we can easily account for all the ideas of Chivalry, and its peculiar fictions<sup>1</sup> For, not to mention their distinguished respect for the fair sex, so different from the manners of the Mahometan nations,<sup>2</sup> their national and domestic history so naturally assumes all the wonders of this species of fabling, that almost all their historical narratives appear regular romances One might refer in proof of this to the old Northern Sagas in general. but to give a particular instance, it will be sufficient to produce the history of King Regner Lodbrog, a celebrated warrior and pirate, who reigned in Denmark about the year 800<sup>3</sup> This hero signalized his youth by an exploit of gallantry A Swedish prince had a beautiful daughter, whom he intrusted (probably during some expedition) to the care of one of his officers, assigning a strong castle for their defence The officer fell in love with his ward, and detained her in his castle, spite of all the efforts of her father Upon this he published a proclamation through all the neighbouring countries, that whoever would conquer the ravisher and rescue the lady should have her in marriage Of all that undertook the adventure Regner alone was so happy as to achieve it he delivered the fair captive and obtained her for his prize. It happened that the name of this discounteous officer was *Orme*, which in the Islandic language

<sup>1</sup> See Northern Antiquities, passim —<sup>2</sup> *Ibid* —<sup>3</sup> Saxon Gram. p. 152, 153; — Mallet, North Antiq vol 3 p 321

signifies *Serpent*, wherefore the Scalds, to give the more poetical turn to the adventure, represent the lady as detained from her father by a dreadful dragon, and that Regner slew the monster to set her at liberty. Thus fabulous account of the exploit is given in a poem still extant, which is even ascribed to Regner himself, who was a celebrated poet, and which records all the valiant achievements of his life.<sup>1</sup>

With marvellous embellishments of this kind the Scalds early began to decorate their narratives, and they were the more lavish of these, in proportion as they departed from their original institution, but it was a long time before they thought of delivering a set of personages and adventures wholly feigned. Of the great multitude of romantic tales still preserved in the libraries of the North, most of them are supposed to have had some foundation in truth, and the more ancient they are, the more they are believed to be connected with true history.<sup>2</sup>

It was not probably till after the Historian and the Bard had been long disunited, that the latter ventured at pure fiction. At length, when their business was no longer to instruct or inform, but merely to amuse, it was no longer needful for them to adhere to truth. Then succeeded fabulous songs and romances in verse, which for a long time prevailed in France and England before they had books of Chivalry in prose. Yet in both these countries the Minstrels still retained so much of their original institution, as frequently to make true events the subject of their songs,<sup>3</sup> and indeed, as during the barbarous ages, the regular histories were almost all written in Latin by the monks, the memory of events was preserved and propagated among the ignorant laity by scarce any other means than the popular songs of the Minstrels.

II The inhabitants of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, being the latest converts to Christianity, retained their original manners and opinions longer than the other nations of Gothic race, and therefore they have preserved more of the genuine compositions of their ancient poets, than their southern neighbours. Hence the progress, among them, from poetical history to poetical fiction is very discernible: they have some old pieces, that are in effect com-

<sup>1</sup> See a Translation of this poem, among 'Five pieces of Runic poetry'—

<sup>2</sup> *Vid* Mallet, *Northern Antiquities*, *passim*.—<sup>3</sup> The Editor's MS contains a multitude of poems of this latter kind. It was probably from this custom of the Minstrels that some of our first Historians wrote their Chronicles in verse, as Rob. of Gloucester, Hanning, &c.

plete Romances of Chivalry<sup>1</sup> They have also (as hath been observed) a multitude of *Sagas*,<sup>2</sup> or histories on romantic subjects, containing a mixture of prose and verse, of various dates, some of them written since the times of the Crusades, others long before: but their narratives in verse only are esteemed the more ancient

Now as the irruption of the Normans<sup>3</sup> into France under Rollo did not take place till towards the beginning of the tenth century, at which time the Scaldic art was arrived to the highest perfection in Rollo's native country, we can easily trace the descent of the French and English Romances of Chivalry from the Northern Sagas That conqueror doubtless carried many Scalds with him from the North, who transmitted their skill to their children and successors These adopting the religion, opinions, and language of the new country, substituted the heroes of Christendom instead of those of their Pagan ancestors, and began to celebrate the feats of Charlemagne, Roland, and Oliver, whose true history they set off and embellished with the Scaldic fragments of dwarfs, giants, dragons, and enchantments The first mention we have in song of those heroes of chivalry is in the mouth of a Norman warrior at the conquest of England<sup>4</sup> and this circumstance alone would sufficiently account for the propagation of this kind of romantic poems among the French and English

But this is not all, it is very certain, that both the Anglo-Saxons and the Franks had brought with them, at their first emigrations into Britain and Gaul, the same fondness for the ancient songs of their ancestors, which prevailed among the other Gothic tribes,<sup>5</sup> and that all their first annals were transmitted in these popular oral poems This fondness they even retained long after their conversion to Christianity, as we learn from the examples of Charlemagne and Alfred<sup>6</sup> Now Poetry, being thus the transmitter of facts, would as easily learn to blend them with fictitious

<sup>1</sup> See a Specimen in 2d Vol of Northern Antiquities, &c. p. 248, &c.—  
<sup>2</sup> Eccardi Hist Stud Etym 1711, p. 179, &c. Hekes's Thesaur vol. II p. 314

<sup>3</sup> & e Northern Men being chiefly emigrants from Norway, Denmark, &c.—

<sup>4</sup> See the account of *Taitlefer* in Vol I Essay, and Note—<sup>5</sup> *Ipsa carmina memoræ mangabant, et proelia intum decantabant, qua memoria tam fortium gestorum a majoribus patrum ad imitationem animus adderetur* Jordanes de Gothis—<sup>6</sup> Eginhartus de Carolo magno 'Item barbara, et antiquissima carmina quibus veterum regum actus et bella canebantur, scripsit' c. 29 Asserius de Ælfredo magno 'Rex inter bella, &c. . . . Saxonicos libros recitare, et maxime carmina Saxonica memoriter discere, aliis imperare, et solus assidue pro viribus, studiosissime non desinebat.' Ed. 1722, 8vo. p. 43.

in France and England, as she is known to have done in the north, and that much sooner, for the reasons before assigned<sup>1</sup>. This, together with the example and influence of the Normans, will easily account to us, why the first Romances of Chivalry that appeared both in England and France<sup>2</sup> were composed in metre, as a rude kind of epic songs. In both kingdoms tales in verse were usually sung by Minstrels to the harp on festival occasions, and doubtless both nations derived their relish for this sort of entertainment from their Teutonic ancestors, without either of them borrowing it from the other. Among both people narrative songs on true or fictitious subjects had evidently obtained from the earliest times. But the professed Romances of Chivalry seem to have been first composed in France, where also they had their name.

The Latin tongue, as is observed by an ingenious writer,<sup>3</sup> ceased to be spoken in France about the ninth century, and was succeeded by what was called the Romance tongue, a mixture of the language of the Franks and bad Latin. As the songs of Chivalry became the most popular compositions in that language, they were emphatically called *Romans* or *Romants*, though this name was at first given to any piece of poetry. The Romances of Chivalry can be traced as early as the eleventh century<sup>4</sup>. I know not if the *Roman de Brut* written in 1155, was such. But if it was, it was by no means the first poem of the kind; others more ancient are still extant<sup>5</sup>. And we have already seen, that, in the preceding century, when the Normans marched down to the battle of Hastings, they animated themselves, by singing (in some popular romance or ballad) the exploits of Roland and the other heroes of Chivalry<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> See above.—<sup>2</sup> The Romances on the subject of *Perceval*, *San Graal*, *Lancelot du Lac*, *Tristan*, &c. were among the first that appeared in the French language in prose, yet these were originally composed in metre. The Editor has in his possession a very old French MS. in verse, containing *L'ancien Roman de Perceval*, and metrical copies of the others may be found in the libraries of the curious. See a Note of Wanley's in *Ital. Catalog. Num.* 2252, p. 49, &c. Nicholson's *Eng. Hist. Library*, 3d Ed. p. 91, &c.—See also a curious collection of old French Romances, with Mr. Wanley's account of this sort of pieces, in *Ital. MSS. Catal.* 978, 106.—<sup>3</sup> The Author of the Essay on the Genius of Pope.—<sup>4</sup> *Ital. Hist. Lit. Tom.* 6. 7.—<sup>5</sup> Voir *Preface aux Fabliaux & Contes des Poetes François des XII, XIII, XIV, & XV siècles*, &c. Paris, 1756, 3 Tom. 12mo (a very curious work).—<sup>6</sup> *Vul. supra*, Note (d), Vol. I. Essay, &c. Et *vide* Rapin, Carte, &c.—This song of Roland (whatever it was) continued for some centuries to be usually sung by the French in their marches, if we may believe a modern French writer. 'Un jour qu'on chantoit la chanson de Roland, comme c'estoit l'usage dans les marches. Il y a long temps, dit il, [John K. of

So early as this I cannot trace the songs of Chivalry in English. The most ancient I have seen, is that of *Hoenechild* described below, which seems not older than the twelfth century. However, as this rather resembles the Saxon Poetry, than the French, it is not certain that the first English Romances were translated from that language.<sup>1</sup> We have seen above, that a propensity to this kind of fiction, prevailed among all the Gothic nations,<sup>2</sup> and, though after the Norman Conquest, this country abounded with French Romances, or with translations from the French, there is good reason to believe, that the English had original pieces of their own.

The stories of King Arthur and his Round Table, may be reasonably supposed of the growth of this island, both the French and the Britons probably had them from Britain.<sup>3</sup> The stories of Guy and Bevis, with some others, were probably the invention of English Minstrels.<sup>4</sup> On the other hand, the English produced translations of such Romances as were most current in France, and in the list given at the conclusion of these remarks, many are doubtless of French original.

The first prose books of Chivalry that appeared in our language were those printed by Caxton,<sup>5</sup> at least, these are the first I have

France, who died in 1304] qu'on ne voit plus de Rolands parmi les François, On y voit au lieu des Rolands, lui répondit un vieux Capitaine, s'ils avoient un Charlemagne à leur tête. *Vid* tom iii p 202, des *Œuvres Hist* sur Paris de M. de Sainteloir, who gives as his authority, Boethius in Hist Scotorum. This author, however, speaks of the Complaint and Reparatice, as made in an Assembly of the States, (*vocato senatu*) and not upon any march, &c. *Vid* Boeth lib xv fol 327. Ed Paris, 1574.

<sup>1</sup> See on this subject, Vol I Note, S. 2. page lxxiii, and in note Gg p lxxviii &c. — <sup>2</sup> The first Romances of Chivalry among the Germans were in metre they have some very ancient narrative songs, (which they call *Lieder*) not only on the fabulous heroes of their own country, but also on those of France and Britain, as Tristram, Arthur, Gawain, and the Knights *von der Tafel-ronde*. *Vid* Goldast Not in Egenhart Vit Cai Mar lto 171, p 207. — <sup>3</sup> The Welsh have still some very old Romances about King Arthur, but as these are in prose, they are not probably their first pieces that were composed on that subject. — <sup>4</sup> It is most credible that these stories were originally of English invention, even if the only pieces now extant should be found to be translations from the French. What now pass for the French originals were probably only amplifications, or enlargements of the old English story. That the French Romancers borrowed some things from the English, appears from the word *Teramagant*, which they took up from our Minstrels, and corrupted into *Teragant*. See Vol I p 60, and Gloss 'Teramagant'. — <sup>5</sup> Roenvel of the *Histoires* of Troy, 1471. Godfroye of Bologne, 1481. Le Mort de

been able to discover, and these are all translations from the French Whereas Romances of this kind had been long current in metrie, and were so generally admired in the time of Chaucer, that his Rhyme of Sir Thopas was evidently written to ridicule and burlesque them<sup>1</sup>.

He expressly mentions several of them by name in a stanza, which I shall have occasion to quote more than once in this volume

Men speken of Romances of þis  
Of Ho-n-Child, and of Ipotis  
Of Levis, and Sir Guy  
Of Sir Libeux, and Pleindamour,  
But Sir Thopas, he bereth the flour  
Of real chevalrie<sup>2</sup>

Most, if not all of these are still extant in MS in some or other of our libraries, as I shall shew in the conclusion of this slight essay, where I shall give a list of such metrical Histories and Romances as have fallen under my observation

As many of these contain a considerable portion of poetic merit, and throw great light on the manners and opinions of former times, it were to be wished that some of the best of them were rescued from oblivion. A judicious collection of them accurately published with proper illustrations, would be an important accession to our stock of ancient English literature. Many of them exhibit no mean attempts at Epic Poetry, and though full of the exploded fictions of Chivalry, frequently display great descriptive and inventive powers in the Bards, who composed them. They are at least generally equal to any other poetry of the same age. They cannot indeed be put in competition with the nervous productions of so universal and commanding a genius as Chaucer, but they have a simplicity that makes them be read with less interruption, and be more easily understood. And they are far more spirited and entertaining than the tedious allegories of Gower, or the dull and prolix legends of Lydgate. Yet, while so much stress was laid upon the writings

Arthur, 1485 The life of Charlemagne, 1485, &c. As the old mustichy wore out, prose books of Chivalry became more admired, especially after the Spanish Romances began to be translated into English towards the end of Q. Elizabeth's reign. then the most popular metrical Romances began to be reduced into prose, as Sir Guy, Bevis, &c.

<sup>1</sup> See Extract from a Letter, written by the Editor of these volumes, in Mr. Warton's Observations, Vol. II. p. 139 —<sup>2</sup> Canterbury Tales (Tyrrwhitt's Edit.), Vol. II. p. 238 — In all the former editions, which I have seen, the name at the end of the 4th line is *Blandamour*.

of these last, by such as treat of English poetry, the old metrical Romances though far more popular in their time, were hardly known to exist. But it has happened unluckily, that the antiquaries who have revived the works of our ancient writers, have been for the most part men void of taste and genius, and therefore have always fastidiously rejected the old poetical Romances, because founded on fictitious or popular subjects, while they have been careful to grub up every petty fragment of the most dull and insipid rhymist, whose merit it was to deform morality, or obscure true history. Should the public encourage the revival of some of those ancient Epic Songs of Chivalry, they would frequently see the rich ore of an Ariosto or a Tasso, though buried it may be among the rubbish and dross of barbarous times.

Such a publication would answer many important uses. It would throw new light on the rise and progress of English poetry, the history of which can be but imperfectly understood, if these are neglected. It would also serve to illustrate innumerable passages in our ancient classic poets, which without their help must be for ever obscure. For, not to mention Chaucer and Spenser, who abound with perpetual allusions to them, I shall give an instance or two from Shakespeare, by way of specimen of their use.

In his play of King John our great dramatic poet alludes to an exploit of Richard I. which the reader will in vain look for in any true history. Faulconbridge says to his mother, Act 1. Sc. 1.

'Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose .  
Against whose furie and unmatched force,  
The awlesse lion could not wage the fight,  
Nor keepe his princely heart from Richard's hand,  
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts  
May easily winne a woman's '—

The fact here referred to, is to be traced to its source only in the old Romance of *Richard Cœur de Lyon*,<sup>1</sup> in which his encounter with a lion makes a very shining figure. I shall give a large extract from this poem, as a specimen of the manner of these old rhapsodists, and to shew that they did not in their fictions neglect the proper means to produce the ends, as was afterwards so childishly done in the prose books of Chivalry.

The poet tells us, that Richard, in his return from the Holy

<sup>1</sup> Dr Grey has shewn that the same story is alluded to in Rastell's Chronicle. As it was doubtless originally had from the Romance, this is proof that the old Metrical Romances throw light on our first writers in prose, many of our ancient Historians have recorded the fictions of Romance.

Land, having been discovered in the habit of 'a palmer in Almayne,' and apprehended as a spy, was by the king thrown into prison. Wandrew, the king's son, hearing of Richard's great strength, desires the jailor to let him have a sight of his prisoners. Richard being the foremost, Wandrew asks him, 'if he dare stand a buffet from his hand?' and that on the morrow he shall return him another. Richard consents, and receives a blow that staggers him. On the morrow, having previously waxed his hands, he waits his antagonist's arrival. Wandrew accordingly, proceeds the story, 'held forth as a tiew man,' and Richard gave him such a blow on the cheek, as broke his jaw-bone, and killed him on the spot<sup>1</sup>. The king, to revenge the death of his son, orders, by the advice of one Eldrede, that a lion, kept purposely from food, shall be turned loose upon Richard. But the king's daughter having fallen in love with him, tells him of her father's resolution, and at his request procures him forty ells of white silk 'kercheis,' and here the description of the combat begins

The kevel chefes<sup>2</sup> he toke on honde,  
And aboute his arme he wonde,  
And thought in that ylke while,  
To slee the lyon with some gyle  
And syngle in a lytyll he stode,  
And abode the lyon fyers and wode,  
With that came the jaylere,  
And other men that wyth him were,  
And the lyon them amonge,  
His pawes were stiffe and stronge  
The chamber dore they undone,  
And the lyon to them is gone  
Rycharde cryd, 'Helpe, lordes Jesu!  
The lyon made to him venu,  
And wolde hym have all to rente  
Kynge Rycharde besyde hym glente<sup>3</sup>  
The lyon on the bruste hym spunnd,  
That aboute he tourned  
The lyon was hongry and megre,  
And botte his tayle to be egre,  
He loket aboute as he were madde,  
Abrode he all his pawes spraddde  
He cryed lowde, and yaned<sup>4</sup> wyde  
Kynge Rycharde bethought hym that tyde  
What hym was beste, and to hym sterte,  
In at the throte his honde he gerte,

---

<sup>1</sup> On this story Scott founds the interchange of blows between Richard and Finar Tuck in 'Ivanhoe'—ED.—<sup>2</sup> i.e. Handkerchiefs. Here we have the etymology of the word, viz., 'Couvre le Chef'—<sup>3</sup> i.e. slipped aside—<sup>4</sup> i.e. yawned.



And hente out the herte with his honde,  
 Lounge and ill thit he there fonde  
 The lyon fell deed to the grounde  
 Rycharde folte no wem,<sup>1</sup> no wounde,  
 He fell on his knees on thit place,  
 And thanked Jesu of his grice  
 \* \* \* \* \*

What follows is not so well, and therefore I shall extract no more of this poem — For the above feat the author tells us, the king was deservedly called

‘ Strange Rycharde Curo the Lyowne ’

That distich which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of his mad-man in *K. Lear*, Act 3, Sc 4

‘ Mice and Rats and such small deere  
 Have been Tom’s food for seven long yeare,’

has excited the attention of the critics. Instead of deere, one of them would substitute geer, and another cheer.<sup>2</sup> But the ancient reading is established by the old Romance of *Sir Bevis*, which Shakespeare had doubtless often heard sung to the harp. This distich is part of a description there given of the hardships suffered by Bevis, when confined for seven years in a dungeon.

‘ Rattes and myce and such small deere  
 Was his meate that seven-yeare.’

Sign F iii

III In different parts of this work, the reader will find various extracts from these old poetical legends, to which I refer him for farther examples of their style and metre. To complete this subject, it will be proper at least to give one specimen of their skill in distributing and conducting their fable, by which it will be seen that nature and common sense had supplied to these old simple bards the want of critical art, and taught them some of the most essential rules of Epic Poetry — I shall select the Romance of *Librus Disconus*,<sup>3</sup> as being one of those mentioned by Chaucer, and either shorter or more intelligible than the others he has quoted.

If an Epic Poem may be defined, ‘<sup>4</sup> a fable related by a poet, to excite admiration, and inspire virtue, by representing the action of some one hero, favoured by heaven, who executes a great design, in spite of all the obstacles that oppose him’ I know not why we

<sup>1</sup> e hurt — <sup>2</sup> Dr Warburton — Dr Gray — <sup>3</sup> So it is intitled in the Editor’s MS. But the true title is *Le beaux desconus, or the fair unknown*. See a note on the *Canterbury Tales*, Vol IV p 333 — <sup>4</sup> *Vul.* ‘Disconus sur la Poesie Epique,’ prefixed to *Télémaque*

should withhold the name of Epic Poem from the piece which I am about to analyse

My copy is divided into IX Parts or Cantos, the several arguments of which are as follows

### PART I

Opens with a short exordium to bespeak attention the Hero is described, a natural son of Sir Gawain a celebrated knight of King Arthur's court, who being brought up in a forest by his mother, is kept ignorant of his name and descent He early exhibits marks of his courage, by killing a knight in single combat, who encountered him as he was hunting This inspires him with a desire of seeking adventures, therefore, clothing himself in his enemy's armour, he goes to King Arthur's court, to request the order of knighthood His request granted, he obtains a promise of having the first adventure assigned him that shall offer — A damsel named Ellen, attended by a dwarf, comes to implore King Arthur's assistance, to rescue a young princess, 'the Lady of Sinadone' then mistress, who is detained from her rights, and confined in prison The adventure is claimed by the young knight Sir Lybrius the king assents, the messengers are dissatisfied, and object to his youth, but are forced to acquiesce And here the first book closes with a description of the ceremony of equipping him forth.

### PART II

Sir Lybrius sets out on the adventure he is decider by the dwarf and the damsel on account of his youth they come to the bridge of Perill, which none can pass without encountering a knight called William de la Blaunch Sir Lybrius is challenged they joust with then spears De la Blaunch is dismounted the battle is renewed on foot Sir William's sword breaks he yields Sir Lybrius makes him swear to go and present himself to King Arthur, as the first-fruits of his valour The conquered knight sets out for King Arthur's court is met by three knights, his kinsmen, who, informed of his disgrace, vow revenge, and pursue the conqueror The next day they overtake him the eldest of the three attacks Sir Lybrius, but is overthrown to the ground The two other brothers assault him Sir Lybrius is wounded, yet cuts off the second brother's arm the third yields Sir Lybrius sends them all to King Arthur In the third evening he is awaked by the dwarf, who has discovered a fire in the wood.

PART III

Sir Lybius aims himself, and leaps on horseback he finds two Giants roasting a wild boar, who have a fair Lady then captive Sir Lybius, by favour of the night, runs one of them through with his spear is assaulted by the other a fierce battle ensues he cuts off the giant's arm, and at length his head The rescued Lady (an Earl's daughter) tells him her story, and leads him to her father's castle, who entertains him with a great feast, and presents him at parting with a suit of armour and a steed He sends the giant's head to King Arthur

PART IV

Sir Lybius, maid Ellen, and the dwarf, renew their journey they see a castle stuck round with human heads, and are informed it belongs to a knight called Sir Gelleron, who, in honour of his lemman or mistress, challenges all comers He that can produce a fairer lady, is to be rewarded with a milk-white falcon, but if overcome, to lose his head Sir Lybius spends the night in the adjoining town in the morning goes to challenge the falcon The knights exchange their gloves they agree to joust in the market place the lady and maid Ellen are placed aloft in chains then dresses the superior beauty of Sir Gelleron's mistress described the ceremonies previous to the combat They engage the combat described at large Sir Gelleron is manfully hurt, and carried home on his shield Sir Lybius sends the falcon to King Arthur, and receives back a large present in return He stays forty days to be cured of his wounds, which he spends in feasting with the neighbouring lords

PART V

Sir Lybius proceeds for Smadone in a forest he meets a knight hunting, called Sir Otes de Lisle maid Ellen charmed with a very beautiful dog, begs Sir Lybius to bestow him upon her Sir Otes meets them, and claims his dog is refused being unarmed he rides to his castle, and summons his followers they go in quest of Sir Lybius a battle ensues he is still victorious, and forces Sir Otes to follow the other conquered knights to King Arthur

PART VI

Sir Lybius comes to a fair city and castle by a river-side, beset round with pavilions or tents he is informed, in the castle is a beautiful lady besieged by a giant named Maugys, who keeps the bridge, and will let none pass without doing him homage. Sir Lybius re-

fuses a battle ensues the giant described the several incidents of the battle, which lasts a whole summer's day the giant is wounded, put to flight, slain The citizens come out in procession to meet their deliverer the lady invites him into her castle falls in love with him, and seduces him to her embraces He forgets the princess of Sinadone, and stays with this bewitching lady a twelvemonth This fair sorceress, like another Alcina, intoxicates him with all kinds of sensual pleasure, and detains him from the pursuit of honour

#### PART VII

Maid Ellen by chance gets an opportunity of speaking to him, and upbraids him with his vice and folly he is filled with remorse, and escapes the same evening At length he arrives at the city and castle of Sinadone It is given to understand that he must challenge the constable of the castle to single combat, before he can be received as a guest They joust the constable is worsted Sir Lybius is feasted in the castle he declares his intention of delivering their lady, and inquires the particulars of her history 'Two Necromancers have built a fine palace by sorcery, and there keep her enchanted, till she will surrender her duchy to them, and yield to such base conditions as they would impose'

#### PART VIII

Early on the morrow Sir Lybius sets out for the enchanted palace He alights in the court enters the hall the wonders of which are described in strong Gothic painting He sits down at the high table on a sudden all the lights are quenched it thunders, and lightens, the palace shakes, the walls fall in pieces about his ears He is dismayed and confounded but presently hears horses neigh, and is challenged to single combat by the sorcerers He gets to his steed a battle ensues, with various turns of fortune he loses his weapon, but gets a sword from one of the Necromancers, and wounds the other with it the edge of the sword being secretly poisoned, the wound proves mortal

#### PART IX

He goes up to the surviving sorcerer, who is carried away from him by enchantment at length he finds him, and cuts off his head, He returns to the palace to deliver the lady, but cannot find her as he is lamenting, a window opens, through which enters a horrible serpent with wings and a woman's face it coils

round his neck and kisses him, then is suddenly converted into a very beautiful lady. She tells him she is the lady of Sindone, and was so enchanted, till she might kiss Sir Gawain, or some one of his blood, that he has dissolved the charm, and that herself and her dominions may be his reward. The Knight (whose descent is by this means discovered) joyfully accepts the offer, makes her his bride, and then sets out with her for King Arthur's court.

Such is the fable of this ancient piece, which the reader may observe, as regular in its conduct, as any of the finest poems of classical antiquity. If the execution, particularly as to the diction and sentiments, were but equal to the plan, it would be a capital performance, but this is such as might be expected in rude and ignorant times, and in a barbarous unpolished language.

IV I shall conclude this prolix account, with a List of such old Metrical Romances as are still extant, beginning with those mentioned by Chaucer.

1 The Romance of *Hoone Childe* is preserved in the British Museum, where it is intitled 'p geste of kyng Hoone'. See Catalog Hail MSS 2253, p 70. The language is almost Saxon, yet from the mention in it of Saracens, it appears to have been written after some of the Crusades. It begins thus

All heo ben blype  
p it to my song ylyne  
A song ychulle ou sing  
Of Allof þe gode kyng,<sup>1</sup> &c

Another copy of this poem, but greatly altered, and somewhat modernized, is preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, in a MS quarto volume of old English poetry [W 4 r] Num XXXIV in seven leaves or folios,<sup>2</sup> intitled *Horn-child and Maiden Kinvel*, and beginning thus

Mi leve frende dere,  
Heiken and ye may here

2 The Poem of *Ipotis* (or *Ypotis*) is preserved in the Cotton Library, Calig A 2, fo 77, but is rather a religious Legend, than a Romance. Its beginning is,

He þit wyll of wysdome here  
Heikeneth now e ze may here

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<sup>1</sup> i e May all they be blith, that to my song listen. A song I shall you sing, Of Allof the good king, &c — <sup>2</sup> In each full page of this Vol are 41 lines, when the poem is in long metrie and 88, when the metrie is short, and the page in two columns.

Of a tale of holy wryte  
Seynt Jon the Evangelyste wytnesseth hyt

3 The Romance of *Sir Guy* was written before that of *Bevis*, being quoted in it <sup>1</sup> An account of this old poem is given below, p 83 To which it may be added, that two complete copies in MS are preserved at Cambridge, the one in the public library, <sup>2</sup> the other in that of Caius College, Class A 8.—In Amess Typog p 153, may be seen the first lines of the printed copy—  
The 1st MS begins,

Sythe the tyme that God was boine

4 *Guy and Colbronde*, an old Romance in three parts, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS (p 349) It is in stanzas of six lines, the first of which may be seen in vol II p 141, beginning thus

When meate and drinke is gret plentye

In the Edinburgh MS (mentioned above) are two ancient poems on the subject of *Guy of Warwick* viz Num XVIII containing 26 leaves, and XX 59 leaves Both these have unfortunately the beginnings wanting, otherwise they would perhaps be found to be different copies of one or both the preceding articles

5 From the same MS I can add another article to this list, viz The Romance of *Rembrun* son of Sir Guy, being Num XXI in 9 leaves this is properly a Continuation of the History of Guy and in Art 3, the Hist of Rembrun follows that of Guy as a necessary Part of it This Edinburgh Romance of Rembrun begins thus

Jesu that eist of mighte most  
Fader and sone and Holy Ghast

Before I quit the subject of Sir Guy, I must observe, that if we may believe Dugdale in his Baionage, [vol I p 243, col 2] the fame of our English Champion had in the time of Henry IV travelled as far as the East, and was no less popular among the Saracens, than here in the West among the nations of Christendom In that reign a Lord Beauchamp travelling to Jerusalem, was kindly received by a noble person, the Soldan's Lieutenant, who hearing he was descended from the famous Guy of Warwick,

<sup>1</sup> Sign K 2 b —<sup>2</sup> For this and most of the following, which are mentioned as preserved in the Public Library, I refer the reader to the Oxon Catalogue of MSS 1697, vol II p 394, in Appendix to Bp. More's MSS No 690, 33, since given to the University of Cambridge.

'whose story they had in books of their own language,' invited him to his palace, and royally feasting him, presented him with three precious stones of great value, besides divers cloths of silk and gold given to his servants

6 The Romance of *Syr Bevis* is described in the introduction to No I Book III of this vol Two manuscript copies of this poem are extant at Cambridge, viz in the Public Library,<sup>1</sup> and in that of Carus Coll Class A 9 (5)—The first of these begins,

Lordyngs lystenyth grette and smale

There is also a copy of this Romance of *Sir Bevis of Hamptoun*, in the Edinburgh MS Numb XXII consisting of 25 leaves, and beginning thus

Lordyngs hearkeneth to my tale,  
Is merier than the nightengale

The printed copies begin different from both, viz

Listen, Lordynges, and hold you styl

7 *Libeaux* (*Libeaus* or *Lybius*) *Disconius* is preserved in the Editor's folio MS (pag 317,) where the first stanza is,

Jesus Christ christen kinge,  
And his mother that sweete thinge,  
Helpe them at their neede,  
That will listen to my tale,  
Of a Knight I will you tell,  
A doughty man of deede

An older copy is preserved in the Cotton Library [Calig A 2 fol 40,] but containing such innumerable variations, that it is apparently a different translation of some old French original, which will account for the title of *Le Beaux Desconus*, or The Fair Unknown The first line is,

Jesus Christ our Saviour

As for *Pleindamour*, or *Blandamour*, no Romance with this title has been discovered, but as the word *Blaundemere* occurs in the Romance of *Libius Disconius*, in the Editor's folio MS p 319, he thought the name of *Blandamour* (which was in all the editions of Chaucer he had seen) might have some reference to this But *Pleindamour*, the name restored by Mr Tyrwhitt, is more remote

8 *Le Monte Arthur* is among the Harl MSS 2252, § 49 This is judged to be a translation from the French, Mr Wmley thinks it no older than the time of Hen VII but it seems to be quoted in *Syr Bevis*, (Sign K ij b) It begins

Lordynges, that are lesse and deere,

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<sup>1</sup> No 690, § 31. *Vid* Catalog MSS p 394

In the Library of Bennett Coll Cambridge, No 351, is a MS intitled in the Catalogue *Acta Arthurs Metrico Anglicano*, but I know not its contents

9 In the Editor's folio MS are many Songs and Romances about King Arthur and his Knights, some of which are very imperfect, as *K Arthur and the King of Cornwall*, (pag 24,) in stanzas of 4 lines, beginning,

[Come here,] my cozen Gawaine so gay

*The Trunk and Gawain* (p 38), in stanzas of 6 lines, beginning thus

Listen lords great and small,

but these are so imperfect that I do not make distinct articles of them See also in this Volume, Book I, No I II IV V

In the same MS p 203, is the *Greene Knight*, in 2 Parts, relating a curious adventure of Sir Gawain, in stanzas of 6 lines, beginning thus

List wen Arthur he was l

10 *The Carle of Carlisle* is another romantic tale about Sir Gawain, in the same MS p 448, in distiches

Listen to me a little stond

In all these old poems the same set of knights are always represented with the same manners and characters, which seem to have been as well known, and as distinctly marked among our ancestors, as Homer's Heroes were among the Greeks, for, as Ulysses is always represented crafty, Achilles masculine, and Ajax rough, so Sir Gawain is ever courteous and gentle, Sir Kay rugged and disobliging, &c 'Sir Gawain with his olde curtesie' is mentioned by Chaucer as noted to a proverb, in his *Squire's Tale* *Canterb Tales*, Vol II. p 104

11 *Syn Lawful*, an excellent old Romance concerning another of K Arthur's Knights, is preserved in the Cotton Library, Calig A. 2, f 33 This is a translation from the French,<sup>1</sup> made by one Thomas Chestre, who is supposed to have lived in the reign of Henry VI [See Tanner's Biblioth ] It is in stanzas of six lines, and begins,

Be douzty Artours dawes

The above was afterwards altered by some Minstrel into the Romance of *Syn Lambewell*, in three parts, under which title it was

<sup>1</sup> The French Original is preserved among the Ital MSS No 978, § 112 Lanval



more generally known<sup>1</sup> This is in the Editor's folio MS p 60, beginning thus

Doughty in king Arthures dayes

12 *Eger and Grime*, in six parts (in the Editor's folio MS p 124), is a well invented tale of chivalry, scarce inferior to any of Ariosto's This which was inadvertently omitted in the former editions of this list, is in distichs, and begins thus

It fell sometimes in the Land of Beame

13 The Romance of *Merline*, in nine parts (preserved in the same folio MS p 145), gives a curious account of the birth, parentage, and juvenile adventures of this famous British Prophet. In this poem the Saxons are called Sarazens, and the thrusting the rebel angels out of Heaven is attributed to 'our Lady' It is in distichs, and begins thus

He that made with his hand

There is an old Romance *Of Arthw and of Merlin*, in the Edinburgh MS of old English Poems I know not whether it has anything in common with this last mentioned It is in the volume numbered XXIII and extends through 55 leaves The two first lines are,

Jesu Crist, heven king  
Al ous graunt gode ending

14 *Su Isenbras*, (or as it is in the MS copies, *Su Isambas*) is quoted in Chaucer's *Re of Thop* v 6 Among Mr Garrick's old plays is a printed copy, of which an account has been already given in Vol I Book III, No VIII It is preserved in MS in the Library of Carus Coll Camb Class A 9 (2,) and also in the Cotton Library, Calig A 12 (§ 128) This is extremely different from the printed copy, E g

God pat made both erpe and hevenc

15 *Emare*, a very curious and ancient Romance, is preserved in the same Vol of the Cotton Library, f 69 It is in stanzas of six lines, and begins thus

Jesu pat ys kyng in trone.

16 *Chevelere assigne*, or, The Knight of the Swan, preserved in the Cotton Library, has been already described in Vol. II., Essay on P Plowman's Metrie, &c, as hath also

<sup>1</sup> See Laneham's Letter concern. Q Eliz entertainment at Killingworth 1575, 12mo, p. 34

17 *The Sege of Jêrûsam*, (or Jerusalem) which seems to have been written after the other, and may not improperly be classed among the Romances, as may also the following, which is preserved in the same volume viz

18 *Ouanne Myles*, (fol 90,) giving an account of the wonders of St Patrick's Purgatory. This is a translation into verse of the story related in Mat Paris's Hist (sub Ann 1153)—It is in distichs beginning thus

God put ys so full of myght

In the same Manuscript are three or four other narrative poems, which might be reckoned among the Romances, but being rather religious Legends, I shall barely mention them, as *Tundale*, f 17 *Trentule Ser Gregoriu*, f 84 *Jerome*, f 133 *Eustache*, f 136

19 *Octavian emperor*, an ancient Romance of Chivalry, is in the same vol of the Cotton Library, f 20—Notwithstanding the name, this old poem has nothing in common with the history of the Roman Emperors. It is in a very peculiar kind of Stanza, whereof 1, 2, 3, & 5, rhyme together, as do the 4 and 6. It begins thus

Ihesu þæt was with spere ystonge

In the public Library at Cambridge,<sup>1</sup> is a poem with the same title, that begins very differently

Lyttyll and mykll, olde and yonge

20 *Eglamour of Artoys* (or *Artoys*) is preserved in the same Vol with the foregoing, both in the Cotton Library, and public Library at Cambridge. It is also in the Editor's Folio MS p 295, where it is divided into six Parts—A printed copy is in the Bodleian Library, C 39 Art Seld, and also among Mr Garrick's old plays, K vol X. It is in distichs, and begins thus

Ihesu Crist of heven kyng

21 *Syr Thamoie* (in stanzas of six lines) is preserved in MS in the Editor's volume, p 210, and in the public Library at Cambridge, (690, § 29. *Vid* Cat MSS p 394)—Two printed copies are extant in the Bodleian Library, and among Mr Garrick's plays in the same volumes with the last article. Both the Editor's MS and the printed copies begin,

Nowe Jesu Chryste our heven kynge

The Cambridge copy thus.

Heven blys that all shall wyne

22 *Sir Degree* (*Degane* or *Degone*, which last seems the true title)

<sup>1</sup> No 690, (80) *Vid* Oxon. Catalog MSS p 394.

in five parts, in distichs, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS p 371, and in the public Library at Cambridge, (ubi supra) A printed copy is in the Bod Library, C 39 Art Seld, and among Mr Garrick's plays K vol IX—The Editor's MS and the printed copies begin,

Lordinge, and you wyl holde you styl,

The Cambridge MS has it,

Lystenyth, lordyngrs, gente and fre

23 *Ipomydon*, (or *Chylde Ipomydon*) is preserved among the Harl MSS 2252, (44) It is in distichs, and begins,

Mekely, lordyngrs, gentylle and fre

In the Library of Lincoln Cathedral, K k 3 10 is an old imperfect printed copy wanting the whole first sheet A

24 *The Squyr of Lowe degre*, is one of those bulesqued by Chaucer in his Rhyme of Thopas<sup>1</sup>—Mr Garrick has a printed copy of this among his old plays, K vol IX It begins,

It was a squyer of lowe degre,

That loved the king's daughter of Hungre

25 *Historie of K Richard Cœur [Cœur] de Lyon*, [Impr W de Worde, 1528, 4to,] is preserved in the Bodleian Library, C 39 Art Selden A fragment of it is also remaining in the Edinburgh MS of old English poems, Num XXXVI in 2 leaves A large Extract from this romance has been given already above Richard was the peculiar patron of Chivalry, and favourite of the old Minstrels, and Troubadours See Waton's Observ Vol I p 29, Vol II p 40

26 Of the following I have only seen No 27, but I believe they may all be referred to the Class of Romances

The *Knight of Coutesy and the Lady of Fague* (Bodl Lib C 39 Art Seld a printed copy) This Mr Waton thinks is the Story of Coucy's Heart, related in Fauchet, and in Howel's Letters [V I S 6 L 20 See Wart Obs V II p 40] The Editor has seen a very beautiful old ballad on this subject in French

27 The four following are all preserved in the MS so often referred to in the public Library at Cambridge (390 Appendix to Bp More's MSS in Cat MSS Tom II p 394) viz *The Lay of Eile of Tholouse*, (No 27,) of which the Editor hath also a copy from 'Cod MSS Mus Ashmol Oxon' The first line of both is,

Jesu Chryste in Tynyte

---

<sup>1</sup> This is alluded to by Shakespeare in his Hen V (Act 5) where Fluellen tells Pistol, he will make him a Squire of Low Degree, when he means to knock him down

28 *Robert Kynge of Cysyll* (or Sicily) shewing the fall of Pride  
Of this there is also a copy among the Harl MSS 1703 (3) The  
Cambridge MS begins,

Prius that be prowde in prese

29 *Le bonie Florence of Rome*, beginning thus

As ferre as men ride or gone

30 *Dioclesian the Emperour*, beginning,

Sum tyme ther was a noble man

31 The two knightly bretheris *Amys and Amelion* (among the  
Harl MSS 2386, § 42) is an old Romance of Chivalry, as is also,  
I believe, the fragment of the *Lady Belesant, the duke of Lombardy's fau daughter*, mentioned in the same article See the  
Catalog Vol II

32 In the Edinburgh MS so often referred to (preserved in  
the Advocates Library, W 4 1) might probably be found some  
other articles to add to this list, as well as other copies of some of  
the pieces mentioned in it, for the whole Volume contains not  
fewer than xxxvii Poems or Romances, some of them very long  
But as many of them have lost the beginnings, which have been  
cut out for the stake of the illuminations, and as I have not had  
an opportunity of examining the MS myself, I shall be content  
to mention only the articles that follow <sup>1</sup> viz

An old Romance about *Rouland* (not I believe the famous  
Paladine, but a champion named *Rouland Louth*, query) being in  
the Volume, Numb xxvii in five leaves, and wants the beginning

33 Another Romance, that seems to be a kind of continuation  
of this last, intituled, *Otuel a Knight*, (Numb xxviii in 11 leaves  
and a half) The two first lines are,

Herkneth both zinge and old,

• That willen heren of battailes bold

34. The *King of Tars* (Numb iv, in 5 leaves and a half, it is  
also in the Bodleyan Library, MS Vernon, f 304) beginning  
thus

Herkneth to me bothe eld and zing,  
For Maries love that swete thing

35 A Tale or Romance, (Numb i 2 leaves), that wants both  
beginning and end The first lines now remaining are,

Th Erl him graunted his will y-wis that the knight him haden y told  
The Barouns that were of mikle pris befor him thay weren y-cald

---

<sup>1</sup> Some of these I give, though mutilated and divested of their titles, because  
they may enable a curious inquirer to complete or improve other copies

36 Another mutilated Tale of Romance (No. in 4 leaves)  
The first lines at present are,

To Mr Steward wil y gon and tellen him the sothe of the  
Reseyved bestow sone mon gif zou will seirve and with him be

37 A mutilated Tale or Romance (No. xi in 13 leaves) The  
first lines that occur are,

That niche Dooke his fest gan hold  
With Erls and with Barons bold

I cannot conclude my account of this curious Manuscript, without acknowledging, that I was indebted to the friendship of the Rev D. Blair, the ingenious Professor of Belles Letters, in the University of Edinburgh, for whatever I learned of its contents, and for the important additions it enabled me to make to the foregoing list

To the preceding articles, two ancient Metrical Romances in the Scottish dialect may now be added, which are published in Pinkerton's 'Scottish Poems, reprinted from scarce Editions,' Lond 1792, in 3 Vols 8vo, viz

38 *Gawan and Gologras*, a Metrical Romance; from an edition printed at Edinburgh, 1508, 8vo, beginning,

In the tyme of Arthur, as thew men me tald

It is in stanzas of 13 lines

30 *Sir Gawan and Sir Galaron of Galloway*, a Metrical Romance, in the same stanzas as No. 38, from an ancient MS beginning thus.

In the tyme of Arthur an aunter<sup>1</sup> betydde  
By the Turnwathelan, as the bōke tells,  
Whan he to Caillele was comen, and conqueror kyd, &c.

Both these (which exhibit the union of the old alliterative metre, with rhyme, &c and in the termination of each stanza the short triplets of the Tournament of Tottenham) are judged to be as old as the time of our K. Henry VI being apparently the production of an old Poet, thus mentioned by Dunbar, in his 'Lament for the Deth of the Makkaris'

' Clerk of Tranent eik he hes take,  
That made the aventers of Sir Gawane'

It will scarce be necessary to remind the Reader, that *Turnwathelan* is evidently *Tearne-Wadlung*, celebrated in the old Ballad of the Marriage of Sir Gawane See pp 12, and 287, of this Volume

Many new references, and perhaps some additional articles might be added to the foregoing list from Mr Warton's History of English Poetry, 3 vols 4to, and from the Notes to Mr Tytwhitt's improved Edition of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, &c in 5 Vols 8vo, which have been published since this Essay, &c was first composed, but it will be sufficient once for all to refer the curious Reader to those popular Works

The reader will also see many interesting particulars on the subject of these volumes, as well as on most points of general literature, in Sir John Hawkins's curious History of Music, &c in 5 volumes, 4to, as also in Dr Burney's Hist &c in 4 vols 4to

THE END OF THE ESSAY



# RELIQUES OF ANCIENT POETRY, ETC.

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## SERIES THE THIRD.

### BOOK I.

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#### I.

#### THE BOY AND THE MANTLE

—Is printed verbatim from the old MS described in the Preface. The Editor believes it more ancient than it will appear to be at first sight, the transcriber of that manuscript having reduced the orthography and style in many instances to the standard of his own times.

The incidents of the *Mantle* and the *Knife* have not, that I can recollect, been borrowed from any other writer. The former of these evidently suggested to Spenser his conceit of Florimel's Girdle. B 1v C<sup>a</sup> 5 St 3

'That girdle gave the virtue of chaste love  
And wivehood true to all that did it beare,  
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,  
Might not the same about her middle weare,  
But it would loose or else asunder teare.'

So it happened to the false Florimel, st 16, when

——'Being brought, about her middle small  
They thought to gird, as best it her became,  
But by no means they could it thereto frame,  
For ever as they fastned it, it loos'd  
And fell away, as feeling secret blame, &c  
That all men wondred at the uncouth sight  
And each one thought as to their fancies came  
But she herself did think it done for spight,  
And touched was with secret wrath and shame  
Therewith, as thing devis'd her to defame  
Then many other ladies likewise tride  
About their tender loynes to knit the same,  
But it would not on none of them abide,  
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was untide  
Therewith all knights gan laugh and ladies lowre,  
Till that at last the gentle Amoret



Likewise assayed to prove that girdle's powre  
 And having it about her middle set  
 Did find it fit withouten breich or lct,  
 Whereat the rest gan greatly to envye  
 But Florimel exceedingly did frot  
 And snatching from her hand, &c

As for the trial of the *Horne*, it is not peculiar to our Poet. It occurs in the old romance, intitled '*Morte Arthuri*,' which was translated out of French in the time of K. Edw. IV. and first printed anno 1484. From that romance Ariosto is thought to have borrowed his tale of the Enchanted Cup, C. 12, &c. See Mr. Warton's '*Observations on the Faerie Queen*,' &c.

The story of the Horn in *Morte Arthuri* varies a good deal from thus of our Poet, as the reader will judge from the following extract — 'By the way they met with a knight that was sent from Morgan la Faye to king Arthuri, and this knight had a fair horne all gumed with gold, and the horne had such a virtue, that there might no ladye or gentlewom in drinke of that horne, but if she were true to her husband and if shee were false she should spill all the drinke, and if shee were true unto her lorde, she might drinke peaceably and because of queene Guenever, and in despite of Sir Launcelot du Lake, this horne was sent unto king Arthuri' — This horn is intercepted and brought unto another king named Marke, who is not a whit more fortunate than the British hero, for he makes 'his queene drinke thereof and an hundred ladies moe, and there were but foure ladies of all those that drinke cleane' of which number the said queen proves not to be one [Book II. chap. 22. Ed. 1632.]

In other respects the two stories are so different, that we have just reason to suppose this Ballad was written before that romance was translated into English.

As for queen Guenever, she is here represented no otherwise than in the old Histories and Romances. Holinshed observes, that 'she was evil reported of, as noted of incontinence and breach of faith to her husband' Vol. I. p. 93.

Such Readers, as have no relish for pure antiquity, will find a more modern copy of this Ballad at the end of the volume.

In the third day of may,  
 To Carleile did come  
 A kind curteous child,  
 That cold much of wisdome

A kittle and a mantle  
 This child had uppon,  
 With [brouches] and ringes  
 Full richelye bedone.

~5

He had a sute of silke  
 About his middle drawne,

10

Without he cold of curtesye  
 He thought itt much shame

‘ God speed thee, king Arthur,  
 Sitting at thy meate  
 And the goodly queene Guénever,, 15  
 I cannott her forgett

<sup>13</sup>  
 I tell you, lords, in this hall,  
 I hett you all to [heede],  
 Except you be the more suer  
 Is you for to dread’ 20

He plucked out of his [poterner,]  
 And longer wold not dwell,  
 He pulled forth a pietty mantle,  
 Betweene two nut-shells

‘ Have thou here, king Arthur, 25  
 Have thou heere of mee  
 Give itt to thy comely queene  
 Shapen as itt is aheadye

‘ Itt shall never become that wiffe,  
 That hath once done amisse’ 30  
 Then every knight in the kings court  
 Began to care for [his ]

Forth came dame Guénever,  
 To the mantle shee hei [hied],  
 The ladye she was newfangle, 35  
 But yett shee was affrayd

When shee had taken the mantle,  
 She stode as shoo had beene madd,  
 It was from the top to the toe  
 As sheeres had itt shread 40

One while was itt [gule],  
 Another while was itt gicene,  
 Another while was itt wadded  
 Ill itt did hei beseeme

Another while was it blacke 45  
 And bore the worst hue  
 'By my fioth,' quoth king Arthuri,  
 'I thinke thou be not true'

Shee threw downe the mantle,  
 That bight was of blec, 50  
 Fast with a rudd redd,  
 To hei chamber can shoo flee.

Shee cust the weaver, and the walker,  
 That clothe that had wrought,  
 And bade a vengeance on his crowne, 55  
 That hither hath itt brought

'I had rather be in a wood,  
 Under a greene tree,  
 Then in king Arthurs court  
 Shamed for to bee.' 60

Kay called forth his ladye,  
 And bade her come neere;  
 Saies, 'Madam, and thou be guiltye,  
 I pray thee hold thee there.'

Foith came his ladye  
Shortlye and anon,  
Boldye to the mantle  
Then is shee gone 65

When she had tane the mantle,  
And cast it hei about,  
Then was shee bare 70  
[Before all the rout ]

Then every knight,  
That was in the kings court,  
Talked, laughed, and showted 75  
Full oft att that sport

She threw downe the mantle,  
That bight was of blee,  
Fast, with a red rudd,  
To her chamber can shee flee 80

Foith came an old knight  
Pattering ore a creede,  
And he proferred to this little boy  
Twenty markes to his meede;

And all the time of the Christmasse 85  
Willinglye to ffeede,  
For why this mantle might  
Doe his wiffe some need.

When she had tane the mantle,  
Of cloth that was made, 90  
Shee had no more left on her,  
But a tassell and a threed

Then every knight in the kings court  
Bade evill might shee speed

Shee thiew downe the mantle, 95  
That bright was of bleo,  
And fast, with a rodd rudd,  
To hei chamber can shee fleo

Craddocke called forth his ladye,  
And bade hei come in, 100  
Sath, 'Winne this mantle, ladye,  
With a little dinne

Winne this mantle, ladye,  
And it shal be thine,  
If thou never did amisse 105  
Since thou wast mine'

Forth came Craddockes ladye  
Shortlye and anon,  
But boldye to the mantle  
Then is shee gone 110

When shee had tane the mantle,  
And cast itt her about,  
Upp att her great toe  
It began to cinkle and crowt  
Shee said, 'bowe downe, mantle, 115  
And shame me not for nought,

Once I did amisse,  
I tell you certanlye,  
When I kist Craddockes mouth  
Under a greene tree, 120

When I kist Ciaddockes mouth  
Before he mariyed mee'

When shee had hei shieeven,  
And hei sines shoe had tolde,  
The mantle stoode about hei 125  
Right as shee wold

Seemelye of coulour  
Glittering like gold  
Then every knight in Arthurs court  
Did hei behold 130

Then spake dame Guénever  
To Aithu our king,  
'She hath tane yonder mantle  
Not with ight, but with wronge

See you not yonder woman, 135  
That maketh her self soe [cleane]?  
I have seene tane out of her bedd  
Of men fiveteene,

Priests, clarkes, and wedded men  
From her bedeene 140  
Yett shee taketh the mantle,  
And maketh her self cleane'

Then spake the litle boy,  
That kept the mantle in hold,  
Sayes, 'king, chasten thy wiffe, 145  
Of her words shee is to bold

She is a bitch and a witch,  
 And a whoie bold  
 King, in thine owne hall  
 Thou art a cuckold' 150

The litle boy stooode  
 Looking out a doie,  
 [And there as he was lookinge  
 He was waie of a wyld boie ]

He was waie of a wyld boie, 155  
 Wold have weryed a man  
 He pulld forth a wood kniffe,  
 Fast thither that he ran  
 He brought in the boies head,  
 And quitted him like a man. 160

He brought in the boies head,  
 And was wonderous bold  
 He said ' there was never a cuckolds kniffe  
 Caue itt that cold'

Some rubbed their knives 165  
 Uppon a whetstone  
 Some threw them under the table,  
 And said they had none.

King Arthur, and the child  
 Stood looking upon them, 170  
 All their knives edges  
 Turned backe againe.

Craddocke had a little knive  
 Of non and of steele;

He birtled, the boies head 175  
Wonderous weele,  
That every knight in the kings count  
Had a morssell

The little boy had a horne,  
Of red gold that ronge 180  
He said, 'there was noe cuckold  
Shall drinke of my horne,  
But he shold it sheede  
Eather behind or beforne'

Some shedd on their shoulder, 185  
And some on their knee,  
He that cold not hitt his mouthe,  
Put it in his eye  
And he that was a cuckold  
Every man might him see 190

Chaddocke wan the horne,  
And the boies head  
His ladie wan the mantle  
Unto her meede  
Everye such a lovely ladye, 195  
God send her well to speede.

Ver. 175, or birtled, MS

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## II

## THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE

—Is chiefly taken from the fragment of an old ballad in the Editor's MS which he has reason to believe more ancient than the time of Chaucer, and what furnished that bard with his Wife of Bath's Tale. The original was so extremely mutilated, half of every leaf being torn away, that without large supplements, &c it was deemed improper for this collection. These it has therefore received, such as they are. They are not here particularly pointed out, because the Fragment itself will now be found printed at the end of this volume.

## PART THE FIRST

KING Arthur lives in merry Carlisle,  
And seemely is to see,  
And there with him queene Guenover,  
That brude soo bight of blee.

And there with him queene Guenover, 5  
That brude so bright in bowre  
And all his barons about him stode,  
That were both staffe and stowre

The king a rōyale Christmassē kept,  
With muth and princelye cheare, 10  
To him repāned many a knighto,  
That came both faire and neare.

And when they were to dinner sette,  
And cups went freely round,  
Before them came a faire damselle, 15  
And knelt upon the ground

'A boone, a boone, O kinge Arthūre,  
I beg a boone of thee;  
Avenge me of a carlish knighto,  
Who hath shent my love and mee. 20

At Teame-Wadling<sup>1</sup> his castle stands,  
Near to that lake so fan,  
And proudlie use the battlements,  
And streamers deck the au

Noe gentle knight, nor ladye gay,  
May pass that castle-walle  
But from that foule discuteous knyghte,  
Mishappe will them befall

25

Hee's twyce the size of common men,  
 Wi' thewes, and sinewes stronge, 30  
 And on his backe he bears a clubbe,  
 That is both thicke and longe

This gumme bardne 'twas ou harde happe,  
But yester moine to see,  
When to his bowre he bare my love, 35  
And soie misused mee

And when I told him, king Arthure  
As lyttle shold him spare,  
Goe tell, sayd hee, that cuckold kinge,  
To meete mee if he daie

Upp then stented king Aithùre,  
And sware by hille and dale,  
He ne'er wolde quitt that gumme baròne,  
Till he had made him quail.

'Goe fetch my sword Excalbar,  
Goe saddle mee my steede,

1 Tearne-Wadling is the name of a small lake near Hesketh in Cumberland, on the road from Penrith to Carlisle. There is a tradition, that an old castle once stood near the lake, the remains of which were not long since visible 'Tearn,' in the dialect of that country, signifies a small lake, and is still in use

Nowe, by my faye, that gümme bardne  
Shall rue this ruthfulle dedde'

And when he came to Tearne Wadlinge  
Benethe the castle walle. 50  
'Come forth, come forth, thou proude bardne,  
Or yelde thyself my thialle'

On magicke grounde that castile stode,  
And fenc'd with many a spelle  
Noe valiant knighte could tread thereon, 55  
But straitē his courage felle

Forth then rush'd that carlish knight,  
King Arthur felte the charme  
His study sinewes lost then strengthe,  
Downe sunke his feeble arme 60

'Nowe yield thee, yield thee, kinge Arthure,  
Now yield thee, unto mee  
Or fighte with mee, or lose thy lande,  
Noe better termes maye bee,

Unlesse thou swaie upon the rood, 65  
And promise on thy faye,  
Here to returne to Tearne-Wadling,  
Upon the new-yeare's daye,

And bringe me wordē what thing it is  
All women moste desyre, 70  
This is thy ransome, Arthur,' he sayes,  
'He have noe othei hyre'

King Arthuri then helde up his hande,  
And swaie upon his faye,

Then tooke his leave of the grimme barone 75  
And faste hee rode awaye

And he rode east, and he rode west,  
And did of all inquyre,  
What thing it is all women crave,  
And what they most desyre 80

Some told him riches, pompe, or state;  
Some rayment fine and brighte,  
Some told him mirth, some flatterye,  
And some a jollye knyghte

In letters all king Arthur wrote, 85  
And seal'd them with his ringe  
But still his minde was helde in doubte,  
Each tolde a different thunge

As iuthfulle he rode over a more,  
He saw a lady sette 90  
Betweene an oke, and a greene holléye,  
All clad in red<sup>1</sup> scarlette

Her nose was crookt and turnd outwàrde,  
Her chin stooode all awrye;  
And where as sholde have been her mouthe, 95  
Lo! there was set her eye

Her haire, like serpents, clung aboute  
Her cheekes of deadly hewe  
A worse-form'd ladye than she was,  
No man mote ever viewe. 100

<sup>1</sup> This was a common phrase in our old writers, so Chaucer, in his Prologue to the *Cant Tales*, says of the wife of Bath

'Her hosen were of fyne scarlet red'

To hail the king in seemelye soȝt  
 This ladye was fulle fame,  
 But king Arthure all soȝe amaz'd,  
 No aunswere made againe

‘What wight art thou,’ the ladye sayd, 105  
 ‘That wilt not speake to mee?’  
 Sir, I may chance to ease thy paine,  
 Though I bee foule to see’

‘If thou wilt ease my paine,’ he sayd,  
 ‘And helpe me in my neede, 110  
 Ask what thou wilt, thou gomme ladye,  
 And it shall bee thy neede’

‘O sweare mee this upon the roode,  
 And promise on thy faye,  
 And here the secrette I will telle, 115  
 That shall thy ransome paye’

King Arthur promis'd on his faye,  
 And swaie upon the roode,  
 The secrette-then the ladye told,  
 As lightlye well shee cou'de 120

‘Now, this shall be my paye, sir king,  
 And this my guerdon bee,  
 That some yong fan and courtlye knight,  
 Thou bingc to marrye mee’

Fast then pricked king Arthure 125  
 Oȝe hille, and dale, and downe  
 And soone he founde the barone's bowre  
 And soone the gomme baroune

He bare his clubbe upon his backe,  
 Hee stode bothe stiffe and stronge, 130  
 And, when he had the letters reade,  
 Awaye the letties flunge.

‘Nowe yield thee, Arthun, and thy lands,  
 All forfeit unto mee,  
 For this is not thy paye, su kmg, 135  
 Nor may thy ransome bee’

‘Yet hold thy hand, thou proud barðne,  
 I praye thee hold thy hand,  
 And give mee leave to speake once moie  
 In ieskewe of my land 140

This morne, as I came over a moie,  
 I saw a ladye sette  
 Betwene an oke, and a greene hollèye,  
 All clad in red scailette

Shee sayes, all women will have theu wille, 145  
 This is their chief desyre,  
 Now yield, as thou art a barone true,  
 That I have payd mine hye’

‘An earlye vengeaunce light on her’  
 The carlish baron swoie 150  
 ‘Shee was my sister tolde thee this,  
 And shee’s a mishapen whore.

But here I will make mine avowe,  
 To do her as ill a turne  
 For an ever I may that foule theefe gette, 155  
 In a fyre I will her burne’

## PART THE SECONDE.

HOMEWARDE pickod king Arthure,  
 And a weariye man was hee,  
 And soone he mette queen Guenever,  
 That biide so bight of blee

‘What newes? what newes? thou noble king, 5  
 Howe, Arthur, hast thou sped?  
 Where hast thou hung the carlish knighite?  
 And where bestow’d his head?’

‘The carlish knight is safe for mee,  
 And free fro mortal harme 10  
 On magicke grounde his castlo stands,  
 And fenc’d with many a charme

To bowe to him I was fulle faine,  
 And yelde mee to his hand  
 And but for a lothly ladye, there 15  
 I sholde have lost my land

And nowe this fills my hearte with woe,  
 And sorrowe of my life,  
 I sware a yonge and courtlye knight,  
 Sholde marry her to his wife’ 20

Then bespake him Su Gawaine,  
 That was over a gentle knighite  
 ‘That lothly ladye I will wed,  
 Therefore be merrye and lighte’

‘Nowe naye, nowe naye, good sir Gawaine, 25  
 My sister’s sonne yee bee,  
 This lothlye ladye’s all too gummo,  
 And all too foule for yee

Her nose is crookt and turn'd outwàrde ,  
Her chin stands all awrye , 30  
A worse form'd ladye than shee is  
Was never seen with eye '

'What though her chin stand all awrye,  
And shee be foule to see?  
I'll marry hei, unkle, for thy sake, 35  
And I'll thy ransome bee '

'Nowe thankes, now thankes, good sir Gawàine ,  
And a blessing thee betyde' .  
To-morrow wee'll have knights and squires,  
And wee'll goe fetch thy bride 40

And wee'll have hawkes and wee'll have houndes,  
To cover our intent,  
And wee'll away to the greene forèst,  
As wee a hunting went'

Sir Lancelot, sir Stephen bolde, 45  
They rode with them that daye,  
And foremoste of the companye •  
There rode the stewarde Kaye

Soe did sir Banier and sir Bore,  
And eke sir Garratte keene, 50  
Sir Tristram too, that gentle knight,  
To the forest freshe and greene

And when they came to the greene forrèst,  
Beneathe a faire holley tree  
There sate that ladye in red scarlètte 55  
That unseemelye was to see



Sir Kay beheld that lady's face,  
 And looked upon her sweero,  
 'Whoever kisses that ladye,' he sayes,  
 'Of his kisse he stands in feare' 60

Sir Kay beheld that ladye againe,  
 And looked upon her snout,  
 'Whoever kisses that ladye,' he sayes,  
 'Of his kisse he stands in doubt.'

'Peace, brother Kay,' sayde sir Gawaine, 65  
 'And amend thee of thy life.'  
 For there is a knight amongst us all,  
 Must marry her to his wife'

'What! marry this foule queane,' quoth Kay,  
 'I' the devil's name anone, 70  
 Gett mee a wife wherover I maye,  
 In sooth shoo shall be none'

Then some tooke up their hawkes in hasto,  
 And some took up their houndes,  
 And sayd they wolde not marry her, 75  
 For cities, nor for townes

Then bespake him king Arthure,  
 And sware there by this daye,  
 For a little foule sighte and mislikinge,  
 Yee shall not say her naye.' 80

'Peace, lordlings, peace,' sir Gawaine sayd;  
 'Nor make debate and strifo;  
 Thus lothlye ladye I will take,  
 And marry her to my wife.'

‘Nowe thankes, nowe thankes, good sir Gawaine,  
And a blessinge be thy meede! 86  
For as I am thine own ladye,  
Thou never shalt rue this deede’

Then up they took that lothly dame;  
And home anone they bing 90  
And there sir Gawaine he her wed,  
And married her with a ringe

And when they were in wed-bed laud,  
And all were done awaye  
‘Come turne to mee, mine owne wed-lord 95  
Come tune to mee I praye’

Sir Gawaine scant could lift his head,  
For sorrowe and for care,  
When, lo! instead of that lothelye damo,  
Hee sawe a young ladye faire 100

Sweet blushes stayn’d her rudied cheeke,  
Her eyen were blacke as sloe  
The ripening choiye swellde her lippe,  
And all her necke was snowe

Sir Gawaine kiss’d that lady faire, 105  
Lying upon the sheete  
And swore, as he was a true knyghte,  
The spice was never soe sweete

Sir Gawaine kiss’d that lady brighte,  
Lying there by his side 110  
‘The fairest flower is not soe faire.  
Thou never canst bee my bride’

‘I am thy brude, mine owne deare lorde,  
 The same whiche thou didst knowe,  
 That was soc lothlye, and was wont 115  
 Upon the wild more to goe

Nowe, gentle Gawaine, chuse,’ quoth shee,  
 ‘And make thy choise with care,  
 Whether by night, or else by daye,  
 Shall I be foule or faire?’ 120

‘To have thee foule still in the night,  
 When I with thee should playe!  
 I had rather faire, my lady deare,  
 To have thee foule by daye’

‘What! when gaye ladyes goe with their lordes 125  
 To drinke the ale and wine,  
 Alas! then I must hide myself,  
 I must not goe with mine!’

‘My faire ladyè, sir Gawaine sayd,  
 I yeld me to thy skille, 130  
 Because thou art mine owne ladyè  
 Thou shalt have all thy wille’

‘Nowe blessed be thou, swete Gawaine,  
 And the daye that I thee see;  
 For as thou seest mee at this time, 135  
 Soc shall I ever bee.

My father was an aged knyghte,  
 And yet it chanced soc,  
 He tooke to wife a false ladyè,  
 Whiche broughte me to this woo. 140

Shee witch'd mee, being a faire yonge maide,  
 In the greene forèst to dwelle,  
 And there to abide in lothlye shape,  
 Most like a fiend of helle

Midst mores and mosses, woods, and wilds, 145  
 To lead a lonesome life  
 Till some yong faire and countlye knighte  
 Wolde mariye me to his wife

Nor fully to game mine owne trewe shape,  
 Such was her devilish skille, 150  
 Until he wolde yelde to be rul'd by mee,  
 And let mee have all my wille

Shee witchd my brother to a carlish boore,  
 And made him stiffe and stronge,  
 And built him a bowre on magicke grounde, 155  
 To live by rapine and wronge

But now the spelle is broken throughe,  
 And wronge is turnde to righte,  
 Henceforth I shall bee a faue-ladye,  
 And hee be a gentle knighte ' 160

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### III

#### KING RYENCE'S CHALLENGE

This song is more modern than many of those which follow it, but is placed here for the sake of the subject. It was sung before queen Elizabeth at the grand entertainment at Kenilworth-castle in 1575, and was probably composed for that occasion. In a letter describing those festivities, it is thus mentioned 'A Minstral came forth with a sollem song, warranted for story out of K. Arthur's acts, whereof I gat a copy, and is this

"So it fell out on a Pentecost, &c."

After the song the narrative proceeds 'At this the Minstrell made a pause and a coutezy for Pimus Passus More of the song is there, but I gatt it not'

The story in 'Morte Arthuri,' whence it is taken, runs as follows 'Came a messenger hastily from king Ryence of North-Wales,—saying, that king Ryence had discomfited and overcome eleaven kings, and everiche of them did him homage, and that was this they gave him then beards cleane flayne off—wherefore the messenger came for king Arthuri's beard, for king Ryence had purfled a mantell with kings beards, and there lacked for one a place of the mantell, wherefore he sent for his beard, or else he would enter into his lands, and breyn and slay, and never leave till he have thy head and thy beard Well, said king Arthuri, thou hast sud thy message, which is the most villanous and lowdest message that ever man heard sent to a king Also thou mayest see my beard is full young yet for to make a purfell of, but tell thou the king that—or it be long he shall do to me homage on both his knees, or else he shall leese his head' [B I 24 See also the same Romance, B I c 92]

The thought seems to be originally taken from Jeff Moumnoth's Hist B X c 3 which is alluded to by Drayton in his Poly-Olb Song 4 and by Spenser in Faer Qu 6 l 13 15 See the Observations on Spenser, vol II p 223

The following text is composed of the best readings selected from three different copies The first in Enderbie's Cambria Triumphans, p 197 The second in the Letter abovementioned And the third inserted in MS in a copy of Morte Arthuri, 1632, in the Bodl Library

Stow tells us, that king Arthuri kept his round table at 'diverse places, but especially at Carlion, Winchester, and Camelot in Somersetshire.' This Camelot, 'sometimes a famous towne or castle, is situate on a very high tor or hill, &c' [See an exact description in Stowe's Annals, Ed. 1631, p 55]

As it fell out on a Pentecost day,

King Arthur at Camelot kept his court royall,

With his faue queene dame Guenever the gay,

And many bold barons sitting in hall;

With ladies attired in purple and pall;

5

And heraults in hewkes, hooting on high,

Cryed, *Largesse, Largesse, Chevaliers tres-hardie*<sup>1</sup>

A doughty dwaife to the uppermost deas

Right pertlye gan pricke, kneeling on knee,

With steven fulle stoute amids all the proas,

10

<sup>1</sup> 'Largesse, Largesse,' The heralds resounded these words as oft as they received of the bounty of the knights. See 'Memonies de la Chevalerie,' tom I p 99 —The expression is still used in the form of installing knights of the garter

Sayd, 'Nowe s<sup>m</sup> king Arthui, God save thee, and  
see'

Sir Ryence of North-gales greetoth well thee,  
And bids thee thy beaid anon to him send,  
Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend

For his robe of state is a rich scarlet mantle, 15  
With eleven kings beards bordered <sup>1</sup> about,  
And there is room lefte yet in a kantle,  
For thune to stande, to make the twelfth out  
This must be done, be thou never so stout,  
This must be done, I tell thee no fable, 20  
Maugie the teethe of all thy round table'

When this mortal message from his mouthe past,  
Great was the noyse bothe in hall and in bower  
The king fum'd, the queene screecht, ladies were  
aghast, 24  
Princes puffd, barons blustied, lords began lower;  
Knights stormd; squires startled, like steeds in  
a stower,  
Pages and yeomen yell'd out in the hall,  
Then in came sir Kay, the [king's] seneschal

'Silence, my soveraignes,' quoth this courteous knight,  
And in that stound the stowre began still 30  
[Then] the dwarfe's dinner full deerely was dight  
Of wine and wassel he had his wille.  
And, when he had eaten and drunken his fill,  
An hundred pieces of fine coyned gold  
Were given this dwarf for his message bold 35

'But say to sir Ryence, thou dwarf,' quoth the king,  
'That for his bold message I do him defye,

<sup>1</sup> i e set round the border, as furs are now round the gowns of Magistrates

And shortlye with basins and pans will him ring  
 Out of North-gales, where he and I  
 With swords, and not razors, quickly shall trye, 40  
 Whether he, or king Arthuri will prove the best  
 barbor,  
 And therewith he shook his good sword Excalibor.  
 \* \* \* \*

†† Strada, in his *Prologions*, has ridiculed the story of the Giant's Mantle, made of the Beards of Kings.

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#### IV.

### KING ARTHUR'S DEATH

#### A FRAGMENT

The subject of this ballad is evidently taken from the old romance 'Morte Arthuri,' but with some variations, especially in the concluding stanza, in which the author seems rather to follow the traditions of the old Welsh Bards, who 'believed that king Arthur was not dead, but conveyed away by the Fairies into some pleasant place, where he should remaine for a tyme, and then returne againe and reign in as greet authority as ever' *Holingshed B 5 c 14* or as it is expressed in an old Chronicle printed at Antwerp 1493, by Ger de Leew, 'The Britons supposen, that he [K. Arthuri]—shall come yet and conquere all Bretaigne, for certes this is the prophye of Merlin. He sayd, that his deth shall be doubteous, and sayd soth, for men thereof yet have doubte, and shullen for ever more,—for men wyt not whether that he lyveth or is dede' See more ancient testimonies in Selden's *Notes on Polyolbion*, Song III.

This fragment being very incorrect and imperfect in the original MS hath received some conjectural emendations, and even a supplement of three or four stanzas composed from the romance of 'Morte Arthuri' <sup>1</sup>

ON Trinitey Mondaye in the morne,  
 This sore battayle was doom'd to bee;  
 Where manye a knyghte cry'd, 'Well-awaye!'  
 Alacke, it was the more pittie

<sup>1</sup> There is a tradition in Sicily, that Arthur is preserved alive by his fairy sister, La Fata Morgana, whose palace is said to be seen in the sea of Messina, opposite Reggio.—Ed

Ere the first crowinge of the cocke, 5

When as the kinge in his bed laye,  
He thoughte sir Gawaine to him came,<sup>1</sup>  
And there to him these wordes did saye

‘Nowe, as you are mine unkle deare,  
And as you prize your life, this daye 10  
O meet not with your foe in fighte,  
Putt off the battayle, if yee maye

For sir Launcelot is nowe in Fiaunce,  
And with him many an hardye knighte  
Who will within this moneth be backe, 15  
And will assiste yee in the fighte’

The kinge then call’d his nobles all,  
Before the breakinge of the daye,  
And tolde them how sir Gawaine came,  
And there to him these wordes did saye 20

His nobles all this counsayle gave,  
That ealye in the morning, hee  
Shold send awaye an herauld at armes,  
To aske a parley faue and free

Then twelve good knightes king Arthure chose, 25  
The best of all that with him were  
To parley with the foe in field,  
And make with him agreement faue.

The king he charged all his hoste,  
In readnesse there for to bee 30

<sup>1</sup> Sir Gawaine had been killed at Arthur's landing on his return from abroad  
See the next Ballad, ver. 73.



But noe man sholde noe weapon, stunie,  
 Unlesse a sword drawne they shold see.

And Moiried on the other parte,  
 Twelve of his knights did likewise bringe,  
 The beste of all his companye, 35  
 To hold the pailey with the kinge

Sir Moiried also charged his hoste,  
 In readinesse therof to bee,  
 But noe man sholde no weapon stunie,  
 But if a swoorde drawne they shold see 40

For he durste not his unkle truste,  
 Nor he his nephewe, sothe to tell  
 Alacke! it was a woefulle case,  
 As ere in Christentye befelle.

But when they were together mette, 45  
 And both to faire accordance broughte;  
 And a month's league betweene them sette,  
 Before the battayle sholde be foughte,

An addere crept forth of a busho,  
 Stunge one o' th' king's knightes on the knoe: 50  
 Alacke! it was a woefulle chance,  
 As ever was in Christentie.

When the knighte found him wounded sore,  
 And sawe the wild-worme hanginge there,  
 His swoorde he from his scabberde drew: 55  
 A piteous case as ye shall heare

For when the two hostes sawe the swoorde,  
 They joyned battayle instantlye;

Till of soe manye noble knightes,  
On one side there were left but three 60

For all were slain that durst abide,  
And but some fewe that fled awaye  
Ay mee! it was a bloodye felde,  
As ere was foughte on summer's daye

Upon king Arthuri's own partye, 65  
Onlye himselfe escaped there,  
And Lukyn duke of Gloster free,  
And the king's butler Bedevere,

And when the king beheld his knightes,  
All dead and scattered on the molde, 70  
The teares fast trickled downe his face,  
That manlye face in fight so bolde

'Nowe 1este yee all, brave knights,' he said,  
'Soe true and faithfull to your trust,  
And must yee then, ye valiant hearts, 75  
Be lefte to moulder into dust'

Most loyal have yce been to mee,  
Most true and faithful unto deathe  
And, oh! to rayse yce up againe,  
How freelye could I yield my breathe! 80

But see the traitor's yet alive,  
Lo, where hee stalkes among the deade!  
Nowe bitterlye he shall aby  
And vengeance fall upon his head'

'O staye, my liege,' then sayd the duko; 85  
'O stay for love and charitie,

Remember what the vision spakȝ,  
Nor meete youi foe, if it may bee.'

'O, staye mee not, thou worthyȝ wight,  
This debt my loyal knyghts I owe 90  
Betide me life, betide me death,  
I will avenge them of thei foe'

Then straitȝ he grasped his trustȝ speare,  
And on his hoise then mounted hee  
As his butler holpe him to his hoise, 95  
His bowels gushed to his knee

'Alas!' then sayd the noble king,  
'That I should live this sight to see'  
To see this good knyght here be slaine,  
All for his love in helping mee!' 100

He put his speare into his reste,  
And to sir Mordred loud gan crye,  
'Nowe sette thyself upon thy guardȝ,  
For, traitor, nowe thy death is nye'

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde, 105  
And fierce to meet the king ran hee.  
The king his speare he through him thrust,  
A fathom thorow his bodie

When Mordered felt the stroke of death,  
And found that he was wounded see; 110  
He thruste himselfe upon the speare,  
And strucke the king a deadly blowe.

Then grimmlye dyed sir Mordered,  
Presentlye upon that tree:

And bloody streames ranne from the kinge 115  
Ere to the duke returned hee

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,  
‘Sir knyghte, thou hast beene faithfulle  
tyde,  
Nowe take my sword Excalibai,<sup>1</sup>  
That hangs so freelye by my syde.’ 120

O take my sword Excalibar,  
And there into the river throwe  
For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,  
All use of weapons I foregoe

And fare thee well, thou trustye sword, 125  
A better neer had valiant knyghte,  
With thee full ofte, and manye a daye,  
Have I withstood my foe in fighte

With this good fauchion in my hande,  
Oft have I reaped the bloodye feelede 130  
But nowe the fatalle houre is come,  
That never more I may thee weelde’

The duke to the river side he went,  
And there his owne sword in thiewe he  
But he kept back Excalibar, 135  
He kept it back in privitie

For all of coleyne was the blade,  
And all the hilte of precious stone  
‘And ever alacke!’ then sayd the knyghte,  
‘Must such a sword awaye be throwne?’ 140

<sup>1</sup> More commonly called, Caliburn In the folio MS Escalberd

Then backe he came unto the kinge,  
 Who sayd, 'Sir Lukyn, what did yee see?'  
 'Nothing, my hege, save that the winde  
 Blewe oer the waters fane and fice.'

'O goe agame,' then said the kinge, 145  
 'O good sir Lukyn, goe agame  
 Into the riuer throwe my sword,  
 Nor keepe me lingering here in paine

The duke then to the river went,  
 And the kings scabberd in throwe hee, 150  
 But hee kept backe Excalibar,  
 And hid it underneth a tree

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,  
 Who sayde, 'Sir Lukyn sawe ye oughto?'  
 'Nothinge, my hege, save that the winde 155  
 Nowe with the angie waters fought.'

'O Lukyn, Lukyn,' said the kinge,  
 'Twice haste thou dealt deceytfullye.  
 Alacke, whom may wee ever truste,  
 When suche a knighte soe false can bee? 160

Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead,  
 All for a sword, that wins thine eye?  
 Nowe goe agame, and throwe it in,  
 Or here the one of us shall dye'

The duke, all shent with this rebuke, 165  
 No aunswere made unto the kinge:  
 But to the riuer tooke the sword,  
 And threwe it far as he coude flinge.

A hande and an ayme did meete the sworde,  
 And flourishd three times in the air , 170  
 Then sunke benethe the renninge streame,  
 And of the duke was seene noe man

All sore astomed stood the duke ,  
 He stood as still, as still mote bee  
 Then hastend backe to telle the kinge , 175  
 But he was gone from under the tree

But to what place he cold not tell,  
 For never after hee did him spye  
 But hee sawe a barge goe from the land,  
 And hee heard ladyes howle and crye <sup>1</sup> 180

And whether the kinge were there, or not,  
 Hee never knewe, nor ever colde  
 For from that sad and driefulle daye,  
 Hee never more was seene on molde.

Ver. 178 see MS

<sup>1</sup> Not unlike that passage in Virgil

Summoque ululauit vertice nymphæ

'Ladies' was the word our old English writers used for 'Nymphs' As  
 in the following lines of an old song in the Editor's folio MS

'When scorching Phœbus he did mount,  
 Then Lady Venus went to hunt  
 To whom Diana did resort,  
 With all the Ladyes of hills, and valleys,  
 Of springs, and floodes,' &c

## V.

## THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR

We have here a short summary of K. Arthur's history as given by Jeff of Monmouth and the old chronicles, with the addition of a few circumstances from the romance 'Morte Arthuri'—The ancient chronicle of Gei de Leow (quoted above in p. 24.), seems to have been chiefly followed upon the authority of which we have restored some of the names which were corrupted in the MS. and have transposed one stanza, which appeared to be misplaced, [viz. that beginning at v. 49 which in the MS. followed v. 36.]

Printed from the Editor's ancient folio Manuscript

OF Brutus' blood, in Brittain borne,  
 King Arthur I am to name,  
 Through Christendome, and Heathynesse,  
 Well knowne is my worthy fame

In Jesus Christ I doe beloeve, 5  
 I am a christyan bore.  
 The Father, Sone, and Holy Gost,  
 One God, I doe adore.

In the four hundred ninetyeth yecore,  
 Over Brittain I did rayne, 10  
 After my savior Christ his byrth  
 What time I did maintaine

The fellowship of the table round,  
 Soe famous in those dayes;  
 Whereatt a hundred noble knights, 15  
 And thirty sat alwayes:

Who for their deeds and martiall foates,  
 As bookes done yett record,

Ver. 1 Brute his, MS.—Ver. 9 He began his reign A.D. 515, according to the Chronicles.

Amongst all other nations  
 Wei feared throught the world 20

And in the castle of Tyntagill  
 King Uther mee begate  
 Of Agyana a bewtyous ladye,  
 And come of [hie] estate

And when I was fifteen yeere old, 25  
 Then was I crowned kinge  
 All Brittain that was att an upròre,  
 I did to quett bringe.

And drove the Saxons from the realme,  
 Who had opprest this land, 30  
 All Scotland then throughe manly feats  
 I conquered with my hand.

Ireland, Denmarke, Norway,  
 These countryes wán I all,  
 Iseland, Gôtheland, and Swethland, 35  
 And made then kings my thrall

I conquered all Gallya,  
 That now is called France,  
 And slew the hardy Fioll in feild  
 My honor to advance 40

And the ugly gyant Dynabus  
 So terrible to vewe,  
 That in Saint Barnards mount did lye,  
 By force of aimes I slew

Ver 23, She is named Igerna in the old Chronicles — Ver. 24, h's, MS —  
 Ver 39, Fioland feild, MS Fioll according to the Chronicles was a Roman  
 knight, governor of Gaul — Ver 41, Danibus, MS



And Lucys the emperour of Rome 45  
 I brought to deadly wiacke,  
 And a thousand more of noble knightes  
 For feare did turne their backe

Five kinges of [paynims] I did kill  
 Amidst that bloody stuffe, 50  
 Besides the Giccan emperour  
 Who alsoe lost his liffe.

Whose carcasse I did send to Rome  
 Cladd poorlye on a beere,  
 And afterward I past Mount-Joye 55  
 The next approaching yeeie

Then I came to Rome, where I was mett  
 Right as a conquerour,  
 And by all the cardinals solempnely  
 I was crowned an emperour 60

One winter there I made abode-  
 Then word to mee was brought  
 How Mordred had oppressd the crowne  
 What treason he had wrought

Att home in Brittain with my queene, 65  
 Therefore I came with speede  
 To Brittain backe, with all my power,  
 To quit that traiterous deede

And soone at Sandwiche I arrivde,  
 Where Mordred me withstoode: 70  
 But yett at last I landed there,  
 With effusion of much blood

For there my nephew sir Gawaine dyed,  
 Being wounded in that sore,  
 The whiche sir Lancelot in fight 75  
 Had given him before

Thence chased I Mordered away,  
 Who fledd to London right,  
 From London to Winchester, and  
 To Cornewalle tooke his flyght 80

And still I him pursued with speed  
 Till at the last wee mett  
 Wherby an appointed day of fight  
 Was there agreed and sett

Where we did fight, of mortal life 85  
 Eche other to deprive,  
 Till of a hundied thousand men  
 Scaice one was left a live

There all the noble chivalye  
 Of Brittain tooke their end 90  
 O see how fickle is then state  
 That doe on feates depend!

There all the traitorous men were slaine  
 Not one escape away,  
 And thoe dyed all my vallyant knightes 95  
 Alas! that woefull day!

Two and twenty yeeie I ware the crowne  
 In honor and great fame,  
 And thus by death was suddenlye  
 Deprived of the same\* 100

## VI.

## A DYTIE TO HEY DOWNE

Copied from an old MS in the Cotton Library, [Vesp A 25,] intitled,  
'Diverse things of Hen viij's time'

Who seeks to tame the blustering winde,  
Or cause the floods bend to his wyll,  
Or els against dame nature's kinde  
To [change] things frame by cunning skylle  
That man I thinke bestoweth paine, 5  
Thoughe that his labour be in vaine.

Who strives to breake the sturdye Steele,  
Or gooth about to staye the sunne,  
Who thinks to cause an oke to reele,  
Which never can by force be done 10  
That man likewise bestoweth paine,  
Thoughe that his labour be in vaine

Who thinks to staye against the streame,  
And for to sayle without a maste,  
Unlesse he thinks perhapps to fame, 15  
His travell ys forelorne and waste;  
And so in cure of all his paine,  
His travell ys his choffest game.

So he lykewise, that goes about  
To please eche eye and every eare, 20  
Had nede to have withouten doubt  
A golden gyft with hym to beare,  
For evyll report shall be his game,  
Though he bestowe both toyle and paine.

God giant ecke man one to amend, 25  
 God send us all a happy place,  
 And let us pray unto the end,  
 That we may have our princes grace  
 Amen, amen' so shall we game  
 A dewe reward for all our paine 30

## VII.

## GLASGERION

An ingenious friend thinks that the following old ditty (which is printed from the Editor's folio MS) may possibly have given birth to the tragedy of 'the Orphan,' by Otway, in which Polidore intercepts Monimia's intended favours to Castalio

See what is said concerning the hero of this song, (who is celebrated by Chaucer under the name of Glaskyrion,) in the Essay prefixed to Vol I Note II Pt IV (2)

GLASGERION was a kings owne sonne,  
 And a harper he was goode  
 He harped in the kinges chambere,  
 Where cuppe and caudle stooode  
 And soe did hee in the queens chamber, 5  
 Till ladies waxed [glad]  
 And then bespake the kinges daughter  
 And these wordes thus shee sayd  
 'Strike on, strike on, Glasgèion,  
 Of thy stiking doe not blinne 10  
 Theres never a stroke comes oer thy harpe,  
 But it glads my hart withinne'  
 'Faure might he fall, ladye,' quoth hee,  
 'Who taught you nowe to speake'

I have loved you, ladye, seven longe yeeie 15  
My minde I neere duist breake'

'But come to my bowei, my Glasgèion,  
When all men are att rest  
As I am a lady true of my promise,  
Thou shalt bee a welcome guest' 20

Home then came Glasgèion,  
A glad man, lord! was hee  
And, 'come thou hither, Jacke my boy,  
Come hither unto mee

For the kinges daughter of Normandy 25  
Hath granted mee my boone  
And att her chambere must I bee  
Beffore the cocke have crowen'

'O master, master,' then quoth hee,  
'Lay your head doyne on this stone. 30  
For I will waken you, master deere,  
Afore it be time to gone.' •

But up then rose that lither ladd,  
And hose and shoone did on  
A collar he cast upon his necke, 35  
Hee seemed a gentleman

And when he came to the ladies chamber,  
He thild upon a pinn<sup>1</sup>.  
The lady was true of her promise,  
Rose up and lett him in 40

Ver 16, harte, MS

<sup>1</sup> This is elsewhere expressed, 'twined the pin,' or 'tiled at the pin,' [See B. II S VI v 3,] and seems to refer to the turning round the button on the outside of a door, by which the latch rises, still used in cottages.

He did not take the lady gaye  
To boulster nor to bed  
[Noi thoughe hee had his wicked wille,  
A single word he sed ]

He did not kisse that ladyes mouthe, 45  
Noi when he came, nor youd  
And soie mistrusted that ladye gay,  
He was of some churls bloud

But home then came that lither ladd,  
And did off his hose and shoone, 50  
And caste the coller from off his necke:  
He was but a churlès sonne

‘Awake, awake, my deere master,  
The cock hath well-nigh crowen,  
Awake, awake, my master deere, 55  
I hold it time to be gone

For I have saddled your hoisse, master,  
Well bridled I have your steede  
And I have served you a good breakfast  
For thereof ye have need’ 60

Up then rose good Glasgerion,  
And did on hose and shoone;  
And cast a coller about his necke  
For he was a kinge his sonne

And when he came to the ladyes chamber, 65  
He thrild upon the pinne;  
The ladye was more than true of promise,  
And rose and let him inn.

Saies, 'whether have you left with me  
 Your bracelett or your glove? 70  
 Or are you returned backe againe  
 To know more of my love?'

Glasgènon swore a full great othe,  
 By oake, and ashe, and thorne,  
 'Lady, I was never in your chambèr, 75  
 Sith the time that I was boine'

'O then it was your lither foot-page,  
 He hath beguiled mee'  
 Then shee pulled forth a litle pen-kniffe,  
 That hanged by her knoe 80

Saies, 'there shall never noe chaulds blood  
 Within my bodye spring  
 No chaulds blood shall evèr defile  
 The daughter of a kinge'

Home then went Glasgènon, 85  
 And woe, good lord, was hee  
 Saies, 'come thou hither, Jacke my boy,  
 Come hither unto mee

If I had killed a man to night,  
 Jacke, I would tell it thee 90  
 But if I have not killed a man to night  
 Jacke, thou hast killed three'

And he puld out his bright browne sword,  
 And dyed it on his sleeve,  
 And he smote off that lither ladds head, 95  
 Who did his ladye grieve

He sett the swords poynt till his brest,  
 The pummil untill a stone  
 Throw the falsenesse of that lither ladd,  
 These three lives werne all gone

100

## VIII

### OLD ROBIN OF PORTINGALE

From an ancient copy in the Editor's folio MS which was judged to require considerable corrections

In the former edition the hero of this piece had been called Sir Robin, but that title not being in the MS is now omitted.

LET never again soe old a man  
 Marrye soe yonge a wife,  
 As did old Robin of Portingale,  
 Who may rue all the dayes of his life

For the mayors daughter of Lin, god wott,      5  
 He chose hei to his wife,  
 And thought with hei to have lived in love,  
 But they fell to hate and strife

They scarce were in their wed-bed land,  
 And scarce was hee asleepe,      10  
 But upp shee rose, and forth shee goes,  
 To the steward, and gan to weepe

'Sleepe you, wake you, faire sir Gyles?  
 Or be you not within?  
 Sleepe you, wake you, faire sir Gyles,      15  
 Arise and let me inn'

'O, I am waking, sweete,' he said,  
 'Sweete ladye, what is your will?'



'I have unbethought me of a wile  
How my wed-lord weell spill 20

Twenty-four good knights,' slicc sayes,  
'That dwell about this towne,  
Even twenty-four of my next cozens,  
Will helpe to dinge him downe.'

All that beheard his litle footepage, 25  
As he watered his masters steed,  
And for his masters sad peulle  
His verry heart did bleed

He mourned still, and wept full sore;  
I sweare by the holy roode 30  
The teares he for his master wept  
Were blent water and bloude.

And that beheard his deare mastèr  
As he stood at his garden pale  
Sayes, 'Ever alacke, my litle foot-page, 35  
What causes thee to wail?

Hath any one done to thee wronge  
Any of thy followes here?  
Or is any of thy good friends dead,  
That thou shedst manye a teare? 40

Or, if it be my head bookes-man,  
Aggrieved hee shal bee.  
For no man here within my howse,  
Shall doe wrong unto thee.'

Ver 19, unbethought, [properly onbethought] this word is still used in the Midland counties in the same sense as bethought — Ver 32, blent, MS.

‘O, it is not youi head bookes-man, 45  
 Nor none of his degree  
 But, on to-morrow ere it be noone  
 All deemed to die aie yee

And of that bethank youi head stewàrd,  
 And thank youi gay ladie’ 50  
 ‘If this be true, my litle foot-page,  
 The heyre of my land thoust bee’

‘If it be not true, my dear mastèr,  
 No good death let me die’  
 ‘If it be not true, thou litle foot-page, 55  
 A dead coise shalt thou be

O call now downe my faie ladye,  
 O call her downe to mee  
 And tell my ladye gay how sicke, 60  
 And like to die I bee’

Downe then, came his ladye faie,  
 All clad in purple and pall  
 The rings that were on her fingers,  
 Cast light thorrow the hall

‘What is your will, my owne wêd-lord? 65  
 What is your will with mee?’  
 ‘O see, my ladye deere, how sicke,  
 And like to die I bee’

‘And thou be sicke, my own wed-lord,  
 Soe sore it grieveth me 70  
 But my five maydens and myselfe  
 Will [watch thy] bedde for thee

And at the waking of your first sleepe,  
 We will a hott drinke make  
 And at the waking of youi [next] sleepe, 75  
 Your sorowes we will slake'

He put a silk cote on his backe,  
 And mail of manye a fold  
 And hee putt a steele cap on his head,  
 Was gilt with good red gold 80

He layd a bryght browne sword by his side,  
 And another att his feete  
 [And twentye good knights he placed at hand,  
 To watch him in his sleepe ]

And about the middle time of the night, 85  
 Came twentye-four traitours inn  
 Sir Giles he was the foremost man,  
 The leader of that gynn.

Old Robin with his bryght browne sword,  
 Sir Gyles head soon did winn. 90  
 And scant of all those twenty-four,  
 Went out orfe quick agenn.

None save only a litle foot page,  
 Crept forth at a window of stone.  
 And he had two armes when he came in, 95  
 And he went back with one.

Upp then came that ladie gaye  
 With torches burning bryght  
 She thought to have brought sir Gyles a drinke,  
 Butt she found her owne wedd knight. 100

The first thinge that she stumbled on  
 It was sir Gyles his foote  
 Sayes, 'Ever alacke, and woe is mee'  
 Heere lyes my sweete hart-roote'

The next thinge that she stumbled on 105  
 It was sir Gyles his heade  
 Sayes, 'Ever, alacke, and woe is me'  
 Heere lyes my true love deade'

Hee cutt the pappes beside her brest,  
 And did her body spille, 110  
 He cutt the eares beside her heade,  
 And bade her love her fille.

He called then up his litle foot-page,  
 And made him there his heyre,  
 And sayd 'henceforth my wouldlye goodes 115  
 And countrie I forswear'

He shope the crosse on his right shouldèr,  
 Of the white [clothe] and the redde,<sup>1</sup>  
 And went him into the holy land,  
 Wheias Christ was quicke and dead. 120

Ver. 118, fleshe, MS

<sup>1</sup> Every person, who went on a Croisade to the Holy Land, usually wore a cross on his upper garment, on the right shoulder, as a badge of his profession. Different nations were distinguished by crosses of different colours. The English wore white, the French red, &c. This circumstance seems to be confounded in the ballad [V Spelman Gloss]

☞ In the foregoing piece, Giles, steward to a rich old merchant trading to Portugal, is qualified with the title of 'Sir,' not as being a knight, but rather, I conceive, as having received an inferior order of priesthood.

## IX

## CHILD WATERS.

'Child' is frequently used by our old writers, as a title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the *Fairy Queen* and the son of a king is in the same poem called 'Child Tristram' [B 5 c 11 st 8 l3 — B 6 c 2 st 36 — Ibid c 8 st 13]. In an old ballad quoted in Shakespeare's *K. Lear*, the hero of Ariosto is called Child Roland. Mr Theobald supposes this use of the word was received along with then romances from the Spaniards, with whom *Infante* signifies a Prince. A more eminent critic tells us, that 'in the old times of chivalry, the noble youth, who were candidates for knighthood, during the time of their probation were called *Infans*, *Parvets*, *Damoysels*, *Bacheliers*. The most noble of the youth were particularly called *Infans*' [Vid Walb Shakesp]. A late commentator on Spenser observes, that the Saxon word embez knight, signifies also a 'Child' [See Upton's gloss to the F. Q.]

The Editor's folio MS whence the following piece is taken (with some corrections), affords several other ballads, wherein the word 'Child' occurs as a title but in none of these it signifies 'Prince'. See the song entitled *Gil Morrice*, in this volume.

It ought to be observed, that the word Child or Chield is still used in North Britain to denominate a man, commonly with some contemptuous character affixed to him, but sometimes to denote man in general. [We need scarcely allude to 'Childe Harold' — Ed.]

CHILD Waters in his stable stooode,  
And stroakt his milke white sleede  
To him a fayre yonge ladye came  
As ever waie, womans woode

Sayes, 'Christ you save, good Childe Waters,' 5  
Sayes, 'Christ you save, and see  
My gudge of gold that was too longe,  
Is now too short for mee.

And all is with one chyld of yours,  
I feele stume att my side 10  
My gowne of greene it is too straighthe.  
Before, it was too wide.'

‘If the child be mine, faire Ellen,’ he sayd,  
‘Be mine as you tell mee,  
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,     15  
Take them your owne to bee

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen,’ he sayd,  
‘Be mine, as you doe sweare  
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,  
And make that child your heyre’     20

Shee saies, ‘I had rather have one kisse,  
Child Waters, of thy mouth,  
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,  
That lye by north and south

And I had rather have one twinkling,     25  
Childe Waters, of thine ee.  
Then I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,  
To take them mine owne to bee’

‘To morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde  
Far into the north countrie,     30  
The fairest lady that I can find,  
Ellen, must goe with mee’

‘[Thoughe I am not that ladye fayre,  
Yet let me go with thee]  
And ever I pray you, Child Waters,     35  
Your foot-page let me bee’

‘If you will my foot-page bee, Ellen,  
As you doe tell to mee,  
Then you must cut your gowne of greene,  
An inch above your knee     40

Soe must you doe your yellowo lockes,  
 An inch above your ee  
 You must tell no man what is my name,  
 My foot-page then you shall bee'

Shee, all the long day Child Waters rode, 45  
 Ran barefoote by his side,  
 Yett was he never soe couteous a knighto,  
 To say, 'Ellen, will you ryde?'

Shee, all the long day Child Waters rode,  
 Ran barefoote thorow the broome, 50  
 Yett hee was never soe curteous a knighte,  
 To say, 'put on your shoone'

'Ride softlye', shee sayd, 'O Childe Waters,  
 Why doe you ryde soe fast?  
 The childe, which is no mans but thine, 55  
 My bodye itt will biast'

He sayth, 'seest thou yonder water, Ellen,  
 That flows from banke to brimme?'—  
 'I trust to God, O Child Waters,  
 You never will see<sup>1</sup> mee swimme' 60

But when shee came to the waters side,  
 She sayled to the chinne.  
 'Except the Lord of heaven be my speed,  
 Now must I learne to swimme'

The salt waters bare up her clothes;  
 Our Ladye bare upp her chinne. 65  
 Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,  
 To see faire Ellen swimme

<sup>1</sup> i e, permit, suffer, &c.

And when shee over the water was,  
 Shee then came to his knee 70  
 He said, 'Come hithe, thou faine Ellèn,  
 ' Loe, yonder what I see

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellèn?  
 Of redd gold shines the yate  
 Of twenty foue faine ladyes there, 75  
 The fairest is my mate

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellèn?  
 Of redd gold shines the towre. .  
 There are twenty four faine ladyes there,  
 The fairest is my paramoure' 80

'I see the hall now, Child Waters,  
 Of redd gold shines the yate  
 God give you good now of yourselfe,  
 And of your worthye mate

I see the hall now, Child Waters, 85  
 Of redd golde shines the towie  
 God give you good now of yourselfe,  
 And of your paramoure.'

There twenty four fayre ladyes were  
 A playing att the ball. 90  
 And Ellen, the farest ladye there,  
 Must bringe his steed to the stall

There twenty four fayre ladyes were  
 A playinge at the chesse,  
 And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there, 95  
 Must bing his horse to gresse



And then bespake Childe Waters sister,  
 These were the wordes said shee.  
 'You have the prettyest foot-page, brother,  
 That ever I saw with mine ee 100

But that his bellye it is soo bigg,  
 His gndle goes wonderous hie.  
 And let him, I pray you, Childe Waters,  
 Goe into the chamber with mee'

'It is not fit for a little foot-page, 105  
 That has-run throughe mosse and myre,  
 To go into the chamber with any ladye,  
 That weares soo riche attyre

It is more meete for a litle foot-page,  
 That has run throughe mosse and myre, 110  
 To take his supper upon his knoe,  
 And sitt downe by the kitchen fyer.'

But when they had supped every one,  
 To bedd they tooke theyr waye.  
 He sayd, 'come hither, my little foot-page, 115  
 And hearken what I saye.

Go thee downe into yonder towne,  
 And low into the street,  
 The fayrest ladye that thou can finde,  
 Hyer her in mine armes to sleepe, 120  
 And take her up in thine armes twaine,  
 For filnge<sup>1</sup> of her feete.'

Ellen is gone into the towne,  
 And low into the strecte:

<sup>1</sup> i.e. defiling. See Waton's Observ. Vol. II. p. 158.

The fairest ladye<sup>\*</sup> that shee cold find, 125  
 Shee hyed in his armes to sleepe,  
 And tooke her up in her armes twayne,  
 For filng of her feete

'I praye you nowe, good Childe Watèrs,  
 Let mee lye at youn bedds feete 130  
 For there is noe place about this house,  
 Where I may 'saye a sleepe'<sup>1</sup>

[He gave her leave, and faire Ellèn  
 Down at his beds feet laye ]  
 This done the nighte drove on apace, 135  
 And when it was neare the daye,

Hee sayd, 'Rise up, my litle foot-page,  
 Give my steede corne and haye,  
 And soe doe thou the good black oats,  
 To carry mee better awaye' 140

Up then rose the faire Ellèn  
 And gave his steede coine and hay  
 And soe shee did the good blacke oates,  
 To carry him the better away

Shee leaned her backe to the manger side, 145  
 And grievously did groane,  
 Shee leaned her back to the manger side,  
 And there shee made her moane

And that beheard his mother deere,  
 Shee heard her there monand<sup>2</sup> 150  
 Shee sayd, 'Rise up, thou Childe Watèrs,  
 I think thee a cursed man.

<sup>1</sup> Ver 132, *2 e* essay, attempt —<sup>2</sup> sic in MS *2 e* moaning, bemoaning, &c

For in thy stable is a ghost,  
 That grievously doth grieve  
 Or else some woman labourer of childe, 155  
 She is soe woe-begone'

Up then rose Childe Waters soon,  
 And did on his shute of silke,  
 And then he put on his other clothes,  
 On his body as white as milke. 160

And when he came to the stable doore,  
 Full still there hee did stand,  
 That hee might heare his fayre Ellèn,  
 Howe shee made her monnd.<sup>1</sup>

She sayd, 'Lullabye, mine owne deere chuld, 165  
 Lullabye, dere chuld, dere.  
 I wold thy father were a king,  
 Thy mother layd on a bier.'

'Peace now,' hee said, 'good faure Ellèn,  
 Be of good cheere, I praye; 170  
 And the bridal and the churching both  
 Shall bee upon one day.'

## X.

## PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

This sonnet is given from a small quarto MS in the Editor's possession, written in the time of Q. Elizabeth. Another copy of it, containing some variations, is reprinted in the 'Muses' Library,' p. 295, from an ancient miscellany, intitled 'England's Helicon,' 1600, 4to. The author was Nicholas Breton, a writer of some fame in the reign of Elizabeth, who also published an interlude intitled 'An old man's lesson and a young man's love,' 4to. and many other little pieces in prose and verse, the titles of which may be seen in Winstanley,

<sup>1</sup> sic in MS: i. e. mourning, bemoaning, &c.

Ames' Typog and Osborne's Harl Catalog &c —He is mentioned with great respect by Meres, in his 2d pt of 'Wit's Common-wealth,' 1598, f 283, and is alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Scoinful Lady,' Act 2 and again in 'Wit without Money,' Act 3 —See Whalley's Ben Jonson, vol III p 103

The present Edition is improved by a copy in 'England's Helicon,' Edit 1614, 8vo

In the merrie moneth of Maye,  
In a morne by break of daye,  
With a troope of damselles playing  
Forth [I yode] foisooth a maying

When anon by a wood side, 5  
Where as Maye was in his pride,  
I espied all alone  
Phillda and Corydon

Much adoe there was, god wot,  
He wold love, and she wold not 10  
She sayde, 'never man was trewe,'  
He sayes, 'none was false to you'

He sayde, 'hee had lovde hei longe  
She sayes, 'love should have no wionge  
Corydon wold kisse hei then 15  
She sayes, 'maydes must kisse no men,

Tyll they doe for good and all'  
When she made the shepperde call  
All the heavens to wytnes truthe,  
Never loved a truer youthe 20

Then with manie a prettie othe,  
Yea and nay, and, faith and trothe,  
Such as seele shepperdes use  
When they will not love abuse;

Love, that had bene long deluded,  
Was with kisses sweete concluded,  
And Phillida with garlands gaye  
Was made the lady of the Mayo.

25

†† The foregoing little Pastoral of Phillida and Corydon is one of the Songs in 'The Honourable Entertainment given to the Queenes Majestic in Progresse at Elvetham in Hampshire, by the R<sup>th</sup> the Earle of Hertford, 1591,' 4to [Printed by Wolfe No name of author] See in that pamphlet,

'The thide daies Entertainment

'On Wednesday morning about 9 o'clock, as her Majestic opened a casement of her gallerie window, ther were three excellent musicians, who being disguised in auncient country attire, did greet her with a pleasant song of Corydon and Phillida, made in three parts of purpose The song, as well for the worth of the dittie, as the aptnesse of the note thereto applied, it pleased her Highnesse after it had been once sung to command it againe, and highly to grace it with her cheereful acceptance and commendation

'THE PLOWMAN'S SONG

In the merrie month of May, &c'

The splendour and magnificence of Elizabeth's reign is no where more strongly painted than in these little Diaues of some of her summer excursions to the houses of her nobility, nor could a more acceptable present be given to the world, than a republication of a select number of such details as this of the entertainment at Elvetham, that at Kenilworth, &c &c which so strongly mark the spirit of the times, and present us with scenes so very remote from modern manners

See 'The Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth,' &c By John Nichols, F A S. Edinb and Patr, 1788, 2 Vols 4to.

## XI.

### LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD

This ballad is ancient, and has been popular, we find it quoted in many old plays See Beaum and Fletcher's 'Knight of the Burning Pestle,' 4to 1613, Act 5 'The Varotie,' a comedy, 12mo 1649, Act 4, &c In Sir William Davenant's play, 'The Witts,' A. 3, a gallant thus boasts of himself

'Limber and sound! besides I sing Musgrave,  
And for Chery-chace no lark comes near me'

In the Pepys Collection, Vol III p 314, is an imitation of this old song, in thirty-three stanzas, by a more modern pen, with many alterations, but evidently for the worse.

This is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, with corrections, some of which are from a fragment in the Editor's folio MS. It is also printed in Dryden's Collection of Miscellaneous poems. [Ritson says Dryden's is the genuine version. It is found in many forms in Scotland.—Ed.]

As it fell out on a highe holye daye,  
As many bee in the yeare,  
When yong men and maides together do goe  
Their masses and mattins to heare,

Little Musgrave came to the church door, 5  
The priest was at the mass,  
But he had more mind of the fine women,  
Then he had of our Ladyes grace.

And some of them were clad in greene,  
And others were clad in pall, 10  
And then came in my lord Barnardes wife,  
The fauest among them all

Shee cast an eye on little Musgrave  
As bight as the summer sunne  
O then bethought him little Musgrave, 15  
'This ladyes heart I have wonne'

Quoth she, 'I have loved thee, little Musgrave,  
Fulle long and manye a daye'  
'So have I loved you, ladye faire,  
Yet word I never durst saye' 20

'I have a bower at Bucklesfoide-Bury,<sup>1</sup>  
Full damtilyc bedight,  
If thoult wend thithci, my little Musgrave,  
Thoust lig in mine aimes all night'

Quoth hee, 'I thanke yee, ladye fane, 25  
This kindness yee shew to mee,  
And whether it be to my weale or woe,  
This night will I lig with thee'

<sup>1</sup> Bucklefield-berry, fol MS

All this beheard a litle foot-page,  
 By his ladyes coach as he ranne 30  
 Quoth he, 'thoughe I am my ladyes page,  
 Yet Ime my lord Barnardes manne.

My lord Barnard shall knowe of this,  
 Although I lose a limbe.'  
 And ever whercas the bidges were broke, 35  
 He layd him downe to swimme

'Asleep or awake, thou lord Barnard,  
 As thou art a man of life,  
 Lo! this same night at Bucklesford-Bury  
 Litle Musgrave's in bed with thy wife' 40

'If it be trew, thou litle foote-page,  
 This tale thou hast told to mee,  
 Then all my lands in Bucklesford-Bury  
 I freelye will givo to thee

But and it be a lye, thou litle foot-page, 45  
 This tale thou hast told to mee,  
 On the highest tree in Bucklesford-Bury  
 All hanged shalt thou bee

Rise up, rise up, my merry men all,  
 And saddle me my good steede, 50  
 This night must I to Bucklesford-bury,  
 God wott, I had never more neede'

Then some they whistled, and some they sang,  
 And some did loudlye saye,  
 Whenever lord Barnardes horne it blowe, 55  
 'Awaye, Musgrave, away!

‘Methinkes I heare the thioſtle cocke,  
Methinkes I heare the jay,  
Methinkes I heare lord Barnards horne,  
I would I were awaye.’ 60

‘Lye ſtill, lye ſtill, thou little Muſgràve,  
And huggle me from the cold,  
For it is but ſome ſhephardes boye  
A whiſtling his ſheepe to the fold

Is not thy hawke upon the pearche, 65  
Thy horſe eating corne and haye?  
And thou a gay lady within thine aimes  
And wouldſt thou be awaye?’

By this lord Barnard was come to the dore,  
And lighted upon a ſtone 70  
And he pulled out three ſilver keyes  
And opened the dores eche one

He lifted up the coverlett,  
He lifted up the ſheete,  
‘How now, how now, thou little Muſgràve, 75  
Doſt find my gaye ladye ſweete?’

‘I find her ſweete, quoth little Muſgràve,  
The more is my griefe and paine,  
Ide gladlye give thee hundred poundes  
That I were on yonder plaine’ 80

‘Arise, arise, thou little Muſgràve,  
And put thy cloathes nowe on,  
It ſhall never be ſaid in my countree,  
That I killed a naked man.



I have two swordes in one scabbàrde, 85  
Full deare they cost my puise;  
And thou shalt have the best of them,  
And I will have the worse'

The first stroke that little Musgrave strucke,  
He hurt lord Barnard sore, 90  
The next stroke that lord Barnard strucke,  
Little Musgrave never strucke more

With that bespake the ladye fane,  
In bed whereas she laye,  
'Although thou art dead, my little Musgrave, 95  
Yet for thee I will praye

And wishe well to thy soule will I,  
So long as I have life;  
So will I not do for thee, Barnard,  
Thoughe I am thy wedded wife' 100

He cut her pappes from off her brest,  
Great pitye it was to see  
The drops of this fair ladyes blood  
Run trickling downe her knee

'Wo worth, wo worth ye, my merrye men all, 105  
You never were boine for my good.  
Why did you not offer to stay my hande,  
When you sawe me wax so woode?

For I have slaine the fairest sir knighte,  
That ever rode on a steede, 110  
So have I done the fairest lady,  
That ever ware womans weede.

A grave, a grava,' lord Barnard cryde,  
 'To putt these lovers in,  
 But lay my ladye o' the upper hande, 115  
 For shee comes o' the better kin'

††† That the more modern copy is to be dated about the middle of the last century, will be readily conceived from the tenor of the concluding stanza, viz

This sad Mischief by Lust was wrought,  
 Then let us call for Grace,  
 That we may shun the wicked vice,  
 And fly from Sin a-pace

## XII

## THE EW-BUGHTS MARION.

## A SCOTTISH SONG.

This sonnet appears to be ancient that and it's simplicity of sentiment have recommended it to a place here

Will ye gae to the ew-bughts, Marion,  
 And wear in the sheip wi' mee?  
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,  
 But nae half sae sweet as thee.  
 O Marion's a bonny lass; 5  
 And the blyth blinks in her ee:  
 And fain wad I maine Marion,  
 Gin Marion wad maine mee  
 There's gowd in your garters, Marion;  
 And siller on your white hauss-bane <sup>1</sup> 10  
 Fou fame wad I kisse my Marion  
 At eene quhan I cum hame  
 There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,  
 Quha gape and glowr wi' their ee

<sup>1</sup> *Hauss bane, &c* The neck-bone Marion had probably a silver locket on, tied close to her neck with a ribband, an usual ornament in Scotland where a sore throat is called 'a saire hause,' properly 'halse'

At kuk, quhan they see my Maion,                   15  
 Bot nane of them lues like mee.

Ive nine milk-cws, my Maion,  
 A cow and a bawney quay,  
 Ise gie tham au to my Maion,  
 Just on hei bridal day                                   20  
 And yees got a gien sey apion,  
 And waistcote o' London brown,  
 And wow bot ye will be vapouring  
 Quhanen ye gang to the toun.

Ime young and stout, my Marion,                   25  
 None dance lik mee on the greine,  
 And gin ye forsak me, Marion,  
 Ise cen gae diaw up wi' Jeane.  
 Sae put on you pearls, Marion,  
 And kirtle oth' cramasie;                               30  
 And sune as my chin has nae haire on,  
 I sall cum west, and see yee.

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### XIII.

#### THE KNIGHT, AND SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

This ballad (given from an old black-letter copy, with some corrections) was popular in the time of Q. Elizabeth, being usually printed with her picture before it, as Hearne informs us in his preface to 'Gul Neubrig Hist Ovon 1719, 8vo vol I p lxx' It is quoted in Fletcher's comedy of the 'Pilgrim,' Act 4 Sc 1

THERE was a shepherds daughter  
 Came tripping on the waye,  
 And there by chance a knighte shée mett,  
 'Which caused her to staye.

' Good morrowe to you, beauteous maide,' 5

These words pronounced hee

' O, I shall dye this daye,' he sayd,

' If I've not my wille of thee '

' The Lord foibid,' the maide replyde,

' That you shold waxe so wode!'

10

[But for all that shee could do or saye,

He wold not be withstood ]

' Sith you have had your wille of mee,

And put me to open shame,

Now, if you are a courteous knighte,

15

Tell me what is your name?'

' Some do call mee Jacke, sweet heart,

And some do call mee Jille,

But when I come to the kings faire courtè'

They call me Wilfulle Wille '

20

He sett his foot into the stirrup,

And awaye then he did ride,

She tuckt her gidle about her middle,

And ranne close by his side.

But when she came to the biode watèr,

25

She sett her brest and swamme;

And when she was got out againe,

She tooke to her heels and ranne

He never was the courteous knighte,

To saye, ' faue maide, will ye ride?'

30

[And she was ever too loving a maide]

To saye, ' sir knighte, abide.'

When she came to the kings fauë couste,  
 She knocked at the ینگ,  
 So readye was the king himself 35  
 To let this faire maide in

‘Now Christ you save, my gracious hogo,  
 Now Christ you save and see,  
 You have a knyghte within your couste  
 This daye hath robbed mee’ 40

‘What hath he robbed thee of, sweet heart?  
 Of purple or of pall?  
 Or hath he took thy gaye gold ینگ  
 From off thy finger small?’

‘He hath not robbed mee, my hogo, 45  
 Of purple nor of pall.  
 But he hath gotten my maiden head,  
 Which grieves mee woist of all.’

‘Now if he be a batchelor,  
 His bodye Ile give to thee, 50  
 But if he be a married man,  
 High hanged he shall bee’

He called downe his merrie men all,  
 By one, by two, by three;  
 Sir William used to bee the first, 55  
 But nowe the last came hee

He brought her downe full fortye pondo,  
 Tyed up withinne a glove:

Ver. 50. ‘His bodye Ile give to thee’ This was agreeable to the feudal customs; The lord had a right to give a wife to his vassals. See Shakespeare’s  
 ‘All’s well that ends well.’

Faire maid, ' Ile give the same to thee;  
Go, seeke thee another love ' 60

' O Ile have none of your gold, she sayde,  
Nor Ile have none of your fee;  
But your faire bodye I must have,  
The king hath granted mee '

Sir William ranne and fetchd her then 65  
Five hundred pound in golde,  
Saying, ' faire maide, take this to thee,  
Thy fault will never be tolde '

' Tis not the gold that shall mee tempt,'  
These words then answered shee, 70  
' But your own bodye I must have,  
The king hath granted mee '

' Would I had dranke the water cleare,  
When I did drinke the wine,  
Rather than any shepherds brat 75  
Shold bee a ladye of mine !

Would I had drank the puddle foule,  
When I did drink the ale,  
Rather than ever a shepherds brat  
Shold tell me such a tale !' 80

' A shepherds brat even as I was,  
You mote have let me bee,  
I never had come to the kings faire courte,  
To crave any love of thee.'

He sett her on a milk-white steede, 85  
And himself upon a graye;

He hung a bugle about his necke,  
And soe they rode awaye

But when they came unto the place,  
Where marriage-rites were done, 80  
She proved herself a dukes daughter,  
And he but a squires sonne

‘Now marrye me, or not, sir knight,  
Your pleasur shall be free  
If you make me ladye of one good towne, 95  
Ile make you lord of three.’

Ah! cursed bee the gold,’ he sayd,  
‘If thou hadst not been trewe,  
I shold have forsaken my sweet love,  
And have changed her for a newe’ 100

And now then hearts being linked fast,  
They joyned hand in hande  
Thus he had both purse, and person too,  
And all at his commande.

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#### XIV.

#### THE SHEPHERD’S ADDRESS TO HIS MUSE

This poem, originally printed from the small MS volume, mentioned above in No. X has been improved by a more perfect copy in ‘England’s Helicon,’ where the author is discovered to be N. Breton

Good Muse, rocke me aslope  
With some sweete harmony :  
This wearie eyes is not to kepe  
Thy way company.

Sweete Love, begon a while, 5  
 Thou seest my heavines  
 Beantie is boine but to beguyle  
 My haite of happines

See howe my little flocke,  
 That lovde to feede on highe, 10  
 Doe headlonge tumble downe the rocke,  
 And in the valley dye

The bushes and the trees,  
 That were so freshe and greenie,  
 Doe all their deintie colors leese, 15  
 And not a leafe is seene

The blacke birde and the thrushe,  
 That made the woodes to ringe,  
 With all the rest, aie now at hushe,  
 And not a note they singe 20

Swete Philomele, the birde  
 That hath the heavenly throte,  
 Doth nowe, alas' not once afforde  
 Recordeinge of a note

The flowers have had a frost, 25  
 The herbs have loste their savoure ,  
 And Phillida the faire hath lost  
 [For me her wonted] favour

Thus all these careful sights,  
 So kill me in concert , 30  
 That now to hope upon delights,  
 It is but meere deceite.



And therefore, my sweete Muse,  
 That knowest what helpe is best,  
 Doe nowe thy heauenlie coununge use 35  
 To sett my harte at rest .

And in a dreame bewraie  
 What fate shal be my frende ,  
 Whether my life shall still decaye,  
 Or when my sorrowes ende 40

## XV.

## LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLINOR,

—is given (with corrections) from an ancient copy in black letter, in the Pepys collection, intitled, 'A tragical ballad on the unfortunate love of lord Thomas and fair Ellinor, together with the downfall of the browne gul' In the same collection may be seen an attempt to modernize this old song, and reduce it to a different measure a proof of its popularity.<sup>1</sup>

LORD THOMAS he was a bold forrestèr,  
 And a chaser of the kings deere,  
 Faire Ellinor was a fine woman,  
 And lord Thomas he loved her deare.

'Come riddle my riddle, dear mother,' he sayd, 5  
 'And riddle us both as one,  
 Whether I shall marrye with faire Ellinor,  
 And let the browne girl alone?'

'The browne girl she has got houses and lands,  
 Faire Ellinor she has got none, 10  
 And therefore I charge thee on my blessing,  
 To bring me the browne girl home.'

<sup>1</sup> Dr Jamieson took down from the lips of a lady in Arbroath, and printed, a long ballad, entitled, 'Sweet Willie and Fair Annie,' on the same subject —ED.

And as it befelle on a high holidaye,  
As many there are beside,  
Loid Thomas he went to faire Ellinor, 15  
That should have been his biide

And when he came to faire Ellinors bower,  
He knocked there at the ring,  
And who was so readye as faire Ellinor,  
To lett lord Thomas withinn 20

‘What newes, what newes, lord Thomas,’ she sayd,  
‘What newes dost thou bring to mee?’  
‘I am come to bid thee to my wedding,  
And that is bad newes for thee’

‘O God forbid, lord Thomas,’ she sayd, 25  
‘That such a thing should be done,  
I thought to have been the biide my selfe,  
And thou to have been the biidegiome’

‘Come riddle my riddle, dear mother,’ she sayd,  
‘And riddle it all in one, 30  
Whether I shall goe to lord Thomas his wedding,  
Or whether shall tarry at home?’

‘There are manye that are your fiendes, daughtèr,  
And manye a one your foe,  
Therefore I charge you on my blessing, 35  
To lord Thomas his wedding don’t goe’

‘There are manye that are my friendes, mothèr,  
But were every one my foe,  
Betide me life, betide me death,  
To lord Thomas his wedding I ’ld goe.’ 40

She cloathed herself in gallant attire,  
 And her merrye men all in greene ,  
 And as they iud through every towne,  
 They took her to be some queene

But when she came to lord Thomas his gate, 45  
 She knocked there at the ring ,  
 And who was so readye as lord Thomàs,  
 To let faire Ellmor in

‘Is this your bride?’ fau Ellmor sayd,  
 ‘Methinks she looks wonderous browne , 50  
 Thou mightest have had as faire a woman,  
 As ever tiød on the grounde’

‘Despise her not, fau Ellm,’ he sayd,  
 ‘Despise her not unto mee ,  
 For better I love thy little singd, 55  
 Than all her whole bodde’

This browne-bride had a little penknife,  
 That was both long and sharpe,  
 And betwixt the short ribs and the long,  
 She prickd fau Ellmor’s harte 60

‘O Christ thee save,’ lord Thomas, hee sayd,  
 ‘Methinks thou lookst wonderous wan ;  
 Thou usedst to look with as fiesh a coldur,  
 As ever the sun shone on’

‘Oh, art thou blind, lord Thomas?’ she sayd, 65  
 ‘Or canst thou not vey well see’  
 Oh! dost thou not see my owne hearts bloode  
 Run trickling down my knee’

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side,  
 As he walked about the halle, 70  
 He cut off his brides head from her shouldërs,  
 And threw it against the walle

He set the hulte against the groundë,  
 And the point against his harte  
 There never three lovers together did meete, 75  
 That sooner againe did parte

\* \* \* The reader will find a Scottish song on a similar subject to this, towards the end of this volume, intituled, 'Lord Thomas and Lady Annet.'

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## XVI.

### CUPID AND CAMPASPE

This elegant little sonnet is found in the third act of an old play intituled, 'Alexander and Campaspe,' written by John Lilye, a celebrated writer in the time of queen Elizabeth. That play was first printed in 1591 but this copy is given from a later edition <sup>1</sup>

CUPID and my Campaspe playd  
 At cardes for kisses, Cupid payd  
 He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,  
 His motheis doves, and teame of sparrowes,  
 Loses them too, then down he throws 5  
 The coral of his lippe, the rose  
 Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how)  
 With these, the crystal of his browe,  
 And then the dimple of his chinne;  
 All these did my Campaspe winne 10  
 At last he set her both his eyes,  
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise  
 O Love! has she done this to thee?  
 What shall, alas! become of mee?

<sup>1</sup> Lilye wrote 'Euphuës,' and was the originator of Euphuism. See the 'Monastery.'—ED

## XVII

## THE LADY TURNED SERVING-MAN,

—is given from a written copy, containing some improvements (perhaps modern ones), upon the popular ballad, intitled, 'The famous flower of Serving men or the Lady turned Serving-man'

You beauteous ladies, great and small,  
I write unto you one and all,  
Whereby that you may understand  
What I have suffered in the land

I was by birth a lady faire, 5  
An ancient barons only heiress,  
And when my good old father dyed,  
Then I became a young knights bride.

And there my love built me a bower,  
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower, 10  
A braver bower you ne'er did see  
Then my true-love did build for mee.

And there I liv'd a ladye gay,  
Till fortune wrought our loves decay,  
For there came foes so fierce a band, 15  
That soon they over-run the land.

They came upon us in the night,  
And brent my bower, and slew my knight,  
And trembling hid in mans array,  
I scant with life escap'd away 20

In the midst of this extremitie,  
My servants all did from me flee,  
Thus was I left myself alone,  
With heart more cold than any stone.

Yet though my heart was full of care, 25  
Heaven would not suffer me to dispaire,  
Wherefore in haste I chang'd my name  
From faire Elise, to sweet Williame ;

And therewithall I cut my haire,  
Resolv'd my man's attne to weare ; 30  
And in my beaver, hose, and band,  
I travell'd far through many a land.

At length all wearied with my toil,  
I sate me downe to rest awhile ,  
My heart it was so fill'd with woe, 35  
That downe my cheeke the teares did flow.

It chanc'd the king of that same place  
With all his lords a hunting was,  
And seeing me weepe, upon the same  
Askt who I was, and whence I came 40

Then to his grace I did replye,  
'I am a poore and friendlesse boye,  
Though nobly borne, nowe forc'd to bee  
A serving-man of lowe degree.'

'Stand up, faire youth,' the king reply'd, 45  
'For thee a service I'll provyde  
But tell me first what thou canst do ,  
Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

Wilt thou be usher of my hall,  
To wait upon my nobles all? 50  
Or wilt be taster of my wine,  
To 'tend on me when I shall dine ?

O: wilt thou be my chamberlaine,  
About my person to remaine?  
O: wilt thou be one of my guard, 55  
And I will give thee great reward?

Chuse, gentle youth,' said he 'thy place'  
Then I reply'd, 'If it please your grace  
To shew such favour unto mee,  
Your chamberlaine I faine would bee' 60

The king then smiling gave consent,  
And straitwaye to his court I went,  
Where I behavde so faithfullie,  
That hee great favour showd to mee

Now marke what fortune did provide, 65  
The king he would a hunting ride  
With all his lords and noble traine,  
Sweet William must at home remaine

Thus being left alone behind,  
My former state came in my mind 70  
I wept to see my mans array,  
No longer now a ladye gay

And meeting with a ladyes vest,  
Within the same myself I drest,  
With silken robes, and jewels rare, 75  
I deckt me, as a ladye faire

And taking up a lute straitwaye,  
Upon the same I strove to play,  
And sweetly to the same did sing,  
As made both hall and chamber ring 80

'My father was as brave a lord,  
As ever Europe might afford,  
My mother was a lady bright;  
My husband was a valiant knight

And I myself a ladye gay, 85  
Bedeckt with gorgeous rich array,  
The happiest lady in the land,  
Had not more pleasure at command.

I had my musicke every day  
Harmonious lessons for to play, 90  
I had my virgins fair and free,  
Continually to wait on mee

But now, alas' my husband's dead,  
And all my friends are from me fled,  
My former days are past and gone, 95  
And I am now a serving-man '

And fetching many a tender sigh,  
As thinking no one then was nigh,  
In pensive mood I laid me lowe,  
My heart was full, the tears did flowe. 100

The king, who had a huntinge gone,  
Grewe weary of his sport anone,  
And leaving all his gallant trame,  
Turn'd on the sudden home againe :

And when he reach'd his statelie tower, 105  
Hearing one sing within his bower,  
He stopt to listen, and to see  
Who sung there so melodiously.



Thus heard he everye word I sed,  
And saw the pearlye teares I shed, 110  
And found to his amazement there,  
Sweete William was a ladye faue

Then stepping in, 'Fau e ladye, rise,  
And dry,' said he, 'those lovelye eyes,  
For I have heard thy mounful tale, 115  
The which shall tune to thy availe'

A crimson dye my face orespied,  
I blusht for shame, and hung my head,  
To find my sex and story knowne,  
When as I thought I was alone 120

But to be briefe, his royall grace  
Grew so enamour'd of my face,  
The richest gifts he proffered mee,  
His mistress if that I would bee

'Ah! no, my liege,' I firmlye sayd, 125  
'I'll rather in my grave be layd,  
And though your grace hath won my heart,  
I ne'er will act soe base a part'

'Faue ladye, pardon me,' sayd hee,  
'Thy virtue shall rewarded bee, 130  
And since it is soe fairly tryde  
Thou shalt become my royal bride'

Then strait to end his amorous strife,  
He tooke sweet William to his wife  
The like before was never seene, 135  
A serving-man became a queene

## XVIII

## GIL MORRICE.

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

The following piece hath run through two editions in Scotland the second was printed at Glasgow in 1735, 8vo Prefixed to them both is an advertisement, setting forth that the preservation of this poem was owing to a lady, who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses, ' And 'any reader that can render it more correct or complete,' is desired to oblige the public with such improvements In consequence of this advertisement sixteen additional verses have been produced and handed about in manuscript, which are here inserted in their proper places (these are from ver 109, to ver 121, and from ver 124, to ver 129, but are perhaps, after all, only an ingenious interpolation.)

As this poem lays claim to a pretty high antiquity, we have assigned it a place among our early pieces though, after all, there is reason to believe it has received very considerable modern improvements for in the Editor's ancient MS collection is a very old imperfect copy of the same ballad wherein though the leading features of the story are the same, yet the colouring here is so much improved and heightened, and so many additional strokes are thrown in that it is evident the whole has undergone a revision

N B The Editor's MS instead of 'lord Barnard,' has 'John Stewart,' and instead of 'Gil Morrice,' 'Child Maurice,' which last is probably the original title See above, No IX

GIL MORRICE was an eilès son,

His name it waxed wide ,

It was nae for his great richès,

Nor yet his mickle pride ;

Bot it was for a lady gay,

5

That livd on Carion side

'Quhair sall I get a bonny boy,

That will win hose and shoen ,

That will gae to lord Barnards ha',

And bid his lady cum ?

10

And ye maun rin my errand Wilhe ,

And ye may rin wi' pride ,

Quhen other boys gae on their foot,

On horse-back ye sall ride.'

Ver 11, something seems wanting here



The baion he is a man of micht,  
 He neu could bide to taunt,  
 As ye will see before its nicht, 45  
 How sma' ye hae to vaunt.

And sen I maun your errand in  
 Sac san against my will,  
 I'sc mak a vow and keep it trow,  
 It sall be done for ill' 50  
 And quhen he came to broken bugue,  
 He bent his bow and swam,  
 And quhen he came to grass growing,  
 Set down his feet and ran

And quhen he came to Barnards ha', 55  
 Would neither chap nor ca'  
 Bot set his bent bow to his breist,  
 And lichtly lap the wa'  
 He wauld nae tell the man his errand,  
 Though he stude at the gart, 60  
 Bot strait into the ha' he cam,  
 Quhan they were set at meit

'Hail' hail' my gentle sue and dame!  
 My message winna waite,  
 Dame, ye maun to the gude grene wod 65  
 Before that it be late  
 Ye 1e bidden tak this gay mantèl,  
 Tis a' gowd bot the hem  
 You maun gae to the gude grene wode,  
 Ev'n by your sel alane 70

And there it is, a silken sarke,  
 Your ain hand sewd the sleave,  
 Ver 58, Could this be the wall of the castle?

- Ye maun gae speik to Gill Morice,  
 Spen nae bauld barons leave'  
 The lady stamped wi' hir foot, 75  
 And winked wi' hir ee,  
 Bot a' that she coud say or do,  
 Forbidden he wad nae bee
- 'Its suely to my bow'r-womàn,  
 It nen could be to me' 80  
 'I brocht it to lord Barnards lady,  
 I trow that ye be she'  
 Then up and spack the wylie nuse,  
 (The baun upon hir knee)  
 'If it be cum frae Gill Morice, 85  
 It's deir welcum to mee'
- 'Ye leid, ye leid, ye filthy nuse,  
 Sae loud I heird ye lee,  
 I brocht it to lord Barnards lady,  
 I trow ye be nae shee' 90  
 Then up and spack the bauld-baròn,  
 'An aँगry man was hee,  
 He's tain the table wi' his foot,  
 Sae has he wi' his knee,  
 Till siller cup and [mazer<sup>1</sup>] dush 95  
 In funder he gard flee
- 'Gae bring a robe of your clidding,  
 That hangs upon the pm,  
 And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,  
 And speik wi' your lemmàn' 100  
 'O bide at hame, now lord Barnàrd,  
 I warde ye bide at hame;

Ver 88, Perhaps, loud say I heire  
<sup>1</sup> i.e., a drinking cup of maple other Edit. read ezar

Nen wyte a man for violence,  
That nen wate ye wi' nane'

Gil Morrice sate in gude gione wode, 105  
He whistled and he sang  
'O, what mean a' the folk coming,  
My mother tannes lang'  
His hair was like the thieeds of gold,  
Drawne frae Minervas loome 110  
His lipps like roses diapping dew,  
His breath was a' perfume

His brow was like the mountain snae  
Gilt by the morning beam  
His cheeks like living roses glow 115  
His een like azure stream  
The boy was clad in robes of grene,  
Sweete as the infant spring  
And like the mavis on the bush,  
He gait the vallics ring 120

The baron came to the grene wode,  
Wi' mickle dule and care,  
And there he first spied Gill Morrice  
Kameing his yellow han,  
That sweetly ward around his face, 125  
That face beyond compare  
He sang sae sweet it might dispel,  
A' rage but fell despair

'Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morrice,  
My lady loed thee weel, 130

Ver 128, So Milton,

'Vernal delight and joy able to drive  
All sadness but despair' B iv v 155

The fanest part of my bodie  
 Is blacker than thy heel.  
 Yet neir the less now, Gill Morice,  
 For a' thy great beautie,  
 Ye's rew the day ye eir was born,  
 That head sall gae wi' me' 135

Now he has diawn his trusty brand,  
 And slaited on the strae,  
 And thro' Gill Morice' fan body  
 He's gard cauld iron gae 140  
 And hé has tain Gill Morice' head  
 And set it on a speir,  
 The meanest man in a' his train  
 Has gotten that head to bear

And he has tain Gill Morice up, 145  
 Laid him across his steid,  
 And brocht him to his painted bowr  
 And laid him on a bed  
 The lady sat on castil wa',  
 Beheld baith dale and down, 150  
 And there she saw Gill Morice' head  
 Cum trailing to the toun

'Far better I loe that bludy head,  
 Both and that yellow hair,  
 Than lord Barnard, and a' his lands, 155  
 As they lig here and thair'  
 And she has tain her Gill Morice,  
 And kissd baith mouth and chin  
 'I was once as fow of Gill Morice,  
 As the hip is o' the stean 160

I got ye in my fathel's house,  
 Wi' mickle sin and shame,  
 I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,  
 Under the heavy rain.  
 Oft have I by thy cradle sitten, 160  
 And fondly seen thee sleip,  
 But now I gae about thy grave,  
 The saut tears for to weip'

And syne she kisssd his bluidy cheik,  
 And syne his bluidy chin. 170  
 'O better I loe my Gill Morice  
 Than a' my kith and kin!  
 'Away, away, ye ill woman,  
 And an il deith mair ye dee.  
 Gin I had kend he'd bin your son, 175  
 He'd ne'er bin slam for mee'

'Obraid me not, my lord Barnard!  
 Obraid me not for shame!  
 Wi' that sam same speir O pierce my heart'  
 And put me out o' pain 180  
 Since nothing bot Gill Morice head  
 Thy jelous rage could quell,  
 Let that sam hand now tak hir life,  
 That near to thee did ill

To me nae after days nor nights 185  
 Will eir be saft or kind;  
 I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,  
 And greet till I am blind'  
 'Enouch o' blood by me's bin spilt,  
 Seek not your death frae mee, 190



I rather lour'd it had been-my sel  
Than eathe him or thee.

With waefo wae I hear your plant;  
Saul, sair I reu the deid,  
That eir this curs'd hand of mine 195  
Had gaid his body bleid  
Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,  
Ye ne'er can heal the wound,  
Ye see his head upon the speir,  
His heart's blude on the ground 200

I curse the hand that did the deid,  
The heart that thocht the ill,  
The feet that bore me wi' sik speid,  
The comely youth to kill  
I'll aye lament for Gill Morice, 205  
As gin he were mine ain,  
I'll ne'er forget the dreiry day  
On which the youth was slain'

\* \* This little pathetic tale suggested the plot of the tragedy of 'Douglas'  
Since it was first printed, the Editor has been assured that the foregoing  
Ballad is still current in many parts of Scotland, where the hero is universally  
known by the name of Child Maurice, pronounced by the common people  
Cheild or Cheeld, which occasioned the mistake

It may be proper to mention that other copies read ver 110, thus

Shot frae the golden sun

And ver 116, as follows

His een like azure sheene

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK

## SERIES THE THIRD.

### BOOK II.

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#### I

### THE LEGEND OF SIR GUY

— contains a short summary of the exploits of this famous champion, as recorded in the old story books, and is commonly intitled, ‘ A pleasant song of the valiant deeds of chivalry achieved by that noble knight sir Guy of Warwick, who, for the love of fair Piclis became a hermit, and dyed in a cave of craggy rocke, a mile distant from Warwick ’

The history of sir Guy, though now very properly resigned to children, was once admired by all readers of wit and taste for taste and wit had once their childhood Although of English growth it was early a favourite with other nations it appeared in French in 1525, and is alluded to in the old Spanish romance *Tirante el blanco*, which, it is believed, was written not long after the year 1430 See advertisement to the French translation, 2 vols 12mo

The original whence all these stories are extracted is a very ancient romance in old English verse, which is quoted by Chaucer as a celebrated piece even in his time, (v12

‘ Men spoken of romances of price,  
Of Horne child and Ippota,  
Of Bevis, and sir Guy, &c                      It of Prop )

and was usually sung to the harp at Christmas dinners and brideales, as we learn from Puttenham’s Art of Poetry, 4to, 1589

This ancient romance is not wholly lost An imperfect copy in black letter, ‘ Imprinted at London—for William Copland,’ in 34 sheets 4to, without date, is still preserved among Mr Garrick’s collection of old plays As a specimen of the poetry of this antique rhymers, take his description of the dragon mentioned in ver 105 of the following ballad—

— ‘ A messenger came to the king  
Syr king, he sayd, lysten me now,  
For bad tydings I bring you,  
In Northumberlande there is no man,  
But that they be slayne every chone  
For there dare no man ronte,  
By twenty myle rounde aboute,  
For doubt of a fowle dragon,  
That sleeth men and bestes downe,  
He is blacke as any cole,  
Rugged as a rough fole,

His bodye from the navill upwarde  
 No man may it pierce it is so hard,  
 His neck is great as any summe,  
 He renneth as swift as any distre,  
 Paws he hath as a lyon  
 All that he toucheth he sleath dead downe  
 Great winges he hath to flight,  
 That is no man that bair him might  
 There may no man fight him agayne,  
 But thit he sleath him certayne  
 For a fowler beast then is he,  
 Ywis of none never heard ye'

Sir William Dugdale is of opinion that the story of Guy is not wholly apocryphal, though he acknowledges the monks have sounded out his praises too hyperbolically. In particular, he gives the duel fought with the Danish champion as a real historical truth, and fixes the date of it in the year 926, *Ætat* Guy, 67. See his *Warwickshire*.

The following is written upon the same plan as ballad V. Book I but which is the original and which the copy, cannot be decided. This song is ancient, as may be inferred from the idiom preserved in the margin, *ve* 94 162 and was once popular, as appears from Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act 2 Sc ult.

It is here published from an ancient MS. copy in the Editor's old folio volume, collated with two printed ones, one of which is in black letter in the Pepys collection.

Was ever knight for ladyes sake  
 Soe tost in love, as I sir Guy  
 For Phebus fayre, that lady bight  
 As ever man beheld with eye?

She gave me leave myself to try, 5  
 The valiant knight with sheeld and speare,  
 Ere that her love shew wold grant me,  
 Which made mee venture far and neare

Then proved I a baron bold,  
 In deeds of armes the doughtyest knight 10  
 That in those dayes in England was,  
 With sworde and speare in feild to fight

An English man I was by birthe  
 In faith of Christ a christyan true.

*Ve* 9, The proud sir Guy, PC.

The wicked lawes of infidells 15  
I sought by prowesse to subdue

[Nine] hundred twenty yeeie and odde  
 After our Saviour Christ his birth,  
 When king Athelstone wore the crowne,  
 I lived heere upon the earth.

Sometime I was of Waiwicke cile,  
And, as I sayd, of very truth  
A ladies love did me constraene  
To seek strange ventures in my youth.

To win me fame by feates of armes 25  
 In stränge and sundry heathen lands,  
 Where I atchieved for her sake  
 Right dangerous conquests with my hands

For first I sayled for Normandye,  
And there I stoutlye wan in fight  
The emperours daughter of Almaine,  
From manye a vallant worthy knight.

Then passed I the seas to Greece  
To helpe the emprouer in his night,  
Against the mightye souldans hoaste  
Of puissant Persians for to fight

Where I did slay of Sarazens,  
And heathen pagans, manye a man,  
And slew the souldans cozen deere,  
Who had to name doughtye Coldràn.

Eskeldered a famous knight  
To death likewise I did pursue.  
And Elmayne king of Tyre alsoe,  
Most terrible in fight to viewe

I went into the souldans hoast, 45  
Being thither on embassage sent,  
And brought his head awaye with mee;  
I having slame him in his tent

There was a dragon in that land  
Most fiercely mett me by the waye 50  
As hee a lyon did pursue,  
Which I myself did alsoe slay.

Then soon I past the seas from Gieece,  
And came to Pavye land aight.  
Where I the duke of Pavye killed, 55  
His hamous treason to requite

To England then I came with speede,  
To wedd faire Phelis lady bight  
For love of whome I travelled fair  
To try my manhood and my might 60

But when I had espoused her,  
I stayd with her but fortye dayes,  
Ere that I left this ladye faue,  
And went from her beyond the seas

All cladd in gray, in pilgrum sort, 65  
My voyage from her I did take  
Unto the blessed Holy-land,  
For Jesus Christ my Saviours sake

Where I erle Jonas did redeeme,  
 And all his sonnes which were fifteene, 70  
 Who with the cruell Sarazens  
 In prison for long time had beene

I slew the gyant Amarant,  
 In battel fiercelye hand to hand.  
 And doughty Barknand killed I, 75  
 A tieacherous knight of Pavye land

Then I to England came againe,  
 And here with Colbronde fell I fought  
 An ugly gyant, which the Danes  
 Had for their champion hither brought. 80

I overcame him in the feild,  
 And slewe him soone right valliantlye,  
 Wherebye this land I did redeeme  
 From Danish tribute utterlye

And afterwards I offered upp 85  
 The use of weapons solemnlye  
 At Winchester, whereas I fought,  
 In sight of manye farr and nye

[But first,] neare Winsor, I did slaye  
 A bore of passing might and strength, 90  
 Whose like in England never was  
 For hugenesse both in bredth, and length

Some of his bones in Warwicke yett,  
 Within the castle there doe lye  
 One of his sheeld-bones to this day 95  
 Hangs in the citeye of Coventrye.

On Dunsmore heath I alsoe slewe  
 A monstrous wyld and cruell beast,  
 Calld the Dun-cow of Dunsmore heath,  
 Which manye people had opprest. 100

Some of her bones in Warwicke yett  
 Still for a monument doe lye,  
 And there exposed to lookers viewe  
 As wonderous strange, they may espye

A dragon in Northumberland, 105  
 I alsoe did in fight destioye,  
 Which did bothe man and beast oppresse,  
 And all the countrie soie annoye

At length to Warwicke I did come,  
 Like pilgrim poore, and was not knowne, 110  
 And there I lived a hermitts life  
 A mile and more out of the towne

Where wth my hands I hewed a house  
 Out of a craggy rocke of stone,  
 And lived like a palmer poore 115  
 Within that cave myself alone

And daylye came to begg my bread  
 Of Phelus att my castle gate,  
 Not knowne unto my loved wiffe  
 Who daylye mourned for her mate 120

Till att the last I fell soie sicke,  
 Yea sicke soe soie that I must dye,  
 I sent to her a ring of golde,  
 By which shee knew me presentlye

Then shee repairing to the cave 125  
 Before that I gave up the ghost,  
 Herself closd up my dying eyes:  
 My Phelis faire, whom I lovd most

Thus dreadful death did me arrest,  
 To bring my corpes unto the giave, 130  
 And like a palmer dyed I,  
 Wheaby I sought my soule to save

My body that endued this toyle,  
 Though now it be consumed to mold,  
 My statue faire engriaven in stone, 135  
 In Warwicke still you may behold

## II

## GUY AND AMARANT

The Editor found this poem in his ancient folio manuscript among the old ballads, he was desirous therefore that it should still accompany them, and as it is not altogether devoid of merit, its insertion here will be pardoned

Although this piece seems not imperfect there is reason to believe that it is only a part of a much larger poem, which contained the whole history of sir Guy for, upon comparing it with the common story book 12mo we find the latter to be nothing more than this poem reduced to prose which is only effected by now and then altering the rhyme, and throwing out some few of the poetical ornaments The disguise is so slight, that it is an easy matter to pick complete stanzas in any page of that book

The author of this poem has shown some invention Though he took the subject from the old romance quoted before, he has adorned it afresh, and made the story entirely his own

Guy journeyes towards that sanctified ground,  
 Whereas the Jewes fayre citye sometime stood,  
 Wherin our Saviours sacred head was crown'd,  
 And where for sinfull man he shed his blood.  
 To see the sepulcher was his intent, 5  
 The tombe that Joseph unto Jesus lent



With tedious miles he tyred his wearye feet,  
 And passed desart places full of danger,  
 At last with a most woefull wight<sup>1</sup> did meet,  
 A man that unto sorrow was noe stranger 10  
 For he had fifteen sonnes, made captives all  
 To slavish bondage, in extremest thiall

A gyant called Amarant detain'd them,  
 Whom noe man durst encounter for his strength  
 Who in a castle, which he held, had cham'd them 15  
 Guy questions, 'where?' and understands at length  
 The place not far — 'Lend me thy sword,' quoth hee,  
 'He lend my manhood all thy sonnes to free'

With that he goes, and lays upon the dore,  
 Like one that sayes, I must, and will come in 20  
 The gyant never was so rowz'd before,  
 For noe such knocking at his gate had bin  
 Soe takes his keyes, and clubb, and cometh out  
 Staring with ireful countenance about

'Sirra,' quoth hee, 'what busnes hast thou heere?' 25  
 Art come to feast the crowes about my walls?  
 Didst never heare, noe ransome can him cleere,  
 That in the compasse of my fuyre falls?  
 For making me to take a porters paines,  
 With this same clubb I will dash out thy braines' 30

'Gyant,' quoth Guy, 'y'are quarrelsome I see,  
 Choller and you seem very neere of kin  
 Most dangerous at the clubb belike you bee,  
 I have bin better armd, though nowc goe thin,  
 But shew thy utmost hate, enlarge thy spight, 35  
 Keene is my weapon, and shall doc me right'

<sup>1</sup> Erle Jonas, mentioned in the foregoing ballad

Soe draws his sword, salutes him with the same  
 About the head, the shoulders, and the side  
 Whilst his erected clubb doth death proclaime,  
 Standinge with huge Colossus' spacious stride, 40  
 Putting such vigour to his knotty beame,  
 That like a furnace he did smoke extreame

But on the ground he spent his strokes in vaine,  
 For Guy was nimble to avoyde them still,  
 And ever ere he heav'd his clubb againe, 45  
 Did brush his plated coat again his will  
 Att such advantage Guy wold never fayle,  
 To bang him soundlye in his coate of mayle

Att last through thurst the gyant feeble grewe,  
 And sayd to Guy, 'As thou'rt of humane race, 50  
 Shew itt in this, give natures wants then dowe,  
 Let me but goe, and drinke in yonder place  
 Thou canst not yeeld to [me] a smaller thing,  
 Than to graunt life, thats given by the spring.'

'I graunt thee leave,' quoth Guye, 'goe'drink thy last,  
 Go pledge the diagon, and the salvage bore <sup>1</sup> 55  
 Succeed the tragedyes that they have past,  
 But never thinke to taste cold water more  
 Dunke deepe to Death and unto him carouse  
 Bid him receive thee in his earthen house' 60

Soe to the spring he goes, and slakes his thirst,  
 Taking the water in extremely like  
 Some wracked shipp that on a rocke is burst,  
 Whose forced hulke against the stones does stryke,  
 Scooping it in soe fast with both his hands, 65  
 That Guy admiring to behold it stands

<sup>1</sup> Which Guy had slam before      Ver 64, bulke, MS and PCC.

‘Come on,’ quoth Guy, ‘let us to worke againe,  
 Thou stayest about thy liquor overlong,  
 The fish, which in the river doe remaine,  
 Will want thereby, thy drinking doth them wrong  
 But I will see their satisfaction made, 71  
 With gyants blood they must, and shall be payd’

‘Villaine,’ quoth Amaraunt, ‘Ile crush thee streight,  
 Thy life shall pay thy daung touns offence  
 This clubb, which is about some hundred weight, 75  
 Is deathes commission to dispatch thee hence  
 Diesse thee for ravens dyett I must needes,  
 And breake thy bones, as they were made of reedes’

Incensed much by these bold pagan bostes,  
 Which worthy Guy cold ill endure to heare, 80  
 He hewes upon those bigg supporting postes,  
 Which like two pillars did his body beare.  
 Amaraunt for those wounds in choller growes  
 And desperatelye att Guy his clubb he throwes

Which did directly on his body light, 85  
 So violent, and weighty there-withall,  
 That downe to ground on sudden came the knight,  
 And, ere he cold recover from the fall,  
 The gyant gott his clubb againe in fist,  
 And aind a stioke that wonderfullye must. 90

‘Traytor,’ quoth Guy, ‘thy falsehood Ile repay,  
 This coward act to intersept my bloode’  
 Sayes Amaraunt, ‘Ile murthei any way,  
 With enemyes all vantages are good  
 O could I poyson in thy nostrills blowe, 95  
 Be sure of it I wold dispatch thee soe’

Its well,' said Guȝ, 'thy honest thoughts appeare,  
 Within that beastlye bulke where devills dwell,  
 Which are thy tenants while thou livest heare  
 But will be landlords when thou comest in hell 100  
 Vile miscreant, prepare thee for their den,  
 Inhumane monster, hatefull unto men.

But breathe thy selfe a time while I goe drinke,  
 For flameing Phœbus with his fyve eye  
 Torments me soe with burning heat, I thinke 105  
 My thirst wold serve to drinke an ocean drye  
 Forbear a litle as I delt with thee '  
 Quoth Amarant, 'Thou hast no foole of mee

Noe, sillye wretch, my father taught more witt,  
 How I shold use such enemyes as thou, 110  
 By all my gods I doe rejoyce at itt,  
 To understand that thirst constaines thee now,  
 For all the treasure, that the world containes,  
 One drop of water shall not coole thy vames.

Releeve my foe! why, tweie a madmans part 115  
 Refresh an adversaie to my wrong!  
 If thou imagine this, a child thou art.  
 Noe, fellow, I have known the world too long  
 To be soe simple now I know thy want,  
 A minutes space of breathing I'll not grant' 120

And with these words heaving aloft his clubb  
 Into the ayre, he swings the same about  
 Then shakes his lockes, and doth his temples rubb,  
 And, like the Cyclops, in his pride doth strout  
 'Sirra,' sayes hee, 'I have you at a lift, 125  
 Now you are come unto your latest shift

Perish forever with this stroke I send thee

A medicine, that will doe thy thirst much good,  
Take noe more care for drinke before I end thee,

And then wee'll have carouses of thy blood 130  
Here s at thee with a butchers downight blow,  
To please my fuyre with thine overthrow'

'Infernall, false, obdurate feend,' said Guy,

'That seemst a lump of crueltie from hell,  
Ungratefull monster, since thou dost deny 135

The thing to mee wherin I used thee well.  
With more revenge, than ere my sword did make,  
On thy accused head revenge Ile take

Thy gyants longitude shall shorter shinke,

Except thy sun-scoricht skin be weapon proof: 140  
Farewell my thirst, I doe disdaine to drinke,

Streames, keepe your waters to your owne behoof,  
Or let wild beasts be welcome thereunto,  
With those peale drops I will not have to do

Here, tyrant, take a taste of my good-will, 145

For thus I doe begin my bloodye bout  
You cannot chuse but like the greeting ill,

It is not that same clubb will beare you out,  
And take this payment on thy shaggye crowne'—  
A blowe that brought him with a vengeance downe

Then Guy sett foot upon the monsters brest, 151

And from his shoulders did his head divide,  
Which with a yawninge mouth did gape, unblest,

Noe dragons jawes were ever seene soe wide, 155  
To open and to shut, till life was spent.  
Then Guy tooke keyes and to the castle went

Where manye woefull captives he did find,  
 Which had beene tyred with extremityes;  
 Whom he in freindly manner did unbind,  
 And reasoned with them of their miseryes. 160  
 Eche told a tale with teares, and sighes, and cryes,  
 All weeping to him with complaining eyes

There tender ladyes in darke dungeons lay,  
 That were surprised in the desart wood,  
 And had noe other dyett everye day, 165  
 But flesh of humane creatures for their food  
 Some with their lovers bodyes had beene fed,  
 And in their wombes their husbands buyed.

Now he bethinkes him of his being there,  
 To enlarge the wronged brethren from their woes;  
 And, as he seacheth, doth great clamours heare, 171  
 By which sad sound's direction on he goes,  
 Untill he findes a darksome obscure gate,  
 Arm'd strongly ouer all with iron plate

That he unlockes, and enters, where appeares 175  
 The strangest object that he ever saw,  
 Men that with famishment of many yeares,  
 Were like deathes picture, which the painters  
 draw,  
 Divers of them were hanged by eche thombe;  
 Others head-downward by the middle some. 180

With diligence he takes them from the walle,  
 \* With lybertye their thraldome to acquaint:  
 Then the perplexed knight their father calls,  
 And sayes, 'Receive thy sonnes though poore and  
 faint:

I promisd you then lives, accept of that; 185  
But did not warrant you they should be fat

The castle I doe give thee, heere 's the keyes,  
Where tyranie for many yeeies did dwell  
Procure the gentle tender ladyes ease,  
For pittyes sake, use wronged women well 190  
Men easlye revenge the wrongs men do  
But poore weake women have not strength thoreto '

The good old man, even overjoyed with this,  
Fell on the ground, and wold have kist Guys fcete  
'Father,' quoth he, 'refiane soe base a kiss, 195  
For age to honor youth I hold unmeete  
Ambitious pryde hath hurt mee all it can,  
I goe to mortifie a sinfull man '

\* \* \* The foregoing poem on Guy and Amiant has been discovered to be a fragment of, 'The famous historie of Guy earl of Warwicke, by Samuel Rowlands, London, printed by J. Bell, 1649, 4to,' in xii cantos, beginning thus

'When dreadful Mars in armour every day'

Whether the edition in 1649 was the first, is not known, but the author, Sam Rowlands, was one of the minor poets who lived in the reigns of Q. Elizabeth and James I. and perhaps later. His other poems are chiefly of the religious kind, which makes it probable that the hist. of Guy was one of his earliest performances.—There are extant of his (1) 'The Betraying of Christ, Judas in dispaire, the seven words of our Saviour on the crosse, with other poems on the passion,' &c. 1598, 4to [Ames Typ. p. 428]—(2) 'A Theatrick of delightful Recreation Lond. printed for A. Johnson, 1605,' 4to (Penes editor) This is a book of poems on subjects chiefly taken from the old Testament (3) 'Memory of Christ's miracles, in verse Lond. 1618, 4to' (4) 'Heaven's glory, earth's vanity, and hell's horror' Lond. 1638, 8vo [These two in Bod. Cat.]

In the present edition the foregoing poem has been much improved from the printed copy.

## III.

## THE AULD GOOD-MAN

## A SCOTTISH SONG

I have not been able to meet with a more ancient copy of this humorous old song than that printed in the 'Tea-Table Miscellany,' &c which seems to have admitted some corruptions

LATE in an evening forth I went  
 A little before the sun gade down,  
 And there I chanc't, by accident,  
 To light on a battle new begun  
 A man and his wife were fawn in a strife,                   5  
 I canna weel tell ye how it began,  
 But aye she waul'd her wretched life,  
 Cryeng, 'Evir alake, mine auld goodman!'

## HE

Thy auld goodman, that thou tells of,  
 The country kens where he was born,                   10  
 Was but a silly poor vagabond,  
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn  
 For he did spend and make an end  
 Of gear [his fathers nevu] wan,  
 He gart the poor stand frae the door,                   15  
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

## SHE

My heart, alake! is liken to break,  
 Whan I think on my winsome John,  
 His blinkan ee, and gait sae free,  
 Was naithing like thee, thou dosend drone,                   20  
 Wi' his rosie face, and flaxen hair,  
 And skin as white as ony swan,



I promisd you then lives, accept of that, 185  
But did not wariant you they shold be fat

The castle I doe give thee, heere's the keyes,  
Where tyanye for many yeeies did dwell  
Procure the gentle tender ladyes ease,  
For pittyes sake, use wronged women well 190  
Men easilye revenge the wrongs men do  
But poore weake women have not strength thereto'

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Fell on the ground, and wold have kist Guys feete  
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\* \* The foregoing poem on Guy and Amarant has been discovered to be a fragment of, 'The famous historie of Guy earl of Waiwicke, by Samuel Rowlands, London, printed by J Bell, 1649, 4to,' in an cantos, beginning thus

'When dreadful Mars in armour every day'

Whether the edition in 1649 was the first, is not known, but the author, Sam Rowlands, was one of the minor poets who lived in the reigns of Q Elizabeth and James I and perhaps later. His other poems are chiefly of the religious kind, which makes it probable that the hist of Guy was one of his earliest performnaces — There are extant of his (1) 'The Betraying of Christ, Judas in dispaire, the seven wordes of our Saviour on the crosse, with other poems on the passion,' &c 1598, 4to [Ames Typ p 428] — (2) 'A Theatle of delightful Recreation Lond printed for A Johnson, 1605,' 4to (Penes editor) This is a book of poems on subjects chiefly taken from the old Testament (3) 'Memory of Christ's miracles, in verse Lond 1618, 4to' (4) 'Heaven's glory, earth's vanity, and hell's horror' Lond 1638, 8vo [These two in Bod Cat]

In the present edition the foregoing poem has been much improved from the printed copy.

## III.

## THE AULD GOOD-MAN.

## A SCOTTISH SONG

I have not been able to meet with a more ancient copy of this humorous old song, than that printed in the 'Tea-Table Miscellany,' &c which seems to have admitted some corruptions

LATE in an evening foith I went  
 A little before the sun gade down,  
 And there I chanc't, by accident,  
 To light on a battle new begun  
 A man and his wife were fawn in a strife,                   5  
 I canna weel tell ye how it began,  
 But aye she wail'd her wretched life,  
 Cryeng, 'Evir alake, mine auld goodman!'

## HE

Thy auld goodman, that thou tells of,  
 The country kens where he was born,                   10  
 Was but a silly poor vagabond,  
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn  
 For he did spend and make an end  
 Of gear [his fathers nevir] wan,  
 He gart the poor stand fiae the door,                   15  
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

## SHE.

My heart, alake! is liken to break,  
 Whan I think on my winsome John,  
 His blinkan ee, and gart sae free,  
 Was naething like thee, thou dosend drone,           20  
 Wi' his rosie face, and flaxen hair,  
 And skin as white as ony swan,

He was large and tall, and comely withall,  
 Thou 'lt nevv be like mine auld goodman

HE.

Why dost thou plem? I thee mantoin, 25  
 For meal and mawt thou disna want  
 But thy wld bees I canna please,  
 Now whan our gear gins to grow scant  
 Of houshold stuff thou hast enough,  
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan, 30  
 Of sicklike ware he left thee bare,  
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman

SHE

Yes I may tell, and fiet my sell,  
 To think on those blyth days I had, 35  
 Whan I and he together ley  
 In armes into a well-made bed  
 But now I sigh and may be sad,  
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,  
 Thou falds thy feet and fa's asleep,  
 Thou 'lt nevv be like mine auld goodman 40

Then coming was the night sae daik,  
 And gane was a' the light of day,  
 The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,  
 And therefore wad nae longer stay, 45  
 Then up he gat, and ian his way,  
 I tiowe, the wife the day she wan,  
 And aye the owreword of the fray  
 Was 'Evvir alake' mine auld goodman'

---

## IV

## FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM

This seems to be the old song quoted in Fletcher's 'Knight of the Burning Pestle,' Acts 2d and 3d, altho' the six lines there preserved are somewhat different from those in the ballad, as it stands at present. The reader will not wonder at this, when he is informed that this is only given from a modern printed copy picked up on a stall. Its full title is 'Fair Margaret's Misfortunes, or Sweet William's frightful dreams on his wedding night, with the sudden death and burial of those noble lovers'—

The lines preserved in the play are this distich,

'You are no love for me, Margaret,  
I am no love for you'

And the following stanza,

'When it was grown to dark midnight,  
And all were fast asleep,  
In came Margaret's grimly ghost  
And stood at William's feet'

These lines have acquired an importance by giving birth to one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any language. See the song intitled 'Margaret's Ghost,' at the end of this volume.

Since the first edition some improvements have been inserted, which were communicated by a lady of the first distinction, as she had heard this song repeated in her infancy.

As it fell out on a long summer's day  
Two lovers they sat on a hill,  
They sat together that long summer's day,  
And could not talk then fill

'I see no harm by you, Margaret, 5  
And you see none by mee,  
Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock  
A rich wedding you shall see'

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,  
Combing her yellow hair, 10  
There she spied sweet William and his bride,  
As they were a riding near.

Then down she layd her ivory combe,  
And braided her han in twain  
She went alive out of hei bower, 15  
But ne'er came alive in 't again

When day was gone, and night was come,  
And all men fast asleep,  
Then came the spuit of fair Marg'ret,  
And stood at Williams feet 20

'Are you awake, sweet William?' shee said,  
'Or, sweet William, are you asleep?  
God give you joy of your gay brde-bed,  
And me of my winding sheet'

When day was come, and night was gone, 25  
And all men wak'd from sleep,  
Sweet William to his lady sayd,  
'My dear, I have cause to weep

I dreamt a dream, my dear ladyè.  
Such dreames are never good 30  
I dreamt my bower was full of red [wine],  
And my bride-bed full of blood'

'Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured Sir,  
They never do prove good,  
To dream thy bower was full of red [wine], 35  
And thy bride-bed full of blood

He called up his merry men all,  
By one, by two, and by three,  
Sayng, 'I'll away to fair Marg'ret's bower,  
By the leave of my ladyè' 40

And when he came to fair Marg'iet's bowel,  
He knocked at the ring,  
And who so ready as her seven breth'rèn  
To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet, 45  
'Pray let me see the dead,  
Methinks she looks all pale and wan,  
She hath lost her cheery red

I'll do more for thee, Margarièt,  
Than any of thy kin, 50  
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,  
Though a smile I cannot win'

With that bespake the seven breth'rèn,  
Making most piteous mone  
'You may go kiss your jolly brown bride, 55  
And let our sister alone'

'If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,  
I do but what is right,  
I neer made a vow to yonder poor corpse  
By day, nor yet by night 60

Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,  
Deal on your cake and your wine<sup>1</sup>  
For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,  
Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine'

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day, 65  
Sweet William dyed the morrow  
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,  
Sweet William dyed for sorrow

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the dole anciently given at funerals

Margaet was buyed in the lower chancel,  
 And William in the higher 70  
 Out of her brest there spang a rose,  
 And out of his a briar

They grew till they grew unto the church-top,  
 And then they could grow no higher,  
 And there they tyed in a true lovers knot, 75  
 Which made all the people admire

Then came the clerk of the parish,  
 As you the truth shall hear,  
 And by misfortune cut them down,  
 Or they had now been there 80

## V

## BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY

Given, with some corrections, from an old black letter copy, intitled, 'Barbara  
 Allen's cruelty, or the young man's tragedy'

IN Scalet<sup>a</sup> towne, where I was borne,  
 There was a faire maid dwellin,  
 Made every youth crie, 'Wel-awaye!'  
 Her name was Barbara Allen

All in the meriye month of may, 5  
 When greene buds they were swellin,  
 Yong Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,  
 For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,  
 To the town, where shee was dwellin, 10  
 'You must come to my master deare,  
 Giff your name be Barbara Allen

For death is pyned on his face,  
And oie his hart is stealn  
Then haste away to comfort him,  
O lovely Barbara Allen ' 15

'Though death be pyned on his face,  
And oie his harte is stealn,  
Yet little better shall he bee,  
For bonny Barbara Allen ' 20

So slowly, slowly, she came up,  
And slowly she came nye him,  
And all she sayd, when there she came,  
'Yong man, I think y'are dying'

He turnd his face unto her striat,  
With deadlye sorrow sighing,  
'O lovely maid, come pity mee,  
Ime on my deth-bed lying.' 25

'If on your death-bed you doe lye,  
What needs the tale you are tellin;  
I cannot keep you from your death,  
Farewell,' sayd Barbara Allen. 30

He turnd his face unto the wall,  
As deadlye pangs he fell in  
'Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all,  
Adieu to Barbara Allen ' 35

As she was walking ore the fields,  
She heard the bell a knellin,  
And every stroke did seem to saye,  
'Unworthy Barbara Allen!' 40



She turnd her bodye round about,  
And spied the corps a coming  
'Laye down, laye down the corps,' she sayd,  
'That I may look upon him'

With scornful eye she looked downe, 45  
Her cheeke with laughter swellin,  
Whilst all her friends cryd out anaine,  
'Unworthye Barbara Allen!'

When he was dead, and laid in grave,  
Her harte was struck with sorrowe, 50  
'O mother, mother, make my bed,  
For I shall dye to-morrowe

Hard harted creature him to slight,  
Who loved me so deailye  
O that I had beene more kind to him, 55  
When he was alive and neare me!'

She, on her death-bed as she laye,  
Beg'd to be buried by him,  
And sore repented of the daye,  
That she did ere denye him 60

'Farewell,' she sayd, 'ye virgins all,  
And shun the fault I fell in  
Henceforth take warning by the fall  
Of cruel Barbara Allen'

\* \*  
\*

—

## VI

## SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD

From Allan Ramsay's 'Tea-Table Miscellany' The concluding stanza of this  
piece seems modern

THERE came a ghost to Margaret's door,  
With many a grievous grone,  
And ay he tuled at the pin,  
But answer made she none.

'Is this my father Philip?  
Or is't my brother John?  
Or is't my true love Willie,  
From Scotland new come home?'

'Tis not thy father Philip,  
Nor yet thy brother John 10  
But tis thy true love Willie  
From Scotland new come home

O sweet Margret! O dear Margret!  
I pray thee speak to mee.  
Give me my faith and troth, Margret, 15  
As I gave it to thee'

'Thy faith and troth thou'se never get,  
[Of me shalt never win,]  
Till that thou come within my bower,  
And kiss my cheek and chin.' 20

'If I should come within thy bower,  
I am no earthly man.  
And should I kiss thy rosy lipp,  
Thy days will not be lang.

O sweet Margret, O dea Margiet, 25  
I pray thee speak to mee  
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,  
As I gave it to thee'

'Thy faith and troth thou'se nevir get.  
[Of me shalt nevir win,] 30  
Till thou take me to yon kirk yaid,  
And wed me with a ring'

'My bones are buried in a kirk yaid  
Afar beyond the sea,  
And it is but my sprite, Margret, 35  
That's speaking now to thee'

She stretched out her lilly-white hand,  
As for to do her best  
'Hae there your faith and troth, Willie,  
God send your soul good rest' 40

Now she has kilted her robes of green,  
A piece below her knee  
And a' the live-lang winter night  
The dead corps followed shee

'Is there any room at your head, Willie? 45  
Or any room at your feet?  
Or any room at your side, Willie,  
Wherein that I may creep?'

'There's nae room at my head, Margret,  
There's nae room at my feet, 50  
There's no room at my side, Margret,  
My coffin is made so meet.'

Then up and crew the red red cock,  
And up then crew the gray.  
'Tis time, tis time, my dear Margiet,  
That [I] were gane away'

No more the ghost to Margret said,  
But, with a grievous grone,  
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,  
And left her all alone

60

‘O stay, my only true love, stay,’  
The constant Margriet cried  
Wan grew her cheeks, she clos’d her een,  
Stretch’d her saft limbs, and died

## VII

SIR JOHN GREHME AND BARBARA  
ALLAN

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

Printed, with a few conjectural emendations, from a written copy  
 It was in and about the Martinmas time,  
 When the greene leaves wer a-fallan,  
 That Sir John Gielme o' the west countaye,  
 Fell in luv w' Barbara Allan

He sent his man down throw the towne, 5  
To the plaice wher she was dwellan.  
O haste and cum to my maister deare,  
Gin ye bun Barbara Allan'

) hooly, hooly raise she up,  
 To the plaice wher he was lyan; 10

And whan she drew the curtain by,  
 ‘Young man, I think ye’ie dyan’<sup>1</sup>

‘O, its I’m sick, and very very sick,  
 And its a’ for Barbara Allan’  
 ‘O the better for me ye’se never be,  
 Though your harts blude wei spillan 15

Remember ye nat in the tavein, sir,  
 Whan ye the cups wei fillan,  
 How ye made the healths gae round and round,  
 And shghted Barbara Allan?’ 20

He turn’d his face unto the wa’  
 And death was with him dealan,  
 ‘Adiew! adiew! my dear friends a’,  
 Be kind to Barbara Allan’

Then hooly, hooly raise she up, 25  
 And hooly, hooly left him,  
 And sighan said, she could not stay,  
 Since death of life had left him

She had not gane a mile but twa,  
 Whan she heard the deid-bell knellan, 30  
 And every jow’ the deid-bell geid,  
 Cried ‘Wae to Barbara Allan!’

‘O mither, mither, mak my bed,  
 O mak it saft and narrow  
 Since my love died for me to-day, 35  
 Ise die for him to-morrowe’

\* \*  
 \*

<sup>1</sup> An ingenious friend thinks the rhymes ‘dyan’ and ‘lyand,’ ought to be transposed, as the taunt ‘Young man, I think ye’re lyand,’ would be very characteristic

## VIII

## THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

From an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, with some improvements communicated by a lady as she had heard the same recited in her youth. The full title is, 'True love requited Or, the Bailiff's daughter of Islington'

Islington in Norfolk is probably the place here meant

THERE was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,  
And he was a squires son  
He loved the bayliffes daughter deare,  
That lived in Islington

Yet she was coye and would not believe 5  
That he did love her soe,  
Noe, nor at any time would she  
Any countenance to him showe

But when his friendes did understand  
His fond and foolish minde, 10  
They sent him up to faire London  
An appientice for to binde

And when he had been seven long yeares,  
And never his love could see  
'Many a teare have I shed for her sake, 15  
When she little thought of mee'

Then all the maids of Islington  
Went forth to sport and playe,  
All but the bayliffes daughter deare,  
She secretly stole awaye 20

She pulled off her gowne of greene,  
And put on ragged attire,  
And to faire London she would go  
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road, 25  
 The weather being hot and drye,  
 She sat her downe upon a green bank,  
 And her true love came riding bye

She started up, with a colour soe redd,  
 Catching hold of his biddle-reine, 30  
 'Onc penny, one penny, kind sir,' she sayd,  
 'Will ease me of much paine'

'Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,  
 Praye tell me where you were boine'  
 'At Islington, kind sir,' sayd shee, 35  
 'Where I have had many a scorne'

'I praythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee,  
 O tell me, whether you knowe  
 The bayliffes daughter of Islington'  
 'She is dead, sir, long agoe' 40

'If she be dead, then take my horse,  
 My saddle and biddle also,  
 For I will into some far countrye,  
 Where noe man shall me knowe'

'O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youth, 45  
 She standeth by thy side,  
 She is here alive, she is not dead,  
 And readye to be thy bide.'

'O, farewell grieve, and welcome joye,  
 Ten thousand times therefore, 50  
 For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,  
 Whom I thought I should never see more'

## IV.

## THE WILLOW TREE

## A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

From the small black-letter collection, entitled, 'The Golden Garland of Princely Delights', collated with two other copies and corrected by conjecture.

WILLY

How now, shepherde, what meanes that?  
Why that willowe in thy hat?  
Why thy scarffes of red and yellowe  
Turn'd to branches of greene willowe?

CEDDY

5

They are chang'd, and so am I,  
Sorrowes live, but pleasures die  
Phyllis hath forsaken mee,  
Which makes me weare the willowe-tree

WELLY

Phillis<sup>2</sup> shee that lov'd thee long<sup>7</sup>  
Is shee the lass hath done thee wrong<sup>7</sup> 10  
Shee that lov'd thee long and best,  
Is her love turn'd to a jest<sup>7</sup>.

CEDDY

Shee that long true love protest,  
She hath robb'd my heart of rest.  
For she a new love loves, not mee, 15  
Which makes me wear the willowe-tree

WILLY

Come then, shepherde, let us joine,  
Since thy happ is like to mine



For the maid I thought most true  
Mee hath also bid adieu

20

## CUDDY

Thy hard happ doth mine appease,  
Companye doth sorowe ease  
Yet, Phillis, still I pine for thee,  
And still must weare the willowe-tree

## WILLY

Shepherde, be advis'd by mee,  
Cast off grief and willowe-tree  
For thy grief brings her content,  
She is pleas'd if thou lament

25

## CUDDY.

Headsman, I'll be rul'd by thee,  
There lyes grief and willowe-tree,  
Henceforth I will do as they,  
And love a new love every day

30

\* \*

## X

## THE LADY'S FALL,

—is given (with corrections) from the editor's ancient folio MS collated with two printed copies in black-letter, one in the British Museum, the other in the Pepys collection. Its old title is, 'A lamentable ballad of the Lady's fall' To the tune of, 'In Pescod Time, &c'—The ballad here referred to is preserved in the 'Muses Library,' 8vo, p 281. It is an allegory or vision, untitled, 'The Shepherd's Slumber,' and opens with some pretty rural images, viz

'In pescod time when hound to horn  
Gives eare till buck be kil'd,  
And little lads with pipes of corne  
Sate keeping beasts a-field

I went to gather strawberries  
By woods and groves full fair, &c'

MARKE well my' heavy dolefull tale,  
You loyall lovers all,  
And heedfully beaie in your brest,  
A gallant ladyes fall  
Long was she wooed, ere shee was wonne, 5  
To lead a wedded life,  
But folly wrought her overthrowe  
Before shee was a wife  
  
Too soone, alas! shee gave consent  
And yeelded to his will, 10  
Though he protested to be true,  
And faithfull to her still  
Shee felt her body altered quite,  
Her bright hue waxed pale,  
Her lovelye cheeks chang'd color white, 15  
Her strength began to fayle  
  
Soe that with many a sorrowful sigh,  
This beauteous ladye milde,  
With grieved hart, perceived herselfe  
To have conceived with childe 20  
Shee kept it from her parents sight  
As close as close might bee,  
And soe put on her silken gowne  
None might her swelling see  
  
Unto her lover secretly 25  
Her greefe shee did bewray,  
And walking with him hand in hand,  
These words to him did say,  
'Behold,' quoth shee, 'a maids distresse  
By love brought to thy bowe, 30  
Behold I goe with childe by thee,  
Tho none thereof doth knowe.

The litle babe springs in my wombe  
 To heare its fathers voyce,  
 Lett it not be a bastaid called, 35  
 Sith I made thee my choyce  
 Come, come, my love, perform thy vowe  
 And wed me out of hand,  
 O leave me not in this extieme  
 Of grieve, alas! to stand 40

Think on thy former promises,  
 Thy oathes and vowes eche one,  
 Remember with what bitter teares  
 To mee thou madest thy moane  
 Convey me to some secrett place, 45  
 And marry me with speede,  
 Or with thy rapyer end my life,  
 Eie further shame proceede'

'Alacke! my beauteous love,' quoth hee,  
 'My joye, and only dear, 50  
 Which way can I convey thee hence,  
 When dangers are so neare?  
 Thy friends are all of hye degree,  
 And I of meane estate,  
 Full hard 'tis to gett thee forth 55  
 Out of thy fathers gate'

'Dread not thy life to save my fame,  
 For if thou taken bee,  
 My selfe will step betweene the swords,  
 And take the haime on mee. 60  
 Soe shall I scape dishonor quite,  
 And if I should be slaine  
 What could they say, but that true love  
 Had wrought a ladies bane?

But feare not any further harme, 65

My selfe will soe devise,  
That I will ryde away with thee

Unknowen of mortall eyes  
Disguised like some pretty page  
He meete thee in the darke, 70

And all alone He come to thee  
Haid by my fathers parke'

'And there,' quoth hee, 'He meete my deare

If God soe lend me life,  
On this day month without all fayle 75

I will make thee my wife'  
Then with a sweete and loving kisse,

They parted presentlye,  
And att their partinge brinish teares  
Stoode in eche others eye 80

Att length the wished day was come,

On which this beauteous mayd,  
With longing eyes, and strange attie,

Foi her true lover stayd  
When any person shee espyed 85

Come ryding ore the plaine,  
She hop'd it was her owne true love  
But all her hopes were vaine.

Then did shee weepe and sore bewayle

Her most unhappy fate, 90

Then did shee speake those woefull words,  
As succourless she sate;

'O false, forsworne, and faithlesse man,  
Disloyall in thy love,

Hast thou forgott thy promise past, 95  
And wilt thou perjured prove?

And hast thou now forsaken<sup>e</sup> mee  
 In this my great distresse,  
 To end my dayes in open shame,  
 Which thou mightst well rediesse?<sup>2</sup> 100  
 Woe worth the time I eeri believ'd  
 That flattering tongue of thine  
 Wold God that I had never seene  
 The teares of thy false eyne'

And thus with many a sorrowful sigh,  
 Homewards shce went againe,  
 Noe rest came in her waterye eyes,  
 Shce felt such pryve pame  
 In travail strong shce fell that night,  
 With manye a bitter thowe, 110  
 What woefull paines shce then did feel,  
 Doth echo good woman knowe

Shce called up her waiting mayd,  
 That lay at her bedds fecte,  
 Who musing at her mistresse wõe, 115  
 Began full fast to weepe  
 'Weepe not,' said shce, 'but shutt the doies,  
 And windowes round about,  
 Let none bewray my wretched state,  
 But keepe all persons out' 120

'O mistresse, call you mother deare,  
 Of women you have neede,  
 And of some skilfull midwifes helpe,  
 That better may you speed'  
 'Call not my mother for thy life, 125  
 Nor fetch no woman here;  
 The midwifes helpe comes all too late,  
 My death I doe not feare'

With that the babe sprang from her wombe  
    No creature being nye, 130  
And with one sighe, which brake hei hart,  
    This gentle dame did dye  
The lovely litle infant younge,  
    The mother being dead,  
Resigned its new received breath 135  
    To him that had it made.

Next moining came her own true love,  
    Affrighted at the newes,  
And he for sorrow slew himselfe,  
    Whom eche one did accuse 140  
The mother with her new borne babe,  
    Were laide both in one giave  
Their parents overwoine with woe,  
    No joy thenceforth cold have.

Take heed, you daynty damsells all, 145  
    Of flattering words bewaie,  
And to the honour of your name,  
    Have an especial care  
Too true, alas! this story is,  
    As many one can tell. 150  
By others harmes learne to be wise,  
    And you shall do full well

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## XI

## WALY WALY, LOVE BE BONNY

## A SCOTTISH SONG

This is a very ancient song, but we could only give it from a modern copy. Some editions instead of the four last lines in the second stanza have these, which have too much merit to be wholly suppressed

‘Whan cockle shells turn silver bells,  
And muscles grow on every tree,  
When frost and snaw sall warm us aw’,  
Than sall my love prove true to me’

See the ‘Orpheus Caledonius,’ &c

Arthur’s-seat mentioned in ver. 17, is a hill near Edinburgh, at the bottom of which is St Anthony’s well <sup>1</sup>

O WALY, waly up the bank,  
And waly, waly down the biae,  
And waly, waly yon burn side,  
Where I and my love weir went to gae.  
I leant my back unto an aik, 5  
I thought it was a trusty tree,  
But first it bow’d, and syne it biak,  
Sae my true love did lichtly me

O waly, waly, gin love be bonny,  
A little time while it is new, 10  
But when its auld, it waxeth cauld,  
And fades awa’ like morning dew  
O wherfore shuld I busk my head?  
O wherfore shuld I kame my hair?  
For my true love has me forsook, 15  
And says he’ll never loe me mair

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,  
The sheets shall neir be fyl’d by me

<sup>1</sup> The heroine of this song was Lady Barbara Erskine, daughter of John, ninth Earl of Mar, and wife of James, second Marquis of Douglas. She was divorced from her husband, owing to the malicious insinuations of a rejected lover — ED

Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,  
 Since my true love has forsaken me 20  
 Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?  
 O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?  
 For of my life I am wearie

'Tis not the fiost, that freezes fell, 25  
 Nor blawing snaws inclemencie,  
 'Tis not sic cauld, that makes me cry,  
 But my loves heart grown cauld to me  
 Whan we came in by Glasgowe town,  
 We were a comely sight to see, 30  
 My love was cled in black velvet,  
 And I my sell in cramasie

But had I wist, before I kisst,  
 That love had been sae ill to win,  
 I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd 35  
 And pinnd it with a siller pin  
 And, oh! if my young babe were born,  
 And set upon the nurses knee,  
 And I my sell were dead and gane!  
 For a maid again Ise never be 40

## XII.

## THE BRIDE'S BURIAL

From two ancient copies in black-letter one in the Pepys Collection, the  
 other in the British Museum

To the tune of 'The Lady's Fall'

COME mourne, come mourne with mee,  
 You loyall lovers all,  
 Lament my loss in weeds of woe,  
 Whom griping grief doth thiall.



Like to the drooping vine; 5  
Cut by the gardener's knife,  
Even so my heart, with sorrow slaine,  
Doth bleed for my sweet wife.

By death, that grislye ghost,  
My turtle dove is slaine, 10  
And I am left, unhappy man,  
To spend my dayes in paine

Her beauty, late so bright,  
Like roses in their prime,  
Is wasted like the mountain snowe, 15  
Before warme Phebus' shine

Her fane red colour'd cheeks  
Now pale and wan, her eyes,  
That late did shine like crystal stars,  
Alas, their light it dies 20

Her prettye lilly hands,  
With fingers long and small,  
In colour like the earthly claye,  
Yea, cold and stiff withall

When as the morning-star 25  
Her golden gates had spread,  
And that the glittering sun arose  
Forth from fair Thetis' bed,

Then did my love awake,  
Most like a lilly-flower, 30  
And as the lovely queene of heaven,  
So shone shee in her bower

Attued was shee then  
Like Flora in hei pride,  
Like one of bight Diana's nymphs, 35  
So look'd my loving bride.

And as fan Helens face,  
Did Grecian dames besmirche,  
So did my dear exceed in sight,  
All vugins in the church. 40

When we had knitt the knott  
Of holy wedlock-band,  
Like alabaster joyn'd to jett,  
So stood we hand in hand,

Then lo! a chilling cold 45  
Strucke every vital part,  
And griping grief, like pangs of death,  
Seiz'd on my true love's heart.

Down in a swoon she fell, .  
As cold as any stone, 50  
Like Venus picture lacking life,  
So was my love brought home

At length her rosye red,  
Throughout her comely face,  
As Phœbus beames with watry cloudes 55  
Was cover'd for a space.

When with a grievous groane,  
And voice both hoarse and drye,  
'Farewell,' quoth she, 'my loving friend,  
For I this daye must dye; 60

The messenger of God,  
With golden trumpe I see,  
With manye other angels more,  
Which sound and call for mee

Instead of musicke sweet, 65  
Go toll my passing-bell,  
And with sweet flowers strow my grave,  
That in my chamber smell

Strip off my bride's arraye,  
My cork shoes from my feet, 70  
And, gentle mother, be not coy  
To bring my winding-sheet

My wedding dinner diest,  
Bestowe upon the poor,  
And on the hungry, needy, maimde, 75  
Now craving at the door

Instead of virgins yong,  
My bride-bed for to see,  
Go cause some cunning carpenter,  
To make a chest for mee 80

My bride laces of silk  
Bestowd, for maidens meet,  
May fitly serve, when I am dead,  
To tye my hands and feet

And thou, my lover true, 85  
My husband and my friend,  
Let me intreat thee here to staye,  
Until my life doth end

Now leave to talk of love,  
And humblye on your knee, 90  
Direct your prayers unto God  
But moun no more for mee.

In love as we have livde,  
In love let us depart;  
And I, in token of my love, 95  
Do kiss thee with my heart

O staunch those bootless teares,  
Thy weeping tis in vaine,  
I am not lost, for wee in heaven  
Shall one daye meet againe' 100

With that shee turn'd aside,  
As one dispos'd to sleep,  
And like a lamb departed life,  
Whose friends did soley weep

Her true love seeing this, 105  
Did fetch a grievous groane,  
As tho' his heart would burst in twaine,  
And thus he made his moane

'O darke and dismal daye,  
A daye of grief and care, 110  
That hath bereft the sun so bright,  
Whose beams refiesht the air.

Now woe unto the world,  
And all that therein dwell,  
O that I were with thee in heaven, 115  
For here I live in hell'

And now this lover lives  
 A discontented life,  
 Whose bride was brought unto the grave  
 A maiden and a wife 120

A garland fresh and fane  
 Of lilhes there was made,  
 In sign of her vnginitye,  
 And on her coffin laid

Six maidens, all in white, 125  
 Did beare her to the ground  
 The bells did ring in solemn sort,  
 And made a dolefull sound

In earth they laid her then,  
 For hungry wormes a preye, 130  
 So shall the fairest face alive  
 At length be brought to claye

### XIII

#### DULCINA

Given from two ancient copies, one in black-print, in the Pepys Collection, the other in the Editor's folio MS. Each of these contained a stanza not found in the other. What seemed the best readings were selected from both.

This song is quoted as very popular in Walton's *Complete Angler*, chap. 2. It is more ancient than the ballad of 'Robin Good-Fellow' printed below, which yet is supposed to have been written by Ben Jonson.

As at noone Dulcina rested  
 In her sweete and shady bower,  
 Came a shepherd, and requested  
 In her lapp to sleepe an hour.

But from her looke 5  
 A wounde he tooke  
 Soe deepe, that for a further boone  
 The nymph he playes  
 Wherto shee sayes,  
 'Forgoe me now, come to me soone' 10  
 But in vayne shee did conjure him  
 To depart her presence soe,  
 Having a thousand tongues to allure him,  
 And but one to bid him goe.  
 Where lipps invite, 15  
 And eyes delight,  
 And cheekes, as fresh as rose in June,  
 Persuade delay,  
 What boots, she say,  
 'Forgoe me now, come to me soone?' 20  
 He demands, 'What time for pleasure  
 Can there be more fit than now?'  
 She sayes, 'Night gives love that leysure,  
 Which the day can not allow.'  
 He sayes, 'The sight 25  
 Improves delight'  
 Which she denies 'Nights murther noone  
 In Venus' playes  
 Makes bold,' shee sayes;  
 'Forgoe me now, come to mee soone.' 30  
 But what promise or profession  
 From his hands could purchase scope?  
 Who would sell the sweet possession  
 Of suche beautye for a hope?  
 Or for the sight 35  
 Of lingering night

Foigoe the present joyes 'of noone?  
 Though ne'er soe fane  
 Hei speeches weie,  
 'Foigoe me now, come to me soone' 40

How, at last, agreed these lovers?  
 Shee was fayie, and he was young,  
 The tongue may tell what th'eye discovers,  
 Joyes unseene are never sung  
 Did shee consent, 45  
 Or he relent?  
 Accepts he night, or grants shee noone?  
 Left he her a mayd,  
 Or not? she sayd  
 'Forgoe me now, come to me soone' 50

## XIV

## THE LADY ISABELLA'S TRAGEDY

This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, collated with another in the British Museum, H 263 folio. It is there intitled, 'The Lady Isabella's Tragedy, or the Step-Mother's Cruelty being a relation of a lamentable and cruel murder, committed on the body of the Lady Isabella, the only daughter of a noble duke, &c. To the tune of, The Lady's Fall'. To some copies are annexed eight more modern stanzas, intitled, 'The Dutchess's and Cook's Lamentation'.

THERE was a lord of worthy fame,  
 And a hunting he would ride,  
 Attended by a noble traine  
 Of gentry by his side

And while he did in chase remaine,  
 To see both sport and playe,  
 His ladye went, as she did feigne,  
 Unto the church to praye.

This lord he had a daughter deare,  
Whose beauty shone so bright, 10  
She was belov'd, both far and neare,  
Of many a lord and knight

Fair Isabella was she call'd,  
A creature faire was shee,  
She was her fathers only joye, 15  
As you shall after see

Therefore her cruel step-mother  
Did envye her so much,  
That daye by daye she sought her life,  
Her malice it was such 20

She bargain'd with the master-cook,  
To take her life awaye  
And taking of her daughters book,  
She thus to her did saye

'Go home, sweet daughter, I thee praye, 25  
Go hasten presentlie,  
And tell unto the master-cook  
These wordes that I tell thee

And bid him dresse to dinner streight  
That faire and milk-white doe, 30  
That in the park doth shine so bright,  
There's none so faire to shewe.'

This ladye fearing of no harme,  
Obey'd her mothers will,  
And presentlie she hasted home, 35  
Her pleasure to fulfill.



She streight into the kitchen 'went,  
Her message for to tell,  
And there she spied the master-cook,  
Who did with malice swell 40

'Nowe, master-cook, it must be soe,  
Do that which I thee tell  
You needes must dresse the milk-white doe,  
Which you do knowe full well'

Then streight his cruell bloodye hands, 45  
He on the ladye layd,  
Who quivering and shaking stands,  
While thus to her he sayd

'Thou art the doe, that I must dresse,  
See here, behold my knife, 50  
For it is pointed presently  
To ridd thee of thy life'

'O then,' cried out the scullion-boye,  
As loud as loud might bee,  
'O save her life, good master-cook, 55  
And make your pyes of mee'

For pityes sake do not destroye  
My ladye with your knife;  
You know shee is her father's joye,  
For Chustes sake save her life' 60

'I will not save her life,' he sayd,  
'Nor make my pyes of thee,  
Yet if thou dost this deed bewraye,  
Thy butcher I will bee'

Now when this lord he did come home      65  
For to sit downe and eat,  
He called for his daughter deare,  
To come and carve his meat

'Now sit you downe,' his ladye said,  
'O sit you downe to meat,      70  
Into some nunnery she is gone,  
Your daughter deare forget'

Then solemnlye he made a vowe,  
Before the companie  
That he would neither eat nor drinke,      75  
Until he did her see

O then bespake the scullion-boye,  
With a loude voice so hye,  
'If now you will your daughter see,  
My lord, cut up that pye:      80

Wherein her fleshe is minced small,  
And parched with the fire,  
All caused by her step-mothèr,  
Who did her death desire.

And cursed bee the master-cook,      85  
O cursed may he bee!  
I proffered him my own hearts blood,  
From death to set her free'

Then all in blacke this lord did mourne,  
And for his daughters sake,      90  
He judged her cruel step-mothèr  
To be burnt at a stake

Likewise he judg'd the master-cook  
 In boiling lead to stand,  
 And made the simple scullion-boye 95  
 The hene of all his land.

## XV.

## A HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID

This song is a kind of translation of a pretty poem of Tasso's, called *Amore fugitivo*, generally printed with his *Aminta*, and originally imitated from the first Idyllium of Moschus

It is extracted from Ben Jonson's Masque at the marriage of lord viscount Haddington, on Shrove-Tuesday 1608 One stanza full of dry mythology is here omitted, as it had been dropt in a copy of this song printed in a small volume called 'Le Prince d'amour Lond 1680,' 8vo

BEAUTIES, have yee seen a toy,  
 Called Love, a little boy,  
 Almost naked, wanton, blinde,  
 Cruel now, and then as kinde?  
 If he be amongst yee, say; 5  
 He is Venus' runaway.

Shée, that will but now discover  
 Where the winged wag doth hover,  
 Shall to-night receive a kisse,  
 How and where herselfe would wish 10  
 But who brings him to his mother  
 Shall have that kisse, and another

Markes he hath about him plentie,  
 You may know him among twentie  
 All his body is a fire, 15  
 And his breath a flame entire  
 Which, being shot, like lightning, in,  
 Wounds the heart, but not the skin

Wings he hath, which though yee clip,  
He will leape from lip to lip, 20  
Ouer liver, lights, and heart,  
Yet not stay in any part  
And, if chance his arrow misses,  
He will shoote himselfe in kisses

He doth beare a golden bow, 25  
And a quiver hanging low,  
Full of arrowes, which outbrave  
Dian's shafts, where, if he have  
Any head more sharpe than other,  
With that first he strikes his mother 30

Still the fairest are his fuell,  
When his daies are to be cruell,  
Lovers hearts are all his food,  
And his baths their warmest bloud  
Nought but wounds his hand doth season, 35  
And he hates none like to Reason

Trust him not his words, though sweet,  
Seldome with his heart doe meet  
All his practice is deceit,  
Euen gift is but a bait, 40  
Not a kisse but poyson beares,  
And most treason's in his teares

Idle minutes are his raigne,  
Then the straggler makes his game,  
By presenting maids with toyes 45  
And would have yee thinke 'em joyes,  
'Tis the ambition of the elfe  
To have all childish as himselfe

If by these yee please to know him,  
 Beauties, be not nice, but show him 50  
 Though yee had a will to hide him,  
 Now, we hope, yee'le not abide him  
 Since yee heare this falsen's play,  
 And that he is Venus' runaway

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 XVI

## THE KING OF FRANCE'S DAUGHTER.

The story of this ballad seems to be taken from an incident in the domestic history of Charles the Bald, king of France. His daughter Judith was betrothed to Ethelwulph king of England but before the marriage was consummated, Ethelwulph died, and she returned to France whence she was carried off by Baldwyn, Forester of Flanders, who, after many crosses and difficulties, at length obtained the king's consent to their marriage, and was made Earl of Flanders. This happened about A D 863 — See Rapin, Henault, and the French Historians

The following copy is given from the Editor's ancient folio MS collated with another in black-letter in the Pepys Collection, intitled, 'An excellent Ballad of a prince of England's courtship to the king of France's Daughter, &c To the tune of Crimson Velvet'

Many breaches having been made in this old song by the hand of time, principally (as might be expected) in the quick returns of the rhyme, an attempt is here made to repair them

In the dayes of old,  
 When faire France did flourish,  
 Storyes plaine have told,  
 Lovers felt annoy  
 The queene a daughter bare, 5  
 Whom beautye's queene did nourish  
 She was lovelye faire  
 She was her fathers joye.  
 A prince of England came,  
 Whose deeds did merit fame, 10  
 But he was exil'd, and outcast  
 Love his soul did fire,

Shee granted his desire,  
Then hearts in one were linked fast  
Which when her father proved, 15  
Sorelye he was moved,  
And tormented in his minde  
He sought for to prevent them,  
And, to discontent them,  
Fortune cross'd these lovers kinde 20

When these princes twaine  
Were thus barr'd of pleasure,  
Through the kinges disdaine,  
Which their joyes withstoode.  
The lady soone prepar'd 25  
Her jewells and her treasure,  
Having no regard  
For state and royall bloode,  
In homelye poore array  
She went from court away, 30  
To meet her joye and hearts delight,  
Who in a fonest great  
Had taken up his seat,  
To wayt her coming in the night  
But, lo! what sudden danger, 35  
To this princely stranger  
Chanced, as he sate alone!  
By outlawes he was robbed,  
And with ponyards stabbed,  
Uttering many a dying grone 40

The princesse, arm'd by love,  
And by chaste desire,  
All the night did rove  
Without dread at all

Still unknowne she past 45  
     In her strange attne,  
 Coming at the last  
     Within echoes call,—  
 ‘You fane woods,’ quoth shee,  
 ‘Honoured may you bee, 50  
     Harbouring my hearts delight,  
 Which encompass here  
 My joye and only deare,  
     My trustye friend, and comelye  
         knight  
 Sweete, I come unto thee, 55  
 Sweete, I come to woo thee,  
     That thou mayst not angry bee  
 For my long delaying,  
 For thy curteous staying  
     Soone amendes Ile make to thee’ 60

Passing thus alone  
     Through the silent forest,  
 Many a grievous gione  
     Sounded in her eares  
 She heard one complayne 65  
     And lament the sorest,  
 Seeming all in payne,  
     Shedding deadly teares  
 ‘Farewell, my deare,’ quoth hee,  
 ‘Whom I must never see, 70  
     For why, my life is att an end,  
 Through villanes crueltye  
 For thy sweet sake I dye,  
     To show I am a faithfull friend  
 Here I lye a bleeding, 75  
     While my thoughts are feeding

On the rarest beautye found  
O hard happ, that may be'  
Little knowes my ladye  
My heartes blood lyes on the ground' 80

With that a grone he sends  
Which did burst in sunder  
All the tender bands  
Of his gentle heart  
She, who knewe his voice, 85  
At his wordes did wonder,  
All her former joyes  
Did to grieve convert  
Strait she ran to see,  
Who this man shold bee, 90  
That soe like her love did seeme,  
Her lovely lord she found  
Lye slaine upon the ground,  
Smear'd with gore a ghastlye sticame  
Which his lady spyng, 95  
Shrieking, fainting, crying,  
Her sorrows could not uttered bee,  
'Fate,' she cryed, 'too cruell  
For thee—my dearest jewell,  
Would God! that I had dyed for thee' 100

His pale lippes, alas!  
Twentye times she kissed,  
And his face did wash  
With her tickling teares  
Every gaping wound 105  
Tenderlye she pressed,  
And did wipe it round  
With her golden haire



'Speake, faire love,' quoth shee,  
 'Speake, faire prince, to mee, 110  
     One sweete word of comfort give  
 Lift up thy deare eyes,  
 Listen to my cyes,  
     Thinke in what sad grieve I live '  
 All in vaine she sued, 115  
 All in vaine she wooed,  
     The prince's life was fled and gone  
 There stood she still mourning,  
 Till the suns retourning,  
     And bright day was coming on 120

In this great distresse  
     Weeping, wayling ever,  
 Oft shee cryed, 'Alas!  
     What will become of mee?  
 To my fathers court 125  
     I returne will never  
 But in lowlye sort  
     I will a servant bee '  
 While thus she made her mone,  
 Weeping all alone, 130  
     In this deepe and deadlye feare ,  
 A for'ster all in greene,  
 Most comelye to be seene,  
     Ranging the woods did find her there  
 Moved with her sorrowe, 135  
 'Mad,' quoth hee, 'good morrowe,  
     What hard happ has brought thee  
         here? '  
 'Harder happ did never  
 Two kinde hearts dissever  
     Here lyes blame my brother deare 140

Where may I remaine,  
 Gentle for'ster, shew me,  
 Till I can obtaine  
 A service in my neede?  
 Paines I will not spare 145  
 This kinde favour doe me,  
 It will ease my care,  
 Heaven shall be thy meede.'  
 The for'ster all amazed,  
 On her beautye gazed, 150  
 Till his heart was set on fire  
 'If, faire maid,' quoth hee,  
 'You will goe with mee,  
 You shall have your hearts desire'  
 He brought her to his mother, 155  
 And above all other  
 He sett forth this maidens praise  
 Long was his heart inflamed,  
 At length her love he gained,  
 And fortune crown'd his future dayes 160

Thus unknowne he wedde  
 With a kings faire daughter  
 Children seven they had,  
 Ere she told her birth  
 Which when once he knew, 165  
 Humblie he besought her,  
 He to the world might shew  
 Her rank and princelye worth  
 He cloath'd his children then,  
 (Not like other men) 170  
 In partye-colours strange to see,  
 The right side cloth of gold,  
 The left side to behold,

Of woollen cloth still framed hee <sup>1</sup>  
 Men thereatt did wonder, 175  
 Golden fame did thunder

This strange deede in every place  
 The king of Fiance came thither,  
 It being pleasant weather,  
 In those woods the hart to chase. 180

The children then they bring,  
 So then mother will'd it,  
 Where the royall king  
 Must of force come bye  
 Then mothers niche away 185

Was of crimson velvet  
 Their fathers all of gray,  
 Seemelye to the eye  
 Then this famous king,  
 Noting every thing, 190

Askt how he durst be so bold  
 To let his wife soe weare,  
 And decke his children there  
 In costly robes of peal and gold  
 The foirester replying, 195  
 And the cause descrying,<sup>2</sup>

To the king these words did say,  
 ' Well may they, by their mother,  
 Weare rich clothes with other,  
 Being by both a princesse gay ' 200

<sup>1</sup> This will remind the reader of the livery and device of Charles Brandon, a private gentleman, who married the Queen Dowager of Fiance, sister of Henry VIII At a tournament which he held at his wedding, the trappings of his horse were half cloth of gold, and half frieze, with the following Motto

'Cloth of Gold, do not despise,  
 Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Frize,  
 Cloth of Frize, be not too bold,  
 Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Gold '

See Sir W Temple's Misc vol III p 356 —<sup>2</sup> i e describing See Gloss

The king aroused thus,  
 More heedfull ye beheld them,  
 Till a crimson blush  
 His remembrance crost  
 'The more I fix my mind 205  
 On thy wife and children,  
 The more methinks I find  
 The daughter which I lost '  
 Falling on her knee,  
 ' I am that child,' quoth shee ; 210  
 ' Pardon mee, my soveraine hege  
 The king perceiving this,  
 His daughter deare did kiss,  
 While joyfull teares did stopp his speeche  
 With his trame he touned, 215  
 And with them sojourned  
 Staart he dubb'd her husband knight ;  
 Then made him eile of Flanders,  
 And chiefe of his commanders  
 Thus were their sorrowes put to flight 220

## XVII

## THE SWEET NEGLECT

This little Madrigal (extracted from Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Act 1 Sc 1 first acted in 1609,) is in imitation of a Latin poem printed at the end of the *Variorum Edit* of *Petronius*, beginning, 'Semper munditas, semper Basillissa, decoras, &c' See *Whalley's Ben Jonson*, vol II p 420

STILL to be neat, still to be diest,  
As you were going to a feast  
Still to be pou'died, still perfum'd  
Lady, it is to be presum'd,  
Though art's hid causes are not found,  
All is not sweet, all is not sound

Give me a looke, give me a face,  
 That makes simplicitie a grace,  
 Robes loosely flowing, haire as free  
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me, 10  
 Than all th' adulteries of art,  
 That strike mine eyes, but not my heart

## XVIII

### THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD

The subject of this very popular ballad (which has been set in so favourable a light by the Spectator, No 85) seems to be taken from an old play, intitled, 'Two lamentable Tragedies, The one of the murder of Maister Beech, a chandler in Thames streete, &c The other of a young child murdered in a wood by two ruffians, with the consent of his unkle By Rob Yarrington, 1601, 4to' Our ballad-maker has strictly followed the play in the description of the father and mother's dying charge in the uncle's promise to take care of their issue his hiring two ruffians to destroy his ward, under pretence of sending him to school their chusing a wood to perpetrate the murder in one of the ruffians relenting, and a battle ensuing, &c In other respects, he has departed from the play In the latter the scene is laid in Padua there is but one child which is murdered by a sudden stab of the unrelenting ruffian he is slain himself by his less bloody companion, but ere he dies gives the other a mortal wound the latter living just long enough to impeach the uncle, who, in consequence of this impeachment, is arraigned and executed by the hand of justice, &c Whoever compares the play with the ballad, will have no doubt but the former is the original the language is far more obsolete, and such a vein of simplicity runs through the whole performance, that, had the ballad been written first, there is no doubt but every circumstance of it would have been received into the drama whereas this was probably built on some Italian novel

Printed from two ancient copies, one of them in black-letter in the Pepys Collection Its title at large is, 'The Children in the Wood or, the Norfolk Gentleman's Last Will and Testament To the tune of Rogero, &c'<sup>1</sup>

Now ponder well, you parents deare,  
 These wordes, which I shall write,  
 A doleful story you shall heare,  
 In time brought forth to light

<sup>1</sup> Some antiquaries find an earlier date for this ballad (1595) Sharon Turner conjectures it to have been written with a secret reference to Richard III and his nephews —Ed

A gentleman of good account  
In Norfolke dwelt of late,  
Who did in honour far surmount  
Most men of his estate

Soe sicke he was, and like to dye,  
 No helpe his life could save, 10  
 His wife by him as sicke did lye,  
 And both possest one grave  
 No love between these two was lost,  
 Each was to other kinde,  
 In love they liv'd, in love they dyed, 15  
 And left two babes behinde

The one a fine and pretty boy,  
Not passing three yeares olde,  
The other a gul more young than he,  
And fram'd in beautyes molde  
The father left his little son,  
As plainlye doth appeare,  
When he to perfect age should come,  
Three hundred poundes a yeare

And to his little daughter Jane 25  
 Five hundred poundes in gold,  
 To be paid downe on marriage-day,  
 Which might not be controll'd  
 But if the children chance to dye,  
 Ere they to age should come, 30  
 Their uncle should possesse their wealth,  
 For so the wille did run.

‘Now, brother,’ said the dying man,  
‘Look to my children deare,

Be good unto my boy and giſl, 35  
 No friendes else have they here  
 To God and you I recommend  
 My children deare this daye,  
 But little while be ſure we have  
 Within this world to ſtaye 40

You muſt be father and mother both,  
 And uncle all in one  
 God knowes what will become of them,  
 When I am dead and gone'  
 With that beſpake their mother deare, 45  
 'O brother kinde,' quoth ſhee,  
 'You are the man muſt bring our  
 babes  
 To wealth or miſerie

And if you keep them carefully,  
 Then God will you reward, 50  
 But if you otherwiſe ſhould deal,  
 God will your deedes regard'  
 With lippes as cold as any ſtone,  
 They kiſt their children ſmall  
 'God bleſs you both, my children deare,' 55  
 With that the teares did fall

Theſe ſpeeches then their brother ſpake  
 To this ſicke couple there,  
 'The keeping of your little ones  
 Sweet ſiſter, do not feare 60  
 God never proſper me nor mine,  
 Nor aught else that I have,  
 If I do wrong your children deare,  
 When you are layd in grave.'

The parents being dead and gone, 65  
The children home he takes,  
And brings them straight unto his house,  
Where much of them he makes  
He had not kept these pretty babes  
A twelvemonth and a daye, 70  
But, for their wealth, he did devise  
To make them both awaye

He bargained with two ruffians strong,  
Which were of furious mood,  
That they should take these children young, 75  
And slay them in a wood  
He told his wife an awful tale,  
He would the children send  
To be brought up in faire London,  
With one that was his friend. 80

Away then went those pretty babes,  
Rejoycing at that tide,  
Rejoycing with a merry munde,  
They should on cock-horse ride  
They prate and prattle pleasantly, 85  
As they rode on the waye,  
To those that should their butchers be,  
And work their lives decaye

So that the pretty speeche they had,  
Made Murder's heart relent, 90  
And they that undertooke the deed,  
Full sore did now repent  
Yet one of them more hard of heart,  
Did vowe to do his charge,  
Because the wretch, that lured him, 95  
Had paid him very large



The other won't agree thereto,  
 So here they fall to strife,  
 With one another they did fight,  
 About the childrens life 100  
 And he that was of mildest mood,  
 Did slaye the other there,  
 Within an unfrequented wood,  
 The babes did quake for feare!

He took the children by the hand, 105  
 Teares standing in then eye,  
 And bade them striatwaye follow him,  
 And look they did not cye  
 And two long mules he ledd them on,  
 While they for food complaine 110  
 'Staye here,' quoth he, 'I'll bring you bread,  
 When I come backe agame'

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
 Went wandering up and downe,  
 But never more could see the man 115  
 Approaching from the town  
 Their pretty lippes with black-beernes,  
 Were all besmear'd and dyed,  
 And when they sawe the darksome night,  
 They sat them downe and cryed. 120

Thus wandered these poor innocents,  
 Till deathe did end their grief,  
 In one anothers armes they dyed,  
 As wanting due relief,  
 No burial [this] pretty [pair] 125  
 Of any man receives,

Till Robin-red-breast piously  
Did cover them with leaves

And now the heavy wrathe of God  
' Upon their uncle fell, 130  
Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,  
His conscience felt an hell  
His barnes were fu'd, his goodes consum'd,  
His landes were barren made,  
His cattle dyed within the field, 135  
And nothing with him stayd

And in a voyage to Portugal  
Two of his sonnes did dye;  
And to conclude, himselfe was brought  
To want and miserye 140  
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land  
Ere seven yeares came about  
And now at length this wicked act  
Did by this meanes come out

The fellowe, that did take in hand 145  
These children for to kill,  
Was for a robbery judg'd to dye,  
Such was God's blessed will.  
Who did confess the very truth,  
As here hath been display'd 150  
Their uncle having dyed in gaol,  
Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,  
And overseers eke  
Of children that be fatherless, 155  
And infants mild and meek,

Take you example by this thing,  
 And yield to each his right,  
 Lest God with such like miserye  
 Your wicked minds requite

160

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XIX

A LOVER OF LATE

Printed, with a few slight corrections, from the Editor's folio MS

A Lover of late was I,  
 For Cupid would have it soe,  
 The boy that hath never an eye,  
 As every man doth know  
 I sighed and sobbed, and cryed, alas!  
 For her that laught, and called me ass.

5

Then knew not I what to doe,  
 When I saw itt was in vaine  
 A lady soe coy to wooe, -  
 Who gave me the asse soe plaine  
 Yet would I her asse freelye bee,  
 Soe shee would helpe, and beare with mee

10

An' I were as faire as shee,  
 Or shee were as kind as I,  
 What payre cold have made, as wee,  
 Soe prettye a sympathye.  
 I was as kind as shee was faire,  
 But for all this wee cold not paire

15

Paire with her that will for mee,  
 With her I will never paire,

Ver 13, faire, MS.

That cunningly can be coy,  
 For being a little faue  
 The asse Ile leave to her disdame;  
 And now I am myselfe againe

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## XX.

## THE KING AND MILLER OF MANSFIELD

It has been a favourite subject with our English ballad-makers to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of 'The King and the Miller,' we have 'K Henry and the Soldier,' 'K James I and the Tinker,' 'K William III and the Forrester,' &c. Of the latter sort, are 'K Alfred and the Shepherd,' 'K Edward IV and the Tanner,' 'K Henry VIII and the Cobler,' &c. — A few of the best of these are admitted into this collection. Both the author of the following ballad, and others who have written on the same plan, seem to have copied a very ancient poem, intitled 'JOHN THE REEVE,' which is built on an adventure of the same kind, that happened between K Edward Longshanks, and one of his Reeves or Buhffs. This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation of it. The Editor has a copy in his ancient folio MS but its length rendered it improper for this volume, it consisting of more than 900 lines. It contains also some corruptions, and the Editor chooses to defer its publication in hopes that some time or other he shall be able to remove them.

The following is printed, with corrections, from the Editor's folio MS collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, intitled 'A pleasant ballad of K Henry II and the Miller of Mansfield, &c.'

## PART THE FIRST.

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting  
 To the greene forest so pleasant and faire,  
 To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping.  
 Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire.  
 Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd  
 For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summers day rode the king pleasantlye,  
 With all his princes and nobles eche one,

Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlye,  
 Till the dark evening forc'd all to tune home 10  
 Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite  
 All his hounds in the wood, late in the night

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and downe,  
 With a rude miller he mett at the last  
 Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham, 15  
 'Sir,' quoth the miller, 'I meane not to jest,  
 Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for to say,  
 You doe not lightlye ride out of your way'

'Why, what dost thou think of me,' quoth our king  
 merrily,  
 'Passing thy judgment upon me so brieve?' 20  
 'Good faith,' sayd the miller, 'I meane not to flatter  
 thee,  
 I guess thee to bee but some gentleman thiefe,  
 Stand thee backe, in the daike, light not adowne,  
 Lest that I presentlye cracke thy knaves crowne'

'Thou dost abuse me much,' quoth the king, 'sayng  
 thus, 25  
 I am a gentleman lodging I lacke'  
 'Thou hast not,' quoth th' miller, 'one groat in thy  
 purse,  
 All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe'  
 'I have gold to discharge all that I call,  
 If it be forty pence, I will pay all.' 30

'If thou beest a true man,' then quoth the miller,  
 'I sweare by my toll-dish I'll lodge thee all  
 night'

<sup>1</sup> The king says this

‘Here’s my hand,’ quoth the king, ‘that was I ever’  
‘Nay, soft,’ quoth the miller, ‘thou may’st be a  
spite  
Better I’ll know thee, ere hands we will shake, 35  
With none but honest men hands will I take’

Thus they went all along unto the miller’s house,  
Where they were seething of puddings and souse  
The miller first enter’d in, after him went the king,  
Never came hee in soe smoakye a house 40  
‘Now,’ quoth hee, ‘let me see here what you are’  
Quoth our king, ‘looke your fill, and doe not spare’

‘I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face,  
With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye’  
Quoth his wife, ‘by my troth, it is a handsome  
youth, 45  
Yet it’s best, husband, to deal warilye.  
Art thou no run away, prythee, youth, tell’  
Shew me thy passport, and all shal be well’

Then our king presentlye, making lowe courtesye,  
With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say 50  
‘I have no passport, nor never was servitor,  
But a poor courtyer, rode out of my way  
And for your kindness here offered to mee,  
I will requete you in everye degree’

Then to the miller his wife whisper’d secretlye, 55  
Saying, ‘It seemeth, this youth’s of good kin,  
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;  
To turne him out, certainlye, were a great sin’  
‘Yea,’ quoth hee, ‘you may see, he hath some grace  
When he doth speake to his betters in place’ 60

‘Well’ quo’ the millers wife, ‘young man, ye’ie wel-  
come here,

And, though I say it, well lodged shall be  
Fresh stiaw will I have, laid on thy bed so brave,  
And good brown hempen sheets likewise,’ quoth shee  
‘Aye,’ quoth the good man, ‘and when that is done, 65  
Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne’

‘Nay, first,’ quoth Richard, ‘good-fellowe, tell me true,  
Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose?  
Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado?’

‘I pray,’ quoth the king, ‘what creatures are those?’  
‘Art thou not lowsy, nor scabby?’ quoth he 71  
‘If thou beest, surely thou lvest not with mee’

This caus’d the king, suddenlye, to laugh most  
heartilye,

Till the teares tickled fast downe from his eyes  
Then to then supper were they set orderlye, 75  
With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pyes,  
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,  
Which did about the board merrilye trowle

‘Here,’ quoth the miller, ‘good fellowe, I drinke to  
thee,

And to all [cuckholds, wherever they bee]’ 80  
‘I pledge thee,’ quoth our king, ‘and thanke thee  
heartilye

For my\*good welcome in everye degree  
And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne’  
‘Do then,’ quoth Richard, ‘and quicke let it come’

Wife,’ quoth the miller, ‘fetch me forth lightfoote, 85  
And of his sweetnesse a little we’ll taste’

A faire ven'son pastye brought she out presentlye  
‘Eate,’ quoth the muller, ‘but, sir, make no waste  
‘Heere’s dainty lightfoote’ In faith,’ sayd the king,  
‘I never before eat so daintye a thing.’ 90

‘I wis,’ quoth Richard ‘no daintye at all it is,  
For we doe eate of it everye day’  
‘In what place,’ said our king ‘may be bought like to  
this?’

‘We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay.  
From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here, 95  
Now and then we make bold with our kings deer.’

‘Then I thinke,’ sayd our king, ‘that it is venison.’  
‘Eche foole,’ quoth Richard, ‘full well may know  
that :

Never are wee without two or three in the roof,  
Very well fleshed, and excellent fat 100  
But, prythee, say nothing whereever thou goe,  
We would not, for two pence, the king should it  
knowe’

‘Doubt not,’ then sayd the king, ‘my promist secreesye,  
The king shall never know more on’t for mee’  
A cupp of lambs-wool they dranke unto him then, 105  
And to their bedds they past presentlie  
The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,  
For to seeke out the king in everye towne

At last, at the millers [cott,] soone they espy’d him out,  
As he was mounting upon his faire steede, 110  
To whom they came presently, falling down on their  
knee,  
Which made the millers heart wofully bleede ;



Shaking and quaking, before him<sup>r</sup> he stood,  
Thinking he should have been hang'd, by the hood

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling, 115  
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed  
The miller downe did fall, cying before them all,  
Doubting the king would have cut off his head  
But he his kind courtesye for to requite,  
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight 120

## PART THE SECONDE.

WHEN as our royall king came home from Notting-  
ham,  
And with his nobles at Westminster lay,  
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,  
In this late progress along on the way,  
Of them all, great and small, he did protest, 5  
The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him best.

'And now, my lords,' quoth the king, 'I am deter-  
mined -  
Against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,  
That this old miller, our new confirm'd knight,  
With his son Richard, shall here be my guest 10  
For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire  
To talke with the jolly knight, and the young squire'

When as the noble lords saw the kinges pleasantness,  
They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts  
A pursuivant there was sent straichte on the busi-  
ness, 15  
The which had often-times been in those parts.  
When he came to the place, where they did dwell,  
His message orderlye then 'gan he tell.

'God save your worshippinge, then said the messenger,  
'And grant your ladye her own hearts desire, 20  
And to you sonne Richard good fortune and happiness,

That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire  
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,  
You must come to the court on St George's day,

Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place' 25

'I wis,' quoth the miller, 'this is an odd jest  
What should we doe there? faith, I am halfe afraid,'

'I doubt,' quoth Richard, 'to be hang'd at the least'  
'Nay,' quoth the messenger, 'you doe mistake,  
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake' 30

Then sayd the miller, 'By my troth, messenger,

Thou hast contented my worshippinge full well.  
Hold, here are three farthings, to quite thy gentleness,

For these happy tydings, which thou dost tell  
Let me see, hear thou mee, tell to our king, 35  
We'll wayt on his mastershipp in everye thing'

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicitie,

And, making many leggs, tooke their reward,  
And his leave taking with great humilitie

To the kings court againe he repai'd, 40  
Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,  
The knightes most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller say,

'Here come expences and charges indeed,  
Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend all we  
have; 45

For of new garments we have great need

Of horses and serving-men we must have stoie,  
With bridles and saddles, and twentye things more'

'Tushe, sir John,' quoth his wife, 'why should you  
fiett, or fiowne?

You shall ne'er be att no charges for mee , 50  
For I will turne and tum up my old russet gowne,

With everye thing else as fine as may bee ,  
And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,  
With pillowes and pannells, as we shall provide'

In this most statelie sort, rode they unto the court, 55  
Their jolly sonne Richard rode foremost of all ,  
Who set up, for good hap, a cocks feather in his cap,  
And so they jetted downe to the kings hall,  
The merie old miller with hands on his side,  
His wife, like maid Marian, did mince at that tide 60

The king and his nobles that heard of their coming,  
Meeting this gallant knight with his brave traine,  
'Welcome, sir knight,' quoth he, 'with youi gay lady  
Good sir John Cockle, once welcome againe  
And so is the squire of courage soe free' 65  
Quoth Dicke, 'A bots on you! do you know mee?'

Quoth our king gentlie, 'how should I forget thee?'  
That wast my owne bed-fellowe, well it I wot'  
'Yea, sir,' quoth Richard, 'and by the same token,  
Thou with thy farting didst make the bed hot' 70  
Thou whore-son unhappy knave,' then quoth the  
knight,  
'Speake cleanly to our king, or else go sh\*\*\*'

Ver 57, 'for good hap' i. e. for good luck, they were going on an hazardous expedition — Ver 60, Maid Marian in the Morris dance, was represented by a man in woman's clothes, who was to take short steps in order to sustain the female character

The king and his countiers laugh at this heartily,  
While the king taketh them both by the hand;  
With the court-dames, and maids, like to the queen of  
spades 75

The millers wife did soe orderly stand  
A milk-maids courtesye at every word:  
And downe all the folkes were set to the board

There the king royally, in princely majesty,  
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight, 80  
When they had eaten well, then he to jesting  
fell,

And in a bowle of wine drank to the knight.  
'Here's to you both, in wine, ale and beer,  
Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer'

Quoth sir John Cockle, 'I'll pledge you a pottle, 85  
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire'  
But then said our king, 'now I think of a thing,  
Some of your lightfoote I would we had here'  
'Ho! ho!' quoth Richard, 'full well I may say it,  
'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it' 90

'Why art thou angry?' quoth our king meynlye:  
'In faith, I take it now very unkind  
I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine  
heartily'

Quoth Dicke, 'You are like to stay till I have  
din'd,  
You feed us with twatling dishes soe small, 95  
Zounds, a blacke-pudding is better than all'

'Aye, marry,' quoth our king, 'that were a dantye  
thing,  
Could a man get but one here for to eate.'

With that Dicke strate arose, and pluckt one from  
his hose, ‘

Which with heat of his breech gan to sweate 100  
The king made a proffer to snatch it away —  
‘Tis meat for your master good sir, you must stay’

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent,  
And then the ladies prepared to dance  
Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard, incontinent 105  
Unto then places the king did advance  
Here with the ladies such sport they did make,  
The nobles with laughing did make their sides ache

Many thanks for their paines did the king give them,  
Asking young Richard then, if he would wed, 110  
‘Among these ladies free, tell me which liketh thee?’  
Quoth he, ‘Jugg Gumball, Sir, with the red head  
\* She’s my love, she’s my life, her will I wed,  
She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead’

Then Sir John Cockle the king call’d unto him, 115  
And of merry Sherwood made him o’er seer,  
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound  
yearlye . . .  
‘Take heed now you steale no more of my deer  
And once a quarter let’s here have your view,  
And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu’ 120

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## XXI

## THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION

This beautiful old song was written by a poet, whose name would have been utterly forgotten, if it had not been preserved by Swift as a term of contempt. 'Dryden and Wither' are coupled by him like the 'Bavius and Metastasis' of Virgil. Dryden however has had justice done him by posterity and is not Wither, though of subordinate merit, that he was not altogether devoid of genius, will be judged from the following stanzas. The truth is Wither was a very voluminous party-writer and as his political and satirical strokes rendered him extremely popular in his life-time, so afterwards, when these were no longer relished, they totally consigned his writings to oblivion.

George Wither was born June 11, 1588, and in his younger years distinguished himself by some pastoral pieces, that were not inelegant but growing afterwards involved in the political and religious disputes in the times of James I and Charles I he employed his poetical vein in severe pasquils on the court and clergy, and was occasionally a sufferer for the freedom of his pen. In the civil war that ensued, he exerted himself in the service of the Parliament, and became a considerable sharer in the spoils. He was even one of those provincial tyrants, whom Oliver distributed over the kingdom, under the name of Major Generals, and had the fleecing of the county of Surrey, but surviving the Restoration, he outlived both his power and his affluence and giving vent to his chagrin in libels on the court, was long a prisoner in Newgate and the Tower. He died at length on the second of May, 1667.

During the whole course of his life, Wither was a continual publisher having generally for opponent, Taylor the Water-poet. The long list of his productions may be seen in Wood's *Athenæ Oxon* vol II. His most popular satire is intitled, 'Abuses whipt and stript,' 1613. His most poetical pieces were eclogues, intitled 'The Shepherd's Hunting,' 1615, 8vo and others printed at the end of Browne's 'Shepherd's Pipe,' 1614, 8vo. The following sonnet is extracted from a long pastoral piece of his, intitled, 'The Mistress of Philæte,' 1622, 8vo which is said in the preface to be one of the author's first poems, and may therefore be dated as early as any of the foregoing.

SHALL I, wasting in dispaire,  
Dye because a woman's faire?  
Or make pale my cheeks with care,  
'Cause another's rosie are?  
Be shee fairer then the day,  
Or the flowry meads in may,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how faire shee be?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd,  
 'Cause I see a woman kind? 10  
 Or a well-disposed nature  
 Joyned with a lovely feature?  
 Be shee meeke, kinde, than  
 The turtle-dove or pelican  
     If shee be not so to me, 15  
     What care I how kind shee be?

Shall a woman's virtues move  
 Me to perish for her love?  
 Or, her well-deservings knowne,  
 Make me quite forget mine owne? 20  
 Be shee with that goodnesse blest,  
 Which may merit name of Best,  
     If she be not such to me,  
     What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high, 25  
 Shall I play the foole and dye?  
 Those that beare a noble minde,  
 Where they want of riches find,  
 Thinke what with them they would doe,  
 That without them daie to woe, 30  
     And, unlesse that minde I see,  
     What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fane,  
 I will ne'er the more dispaire  
 If she love me, thus beleewe, 35  
 I will die ere she shall grieve  
 If she slight me when I wooe,  
 I can sorne and let her goe  
     If shee be not fit for me,  
     What care I for whom she be? 40

## XXII

## QUEEN DIDO

SUCH is the title given in the Editor's folio MS. to this excellent old ballad, which, in the common printed copies, is inscribed, 'Eneas, wandering Prince of Troy.' It is here given from that MS. collated with two different printed copies, both in black-letter, in the Pepys collection.

The reader will smile to observe with what natural and affecting simplicity, our ancient ballad-maker has engrafted a Gothic conclusion on the classic story of Virgil, from whom, however, it is probable he had it not. Nor can it be denied, but he has dealt out his poetical justice with a more impartial hand, than that celebrated poet.

WHEN Troy towne had, for ten yeeres [past,]  
 Withstood the Greeks in manfull wise,  
 Then did their foes encrease soe fast,  
 That to resist none could suffice  
 Wast lye those walls, that were soe good, 5  
 And come now growes where Troy towne stoode

Æneas, wandering prince of Troy,  
 When he for land long time had sought,  
 At length arriving with great joy,  
 To mighty Carthage walls was brought, 10  
 Where Dido queene, with sumptuous feast,  
 Did entertaine that wandering guest

And, as in hall at meate they sate,  
 The queene, desirous newes to heare,  
 [Says, 'Of thy Troys unhappy fate] 15  
 Declare to me thou Trojan deare  
 The heavy hap and chance soe bad,  
 That thou, poore wandering prince, hast had.'

And then anon this comelye knight,  
 With words demure, as he cold well, 20

Ver. 1, 21, war, MS. and PP.



Of his unhappy ten yeares [fight],  
 Soe true a tale began to tell,  
 With words soe sweete, and sighes soe deepe,  
 That oft he made them all to weepe

And then a thousand sighes he fet, 25  
 And every sigh brought teares amaine,  
 That where he sate the place was wett,  
 As though he had seene those walls againe,  
 Soe that the queene, with ruth therfore,  
 Said, 'worthy pince, enough, no more' 30

And then the darksome night drew on,  
 And twinkling starres the skye bespred,  
 When he his dolefull tale had done,  
 And every one was layd in bedd  
 Where they full sweetly tooke their rest, 35  
 Save only Dido's boyling brest

This silly woman never slept,  
 But in her chamber, all alone;  
 As one unhappyc, alwayes wept,  
 And to the walls shee made her mone, 40  
 That she should still desue in vaine  
 The thing, she never must obtaine

And thus in grieffe she spent the night,  
 Till twinkling staires the skye were fled,  
 And Phœbus, with his ghstering light, 45  
 Through misty cloudes appeared red,  
 Then tidings came to her anon,  
 That all the Trojan shipps were gone.

And then the queene with bloody knife  
 Did ayme her hart as hard as stone, 50

Yet, something loth to loose her life,  
 In woefull wise she made hei mone,  
 And, rowling on her carefull bed,  
 With sighes and sobbs, these words shee sayd

‘O wretched Dido, queene!’ quoth shee, 55  
 ‘I see thy end approacheth neare,  
 For hee is fled away from thee,  
 Whom thou didst love and hold so deare  
 What, is he gone, and passed by?  
 O hart, prepare thyselfe to dye 60

Though reason says, thou shouldst forbear,  
 And stay thy hand from bloody stoke,  
 Yet fancy bids thee not to fear,  
 Which fetter’d thee in Cupids yoke  
 Come death,’ quoth shee, ‘resolve my smart!’— 65  
 And with those words shee peerced hei hart

When death had pierced the tender hart  
 Of Dido, Carthagunan queene,  
 Whose bloody knife did end the smart,  
 Which shee sustam’d in mounfull teene; 70  
 Æneas being shipt and gone,  
 Whose flattery caused all her mone;

Her funerall most costly made,  
 And all things finisht mournfullyc,  
 Her body fine in mold was laid, 75  
 Where itt consumed speedilyc  
 Her sisters teares her tombe bestrewe,  
 Hei subjects grieve their kindnesse shewed.

Then was Æneas in an ile  
 In Greycya, where he stayd long space, 80

Whereas her sister in short while  
 Writ to him to his vile disgrace,  
 In speeches bitter to his mind  
 Shee told him plaine he was unkind

‘False-hearted wretch,’ quoth shee, ‘thou art, 85  
 And traiterously thou hast betraid  
 Unto thy lute a gentle hart,  
 Which unto thee much welcome made,  
 My sister deare, and Carthage’ joy,  
 Whose folly bred her deere annoy 90

Yett on her death-bed when shee lay,  
 Shee prayd for thy prosperitie,  
 Beseeching god, that every day  
 Might breed thy great felicity  
 Thus by thy meanes I lost a friend, 95  
 Heavens send thee such untimely end’

When he these lines, full fraught with gall,  
 Perused had, and wayed them right,  
 His lofty courage then did fall,  
 And straight appeared in his sight 100  
 Queene Dido’s ghost, both grim and pale,  
 Which made this valliant souldier quail

‘Æneas,’ quoth this ghastly ghost,  
 ‘My whole delight when I did live,  
 Thee of all men I loved most, 105  
 My fancy and my will did give,  
 For entertainment I thee gave,  
 Unthankfully thou didst me grave

Therefore prepare thy fitting soule  
 To wander with me in the aire; 110

Where deadlye griefe shall make it howle,  
 Because of me thou tookst no care  
 Delay not time, thy glasse is run,  
 Thy date is past, thy life is done'

'O stay a while, thou lovely sprite,                   115  
 Be not soe hasty to convey  
 My soule into eternall night,  
 Where itt shall ne'ie behold bright day  
 O doe not frowne, thy angry looke  
 Hath [all my soule with horroi shooke]                   120

But, woe is me! all is in vaine,  
 And bootless is my dismall crye,  
 Time will not be recalled againe,  
 Nor thou surcease before I dye  
 O lett me live, and make amends                   125  
 To some of thy most deerest friends

But seeing thou obdurate art,  
 And wilt no pittye on me show, '  
 Because from thee I did depart,  
 And left unpaid what I did owe                   130  
 I must content myselfe to take  
 What lott to me thou wilt partake.'

And thus, as one being in a trance,  
 A multitude of uglye feinds  
 About this woffull prince did dance,                   135  
 He had no helpe of any friends  
 His body then they tooke away,  
 And no man knew his dying day

Ver 120, MS Hath made my breath my life forsooke

## XXIII

THE WITCHES' SONG <sup>1</sup>

From Ben Jonson's 'Masque of Queens' presented at Whitehall, Feb 2, 1609

The Editor thought it incumbent on him to insert some old pieces on the popular superstition concerning witches, hobgoblins, faeries, and ghosts. The last of these make their appearance in most of the tragical ballads, and in the following songs will be found some description of the former.

It is true, this song of the Witches, falling from the learned pen of Ben Jonson, is rather an extract from the various incantations of classical antiquity, than a display of the opinions of our own vulgar. But let it be observed, that a parcel of learned wiseacres had just before busied themselves on this subject, in compliment to K. James I. whose weakness on this head is well-known, and these had so ransacked all writers, ancient and modern, and so blended and kneaded together the several superstitions of different times and nations, that those of genuine English growth could no longer be traced out and distinguished.

By good luck the whimsical belief of faeries and goblins could furnish no pretences for torturing our fellow-creatures, and therefore we have thus handed down to us pure and unsophisticated.

## I WITCH

I HAVE been all day looking after  
A raven feeding upon a quarter, "  
And, soone as she turn'd her beak to the south,  
I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

## 2 WITCH.

I have bene gathering wolves haire,  
The madd dogges foames, and adders eares,  
The spurging of a deadmans eyes,  
And all since the evening starre did rise. 5

## 3 WITCH.

I last night lay all alone  
O' the ground, to heare the mandrake grone; 10

<sup>1</sup> Our readers will not fail to notice the resemblance between the above and the incantation in Macbeth and Burns' 'haly table'—Ed.

And pluckt him up, though he grew full low  
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

## 4 WITCH.

And I ha' beene chusing out this scull  
From chainell houses that were full,  
From private ghots, and publike pits; 15  
And fighted a sexton out of his wits

## 5 WITCH

Under a cradle I did crepe  
By day, and, when the childe was a-sleepe  
At night, I suck'd the breath, and rose,  
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose 20

## 6 WITCH

I had a dagger what did I with that?  
Killed an infant to have his fat  
A pipe it got at a church-ale,  
I bade him again blow wind i' the taile,

## 7 WITCH

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines, 25  
The sunne and the wind had shrunke his veines  
I bit off a sinew, I clipp'd his haire,  
I brought off his ragges, that danc'd i' the ayre

## 8 WITCH

The scrich-owles egges and the feathers blacke,  
The bloud of the frogge, and the bone in his backe 30  
I have been getting, and made of his skin  
A purset, to keep sir Cranion in.

## 9 WITCH

And I ha' beene plucking (plants among)  
 Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,  
 Night-shade, moone-wort, libbards-bane, 35  
 And twise by the dogges was like to be tane

## 10 WITCH

I from the jawes of a gairdiner's bitch  
 Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch  
 Yet went I back to the house againe,  
 Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine 40

## 11 WITCH

I went to the toad, bicoedes under the wall,  
 I charmed him out, and he came at my call,  
 I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before,  
 I tore the batts wing what would you have more?

## DAME

Yes I have brought, to helpe your vows, 45  
 Hoined poppie, cypresse boughes,  
 The fig-tice wild, that growes on tombes,  
 And juce, that from the larch-tree comes,  
 The basiliskes bloud, and the vipers skin  
 And now our orgies let's begin. 50

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## XXIV.

## ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW,

— alms Pucke, alias Hobgoblin, in the creed of ancient superstition, was a kind of merry spite, whose character and achievements are recorded in this ballad, and in those well-known lines of Milton's *L'Allegro*, which the antiquarian Peck supposes to be owing to it <sup>1</sup>

'Tells how the dandging Goblin sweet  
To earne his creame-bowle duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morne,  
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn  
That ten day-labourers could not end,  
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,  
And stretch'd out all the chimneys length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
And crop full out of doore he flings,  
Ere the first cock his matins rings'

The reader will observe that our simple ancestors had reduced all these whimsies to a kind of system, as regular, and perhaps more consistent, than many parts of classic mythology—a proof of the extensive influence and vast antiquity of these superstitions. Mankind, and especially the common people, could not every where have been so unanimously agreed concerning these arbitrary notions, if they had not prevailed among them for many ages. Indeed, a learned friend in Wales assures the Editor, that the existence of Fairies and Goblins is alluded to by the most ancient British Bards, who mention them under various names, one of the most common of which signifies, 'The spirits of the mountains.' See also Preface to Song XXV.

This song which Peck attributes to Ben Jonson, (though it is not found among his works) is chiefly printed from an ancient black letter copy in the British Museum. It seems to have been originally intended for some Masque [This ballad is entitled, in the old black letter copies 'The merry planks of Robin Goodfellow To the tune of Dulcina,' &c (See No XIII above) Addit Note Ed 1794 ]

FROM Oberon, in faerie land,  
The king of ghosts and shadowes there,  
Mad Robin I, at his command,  
Am sent to viewe the night-sports here.  
What revell rout  
Is kept about,  
In every corner where I go,  
I will o'ersee,  
And merry bee,  
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

5

<sup>1</sup> See also 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'—Ed.





Unseene of all the company,  
I eat then cakes and sip then wine,  
And, to make sport, 45  
I fast and snort,  
And out the candles I do blow:  
The maids I kiss,  
They shueke—'Who's this?'  
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho! 50

Yet now and then, the maids to please,  
At midnight I card up their wooll,  
And while they sleepe, and take their ease,  
With wheel to threads their flax I pull  
I grind at mill 55  
Their malt up still,  
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow  
If any 'wake,  
And would me take,  
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho! 60

When house or harth doth sluttish lye,  
I pinch the maidens blacke and blue,  
The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I,  
And lay them naked all to view  
'Twixt sleepe and wake, 65  
I do them take,  
And on the key-cold floor them throw  
If out they cry,  
Then forth I fly,  
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho! 70

When any need to borrowe ought,  
We lend them what they do require,  
And for the use demand we nought,  
Our owne is all we do desire.

- If to repay, 75  
 They do delay,  
 Abroad amongst them then I go,  
 And night by night,  
 I them afflight  
 With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho! 80
- When lazie queans have nought to do,  
 But study how to cog and lye,  
 To make debate and mischief too,  
 'Twixt one another secretlye  
 I make their gloze, 85  
 And it disclose,  
 To them whom they have wronged so,  
 When I have done,  
 I get me gone,  
 And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho! 90
- When men do traps and engins set  
 In loop-holes, where the vermine creepe,  
 Who from their foldes and houses get  
 Their duckes and geese, their lambes and sheepe  
 I spy the gin, 95  
 And enter in,  
 And seeme a vermine taken so,  
 But when they there  
 Approach me neare,  
 I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho! 100
- By wells and ills, in meadowes greene,  
 We mightly dance our hey-day gause,  
 And to our fanye king, and queene,  
 We chant our moon-light minstrelsies.  
 When laiks 'gin sing, 105  
 Away we fling,

And babes new borne steal as we go,  
 And elfe in bed,  
 We leave instead,  
 And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho! 110

From hag-bied Merlin's time have I  
 Thus nightly revell'd to and fro  
 And for my pranks men call me by  
 The name of Robin Good-fellow  
 Fiends, ghosts, and sprites, 115  
 Who haunt the nightes,  
 The hags and goblins do me know,  
 And beldames old  
 My feates have told,  
 So *Vale, Vale*, ho, ho, ho! 120

## XXV

## THE FAIRY QUEEN

We have here a short display of the popular belief concerning Faires It will afford entertainment to a contemplative mind to trace these whimsical opinions up to their origin Whoever considers, how early, how extensively, and how uniformly, they have prevailed in these nations, will not readily assent to the hypothesis of those, who fetch them from the east so late as the time of the Croisades Whereas it is well known that our Saxon ancestors, long before they left their German forests, believed the existence of a kind of diminutive demons, or middle species between men and spirits, whom they called *Duegar* or Dwarfs, and to whom they attributed many wonderful performances, far exceeding human art *Vid* Hervarer Saga Olaf Verel 1675 Hickes Thesaur, &c

This song is given (with some corrections by another copy) from a book intitled, 'The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence, &c' Lond 1658 8vo<sup>1</sup>

COME, follow, follow me,  
 You, fairy elves that be  
 Which cicle on the greene,  
 Come follow Mab your queene

<sup>1</sup> A copy of this ballad is found in a tract on 'the King and Queen of the Faires,' printed in 1635 —ED.



Tailes of woimes, and mallow of mice      35  
Do make a dish, that's wonderful nice

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,  
Serve for our minstrelsie,  
Grace said, we dance a while,  
And so the time beguile,      40  
And if the moon doth hide her head,  
The gloe-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewie grasse  
So nimbly do we passe,  
The young and tender stalk      45  
Ne'er bends when we do walk  
Yet in the morning may be seen  
Where we the night before have been

## XXVI

## THE FAIRIES FAREWELL

This humorous old song fell from the hand of the witty Dr Corbet (afterwards bishop of Norwich, &c) and is printed from his 'Poetica Stromata,' 1648, 12mo (compared with the third edition of his poems, 1672) It is there called 'A proper new Ballad, intitled, The Fairies Farewell, or God-a-mercy Will, to be sung or whistled to the tune of the Meddow brow, by the learned, by the unlearned, to the tune of Fortune'

The departure of Fairies is here attributed to the abolition of monkery Chaucer has, with equal humour, assigned a cause the very reverse, in his Wife of Bath's Tale

'In olde dayes of the king Artour,  
Of which that Bretons speken greet honour,  
All was this lond fulfilled of faerie,  
The elf quene with hire joly compaignie  
Danced ful oit in many a grene mede  
Thus was the old opinion as I rede,  
I speke of many hundred yeres ago,  
But now can no man see non elves mo,  
For now the greet charitte and prayeres  
Of lymytours and other holy freies,  
That serchen every land and every strete,  
As thikke as motes in the sonne beame,

Blissing halles, chambres, lichenes, and bours,  
 Citees and burghes, castles high and toures,  
 Thropes and burnes, shepenes and daies,  
 This maketh that thei ben no faeries  
 For thei as wont to walken was an elf,  
 Ther walketh now the limitou himself,  
 In undermeles and in moiveninges,  
 And sayth his Matines and his holy thinges,  
 As he goth in his limitatioun  
 Women may now go safely up and down,  
 In every bush, and under every tree,  
 Thei is non other incubus but he,  
 And he ne will don hem no dishonour \*

Tyt whitt's Chaucer, I p 255

Dr Richard Coibet, having been bishop of Oxford about three years, and afterwards as long bishop of Norwich, died in 1683, *Ætat* 52

FAREWELL rewards and Fancies!

Good housewives now may say,  
 For now foule sluts in damies,  
 Doe fare as well as they  
 And though they sweepc their hearths no less 5  
 Than mayds were wont to doe,  
 Yet who of late for cleanness  
 Finds sixe-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old Abbies,  
 The fancies lost command, 10  
 They did but change priests babies,  
 But some have chang'd your land  
 And all your children stoln from thence  
 Are now growne Puitanes,  
 Who live as changelings ever since, 15  
 For love of your demaines

At morning and at evening both  
 You merry were and glad,  
 So little care of sleepe and sloth,  
 These prettie ladies had. 20  
 When Tom came home from labour,  
 Or Ciss to milking rose,

Then meenly went their tabou,  
And numbly went their toes

Witness those rings and roundelays 25

Of theens, which yet remane,  
Were footed in queene Maies dayes  
On many a grassy playne  
But since of late, Elizabeth  
And later James came in,  
They never danc'd on any heath,  
As when the time hath bin

By which wee note the faeries  
 Were of the old profession  
 Their songs were *Ave Marias*,  
 Then dances were procession  
 But now, alas! they all are dead,  
 Or gone beyond the seas,  
 Or farther for religion fled,  
 Or else they take their ease

A tell-tale in their company  
 They never could endure,  
 And whoso kept not secretly  
 Their muth, was punish'd sure  
 It was a just and chriistian deed  
 To pinch such blacke and blue  
 O how the common-welth doth need  
 Such justices, as you !

Now they have left our quarters;  
 A Register they have,  
 Who can preserve their charters,  
 A man both wise and grave.



An hundred of their merry pranks  
 By one that I could name  
 Are kept in store, con twenty thanks 55  
 To Wilham for the same

To Wilham Churne of Staffordshure  
 Give laud and praises due,  
 Who every meale can mend your cheare  
 With tales both old and true 60  
 To Wilham all give audience,  
 And pray yee for his noddle  
 For all the fancies evidence  
 Were lost, if it were addle

\* \* After these Songs on the Fancies, the reader may be curious to see the manner in which they were formerly invoked and bound to human service. In Ashmole's Collection of MSS at Oxford [Num 8259 1106 2], are the papers of some Alchymist, which contain a variety of Incantations and Forms of Conjuring both Fancies, Witches, and Demons, principally, as it should seem, to assist him in his Great Work of transmuting Metals. Most of them are too impious to be reprinted but the two following may be very innocently laughed at.

Whoever looks into Ben Jonson's 'Alchymist,' will find that these impostors, among their other secrets, affected to have a power over Fancies and that they were commonly expected to be seen in a chrystall glasse appears from that extraordinary book, 'The Relation of Dr John Dee's actions with Spirits, 1659,' to be

'An excellent way to gett a Fayrie (For myself I call Margarette Bairaunce, but this will obtaine any one that is not allready bound)

'First, gett a broad square chrystall or Venise glasse, in length and breadth 3 inches. Then lay that glasse or chrystall in the blood of a white henne, 3 Wednesdayes, or 3 Fridayes. Then take it out, and wash it with holy aq and fumigate it. Then take 3 hazle sticks, or wands of an yeaer growth pull them fayre and white, and make [them] soe longe, as you write the Spirits name, or Fayries name, which you call, 3 times on every stick being made flatt on one side. Then bury them under some hill, whereas you suppose Fayries haunt, the Wednesday before you call her and the Friday followinge take them uppe, and call her at 8 or 9 or 10 of the clocke, which be good planetts and houres for that turne but when you call, be in cleane life, and tune thy face towards the east. And when you have her, bind her to that stone or glasse.'

'An Unguent to annoynt under the Eyelids, and upon the Eyelids eveninge and morninge but especially when you call, or find your sight not perfect

'R A pint of sallet-oyle, and put it into a viall glasse but first wash it

with rose-water, and marygold-water, the flowers [to] be gathered towards the east Wash it till the oyle come white, then put it into the glasse, ut supra and then put thereto the buds of holyhocke, the flowers of marygold, the flowers or toppes of wild thyme, the buds of young hidle and the thyme must be gathered neare the side of a hill where Fayries use to be and [take] the grasse of a fayrie throne, there All these put into the oyle, into the glasse and set it to dissolve 3 dayes in the sunne, and then keep it for thy use, ut supra ”

After this receipt for the unguent follows a form of incantation, wherein the Alchymist conjures a Fairy, named *Elaby Gathon*, to appear to him in that Chrystal Glass, meckly and mildly, to resolve him truly in all manner of questions, and to be obedient to all his commands, under pain of damnation, &c.

One of the vulgar opinions about Fairies is, that they cannot be seen by human eyes, without a particular charm exerted in favour of the person who is to see them and that they strike with blindness such as having the gift of seeing them, take notice of them mal-a-propos

As for the hazle sticks mentioned above, they were to be probably of that species called the Witch Hazle, which received its name from this manner of applying it in incantations

## THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND

## SERIES THE THIRD

### BOOK III.

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#### I

### THE BIRTH OF ST GEORGE.

The incidents in this, and the other ballad of 'St George and the Dragon,' are chiefly taken from the old story-book of 'The Seven Champions of Christendome,' which, though now the play thing of children, was once in high repute. Bp Hall in his Satires, published in 1597, ranks

'St George's sorrel, and his cross of blood,'

among the most popular stories of his time and an ingenious critic thinks that Spenser himself did not disdain to borrow hints from it,<sup>1</sup> though I much doubt whether this popular romance were written so early as the Fairy Queen.

The author of this book of the Seven Champions was one Richard Johnson, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, as we collect from his other publications viz — 'The nine worthies of London' 1592, 4to — 'The pleasant walks of Moor fields' 1607, 4to — 'A crown garland of Goulden Roses, gathered,' &c 1612, 8vo — 'The life and death of Rob Cecil, E of Salisbury' 1612, 4to. — 'The Hist of Tom of Lincoln, 4to' is also by R J who likewise republished 'Don Flores of Greece,' 4to.

The Seven Champions, though written in a wild inflated style, contains some strong Gothic painting, which seems, for the most part, copied from the poetical romances of former ages. At least the story of St George and the fur Sabra is taken almost verbatim from the old poetical legend of 'Syr Bevis of Hampton.'

This very antique poem was in great fame in Chaucer's time [see above pag 83], and so continued till the introduction of printing, when it ran through several editions two of which are in black letter, 4to, 'imprinted by Wyllyam Copland,' without date, containing great variations.

As a specimen of the poetic powers of this very old hymnist, and as a proof how closely the author of the Seven Champions has followed him, take a description of the dragon slain by syr Bevis

' — When the dragon, that foule is,  
Had a syght of syr Bevis,  
He cast up a loude cry,  
As it had thondred in the sky,  
He turned his bely towards the son,  
It was greater than any tonne.

<sup>1</sup> Mr Warton *Vid* Observations on the Fairy Queen, 2 vol 1762, 12mo *passim*

His scales was brighter then the glas,  
 And harder they were than any bris  
 Betwene his shuldur and his tayle,  
 Was forty fote withoute tyle  
 He waltred out of his denne,  
 And Bevis picked his stede then,  
 And to hym a spere he thaste  
 That all to shyvers he it braste  
 The dragon then gan Bevis assayle,  
 And smote syr Bevis with his tayle,  
 Then downe went horse and man,  
 And two rybbes of Bevis brused than '

After a long fight at length, as the dragon was preparing to fly, sir Bevis

Hit him under the wyng  
 As he was in his flyenge,  
 There he was tender without scale,  
 And Bevis thought to be his bale  
 He smote after, as I you saye,  
 With his good sword Morglaye  
 Up to the hiltes Morglay yode  
 Through harte, lyver, bone, and bloude  
 To the ground full the dragon,  
 Great joye syr Bevis begon  
 Under the scales al on hight  
 He smote off his head forth right,  
 And put it on a spere &c '

Sign K iv

Sir Bevis's dragon is evidently the parent of that in the Seven Champions, see Chap III viz 'The dragon no sooner had a sight of him [St George] but he gave such a terrible peal, as though it had thundered in the elements

'Betwixt his shoulders and his tail were fifty feet in distance, his scales glisteing as bright as silver, but far more hard than brass, his belly of the colour of gold, but bigger than a tun. Thus weltered he from his den, &c. 'The champion gave the dragon such a thrust with his spear, that it shivered in a thousand peeces whereat the furious dragon so fiercely smote him with his venomous tail, that down fell man and horse in which fall two of St George's ribs were so bruised, &c —At length St George 'smote the dragon under the wing where it was tender without scale, whereby his good sword Ascalon with an easie passage went to the very hilt through both the dragon's heart, liver, bone and blood —Then St George—cut off the dragon's head and pitcht it upon the truncheon of a spear, &c '

The History of the Seven Champions, being written just before the decline of books of chivalry, was never, I believe, translated into any foreign language. But 'Le Romau de Beuves of Hantonne' was published at Paris in 1502, into Let Gothique.

The learned Selden tells us, that about the time of the Norman invasion was Bevis famous with the title of Earl of Southampton, whose residence was at Dunton in Wiltshire, but he observes, that the monkish enlargements of his story have made his very existence doubted. See Notes on Poly-Olbion, Song III.

This hath also been the case of St George himself, whose martial history is allowed to be apocryphal. But, to prove that there really existed an orthodox Saint of this name (although little or nothing, it seems, is known of his genuine

story) is the subject of 'An Historical and Critical Inquiry into the Existence and Character of St George, &c By the Rev J Milner, F S A 1792, 8vo'

The Equestrian Figure worn by the Knights of the Garter, has been understood to be an emblem of the Christian warrior, in his spiritual armour, vanquishing the old serpent

But on this subject the inquisitive reader may consult 'A Dissertation on the Original of the Equestrian Figure of the George and of the Garter, ensigns of the most noble order of that name Illustrated with copper-plates By John Pettingal, A M Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, London, 1753, 4to' This learned and curious work the author of the 'Historical and Critical Inquiry' would have done well to have seen

It cannot be denied but that the following ballad is for the most part modern for which reason it would have been thrown to the end of the volume, had not its subject procured it a place here <sup>1</sup>

LISTEN, lords, in bowers and hall,  
I sing the wonderous birth  
Of brave St George, whose valorous arm  
Rid monsters from the earth.

Distressed ladies to relieve 5  
He travell'd many a day,  
In honour of the christian faith,  
Which shall endure for aye

In Coventry sometime did dwell 10  
A knight of worthy fame,  
High steward of this noble realm,  
Lord Albert was his name

He had to wife a princely dame,  
Whose beauty did excell  
This virtuous lady, being with child, 15  
In sudden sadness fell

For thirty nights no sooner sleep  
Had clos'd her wakeful eyes,  
But, lo! a foul and fearful dream  
Her fancy would surprize. 20

<sup>1</sup> Our readers will all remember Schiller's noble 'Fight with the Dragon'—Ed

She dreamt a dragon fierce and fell  
Conceiv'd within her womb,  
Whose mortal fangs her body rent  
Ere he to life could come

All woe-begone, and sad was she, 25  
She nourisht constant woe  
Yet strove to hide it from her lord,  
Lest he should sorrow know.

In vain she strove, her tender lord, 30  
Who watch'd her slightest look,  
Discover'd soon her secret pain,  
And soon that pain partook.

And when to him the fearful cause  
She weeping did impart,  
With kindest speech he strove to heal 35  
The anguish of her heart

Be comforted, my lady dear,  
Those pearly drops refrain,  
Betide me weal, betide me woe, 40  
I'll try to ease thy pain

And for this foul and fearful dream,  
That causeth all thy woe,  
Trust me, I'll travel far away  
But I'll the meaning knowe.

Then giving many a fond embrace, 45  
And shedding many a teare,  
To the weird lady of the woods,  
He purpos'd to repaire

To the weird lady of the woods,  
Full long and many a day,  
Tho' lonely shades, and thickets rough  
He wends his weary way 50

At length he reach'd a dreary dell  
With dismal yews o'erhung,  
Where cypress spied it's mournful boughs,  
And pois'nous nightshade sprung 55

No chearful gleams here pierc'd the gloom,  
He hears no chearful sound,  
But shrill night-ravens' yelling scream,  
And serpents hissing round 60

The shriek of fiends, and damned ghosts  
Ran howling thro' his ear  
A chilling horror froze his heart,  
Tho' all unus'd to fear

Three times he strives to win his way,  
And pierce those sickly dews  
Three times to bear his trembling coise  
His knocking knees refuse 65

At length upon his beating breast  
He signs the holy crosse,  
And, rousing up his wonted might,  
He treads th' unhallow'd mosse 70

Beneath a pendant craggy cliff,  
All vaulted like a grave,  
And opening in the solid rock,  
He found the enchanted cave. 75

An iron gate clos'd up the mouth,  
All hideous and forlorn,  
And, fasten'd by a silver chain,  
Near hung a blazing horn 80

Then offering up a secret prayer,  
Three times he blows amaine  
Three times a deepe and hollow sound  
Did answer him againe.

'Sir knight, thy lady beares a son, 85  
Who, like a dragon bright,  
Shall prove most dreadful to his foes,  
And terrible in fight.

His name advanc'd in future times  
On banners shall be worn 90  
But lo! thy lady's life must passe  
Before he can be born'

All sore oppress'd with fear and doubt  
Long time lord Albert stood,  
At length he winds his doubtful way 95  
Back thro' the dreary wood.

Eager to clasp his lovely dame  
Then fast he travels back  
But when he reach'd his castle gate,  
His gate was hung with black. 100

In every court and hall he found  
A sullen silence reigne,  
Save where, amid the lonely towers,  
He heard her maidens' plaine,



And bitterly lament and weep, 105  
With many a grievous gnone  
Then sore his bleeding heart misgave,  
His lady's life was gone.

With faltering step he enters in,  
Yet half affraid to goe, 110  
With trembling voice asks why they grieve,  
Yet fears the cause to knowe

'Three times the sun hath rose and set,'  
They said, then stopt to weep  
'Since heaven hath laid thy lady deare 115  
In death's eternal sleep

For, ah' in travel sore she fell,  
So sore that she must dye,  
Unless some shiewd and cunning leech  
Could ease her presentlye. 120

But when a cunning leech was fet,  
Too soon declared he,  
She, or her babe must lose its life,  
Both saved could not be

Now take my life, thy lady said, 125  
My little infant save  
And O commend me to my lord,  
When I am laid in grave.

O tell him how that precious babe  
Cost him a tender wife 130  
And teach my son to hsp her name,  
Who died to save his life.

Then calling still upon thy name,  
And praying still for thee,  
Without repining or complaint, 135  
Hei gentle soul did flee.'

What tongue can paint lord Albret's woe,  
The bitter tears he shed,  
The bitter pangs that wrung his heart,  
To find his lady dead? 140

He beat his breast he tore his hair,  
And shedding many a tear,  
At length he askt to see his son,  
The son that cost so dear

New sorrowe seiz'd the damsells all, 145  
At length they faltering say,  
'Alas' my lord, how shall we tell?  
Thy son is stoln away

Fau as the sweetest flower of spring,  
Such was his infant mien. 150  
And on his little body stampt  
Three wonderous marks were seen.

A blood-red cross was on his arm,  
A dragon on his breast  
A little garter all of gold 155  
Was round his leg exprest

Three careful nurses we provide  
Our little lord to keep  
One gave him sucke, one gave him food,  
And one did lull to sleep. 160

But lo' all in the dead of night,  
 We heard a fearful sound  
 Loud thunder clapt, the castle shook,  
 And lightning flasht around

Dead with affright at first we lay, 165  
 But rousing up anon,  
 We ran to see our little lord:  
 Our little lord was gone !

But how or where we could not tell,  
 For lying on the ground, 170  
 In deep and magic slumbers laid,  
 The nurses there we found '

O grief on grief ! lord Albret said:  
 No more his tongue cou'd say,  
 When falling in a deadly swoone, 175  
 Long time he lifeless lay.

At length restor'd to life and sênsê  
 He nourisht endless woe,  
 No future joy his heart could taste,  
 No future comfort know 180

So withers on the mountain top  
 A fair and stately oake,  
 Whose vigorous arms are torne away,  
 By some rude thunder-stroke

At length his castle irksome grew, 185  
 He loathes his wonted home,  
 His native country he forsakes  
 In foreign lands to roame

There up and downe he wandered fai,  
 Clad in a palmer's gown, 190  
 Till his brown locks grew white as wool,  
 His beard as thistle down.

At length, all wearied, down in death  
 He laid his reverend head  
 Meantime amid the lonely wilds 195  
 His little son was bred

There the weird lady of the woods  
 Had borne him far away,  
 And tran'd him up in feates of armes,  
 And every martial play 200

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## II.

### ST GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

The following ballad is given (with some corrections) from two ancient black-letter copies in the Pepys collection one of which is in 12mo, the other in folio

OF Hector's deeds did Homer sing,  
 And of the sack of stately Troy,  
 What griefs fair Helena did bring,  
 Which was sir Paris' only joy  
 And by my pen I will recite 5  
 St George's deeds, an English knight

Against the Sarazens so rude  
 Fought he full long and many a day;  
 Where many gyants he subdu'd,  
 In honour of the christian way. 10

And after many adventures past  
To Egypt land he came at last

Now, as the story plain doth tell,  
Within that countrey there did rest  
A dreadful diagon fierce and fell, 15  
Whereby they were full sore opprest  
Who by his poisonous breath each day,  
Did many of the city slay

The grief whereof did grow so great  
Throughout the limits of the land, 20  
That they their wise-men did intreat  
To shew them cunning out of hand,  
What way they might this fiend destroy,  
That did the countrey thus annoy

The wise-men all before the king 25  
This answer fram'd incontinent,  
The diagon none to death might bring  
By any means they could invent  
His skin more hard than brass was found,  
That sword nor spear could pierce nor wound. 30

When this the people understood,  
They cryed out most piteouslye,  
The diagon's breath infects their blood,  
That every day in heaps they dye  
Among them such a plague it bred, 35  
The living scarce could bury the dead

No means there were, as they could hear,  
For to appease the dragon's rage,  
But to present some virgin clear,  
Whose blood his fury might asswage, 40

Each day he would a maiden eat,  
For to allay his hunger great

This thing by all the wise-men found,  
Which truly must observed be,  
Wherefore throughout the city round 45  
A virgin pure of good degree  
Was by the king's commission still  
Taken up to serve the dragon's will

Thus did the dragon every day  
Untimely crop some virgin flower, 50  
Till all the maids were worn away,  
And none were left him to devour  
Saving the king's fair daughter bright,  
Her father's only heart's delight.

Then came the officers to the king 55  
That heavy message to declare,  
Which did his heart with sorrow sting,  
'She is,' quoth he, 'my kingdom's heir,  
O let us all be poisoned here,  
Ere she should die, that is my dear' 60

Then rose the people presently,  
And to the king in rage they went,  
They said his daughter dear should dye,  
The dragon's fury to prevent  
'Our daughters all are dead,' quoth they, 65  
'And have been made the dragon's prey

And by their blood we rescued were,  
And thou hast sav'd thy life thereby,  
And now in sooth it is but faire,  
For us thy daughter so should die' 70

‘O save my daughter,’ said the king,  
 ‘And let *me* feel the dragon’s sting’

Then fell fair Sabia on her knee,  
 And to her father dear did say,  
 ‘O father, strive not thus for me, 75  
 But let me be the dragon’s prey,  
 It may be, for my sake alone,  
 This plague upon the land was thrown

‘Tis better I should dye,’ she said,  
 ‘Than all your subjects perish quite, 80  
 Perhaps the dragon here was laid,  
 For my offence to work his spite  
 And after he hath suckt my gore,  
 Your land shall feel the grief no more’

‘What hast thou done, my daughter dear,  
 For to deserve this heavy scourge?  
 It is my fault, as may appear,  
 Which makes the gods our state to purge,  
 Then ought I die, to stint the strife,  
 And to preserve thy happy life’ 90

Like mad-men, all the people cried,  
 ‘Thy death to us can do no good,  
 Our safety only doth abide  
 In making her the dragon’s food’  
 ‘Lo! here I am, I come,’ quoth she, 95  
 ‘Therefore do what you will with me’

‘Nay stay, dear daughter,’ quoth the queen,  
 ‘And as thou art a virgin bright,  
 That hast for virtue famous been,  
 So let me cloath thee all in white, 100

And crown thy head with flowers sweet,  
An ornament for virgins meet'

And when she was attired so,  
• According to her mother's mind,  
Unto the stake then did she go, 105  
To which her tender limbs they bind  
And being bound to stake a thiall  
She bade farewell unto them all

'Farewell, my father dear,' quoth she,  
'And my sweet mother meek and mild, 110  
Take you no thought nor weep for me,  
For you may have another child  
Since for my country's good I dye,  
Death I receive most willingly'

The king and queen and all their train 115  
With weeping eyes went then their way,  
And let their daughter there remain,  
To be the hungry dragon's prey.  
But as she did there weeping lye, '  
Behold St George came riding by 120

And seeing there a lady bright  
So rudely tyed unto a stake,  
As well became a valiant knight,  
He straight to her his way did take  
'Tell me, sweet maiden,' then quoth he, 125  
'What canst thou thus abuseth thee?'

And, lo! by Christ his cross I vow,  
Which here is figured on my breast,  
I will revenge it on his brow,  
And break my lance upon his chest 130



And speaking thus whereas he stood,  
The dragon issued from the wood

The lady that did first espy  
The dreadful dragon coming so,  
Unto St George aloud did cry, 135  
And willed him away to go,  
'Here comes that cursed fiend,' quoth she,  
'That soon will make an end of me'

St George then looking round about,  
The fiery dragon soon espy'd, 140  
And like a knight of courage stout,  
Against him did most fiercely ride,  
And with such blows he did him greet,  
He fell beneath his horse's feet

For with his lance that was so strong, 145  
As he came gaping in his face,  
In at his mouth he thrust along,  
'For he could pierce no other place  
And thus within the lady's view  
This mighty dragon straight he slew 150

The savour of his poisoned breath  
Could do this holy knight no harm.  
Thus he the lady sav'd from death,  
And home he led her by the arm,  
Which when king Ptolemy did see, 155  
There was great mirth and melody

When as that valiant champion there  
Had slain the dragon in the field,  
To court he brought the lady fair,  
Which to their hearts much joy did yield. 160

He in the court of Egypt staid  
Till he most falsely was betray'd

That lady dearly lov'd the knight,  
He counted her his only joy, 165  
But when their love was brought to light  
It turn'd unto then great annoy  
Th' Morocco king was in the court,  
Who to the orchard did resort,

Dayly to take the pleasant air, 170  
For pleasure sake he us'd to walk,  
Under a wall he oft did hear  
St George with lady Sabia talk  
Then love he shew'd unto the king,  
Which to St George great woe did bring 175

Those kings together did devise  
To make the christian knight away,  
With letters him in courteous wise  
They straightway sent to Persia  
But wrote to the sophy him to kill, 180  
And treacherously his blood to spill

Thus they for good did him reward,  
With evil, and most subtilly  
By such vile meanes they had regard  
To work his death most cruelly, 185  
Who, as through Persia land he rode,  
With zeal destroy'd each idol god

For which offence he straight was thrown  
Into a dungeon dark and deep,  
Where, when he thought his wrongs upon, 190  
He bitterly did wail and weep

Yet like a knight of courage stout,  
At length his way he digged out.

Three grooms of the king of Persia  
By night this valiant champion slew, 195  
Though he had fasted many a day,  
And then away from thence he flew  
On the best steed the sophy had,  
Which when he knew he was full mad

Towards Christendom he made his flight, 200  
But met a gyant by the way,  
With whom in combat he did fight  
Most valiantly a summer's day  
Who yet, for all his bats of steel,  
Was forc'd the sting of death to feel 205

Back o'er the seas with many bands  
Of warlike souldiers soon he past,  
Vowing upon those heathen lands  
To work revenge, which at the last,  
Ere thineé three years were gone and spent, 210  
He wrought unto his heart's content

Save onely Egypt land he spar'd  
For Sabra bright her only sake,  
And, ere for her he had regard,  
He meant a tyal kind to make 215  
Mean while the king o'ercome in field  
Unto saint George did quickly yield

Then straight Morocco's king he slow,  
And took fair Sabra to his wife,  
But meant to try if she were true 220  
Ere with her he would lead his life

And, tho' he had her in his train,  
She did a virgin pure remain

Toward England then that lovely dame  
The brave St George conducted strait, 225  
An eunuch also with them came,  
Who did upon the lady wait,  
These three from Egypt went alone  
Now mark St George's valour shown

When as they in a forest were, 230  
The lady did desire to rest,  
Mean while St George to kill a deer,  
For then repast did think it best  
Leaving her with the eunuch there,  
Whilst he did go to kill the deer 235

But lo! all in his absence came  
Two hungry Lyons fierce and fell,  
And tore the eunuch on the same,  
In pieces small, the truth to tell,  
Down by the lady then they laid, 240  
Whereby they shew'd, she was a maid

But when he came from hunting back,  
And did behold this heavy chance,  
Then for his lovely virgin's sake  
His courage strait he did advance, 245  
And came into the lions sight,  
Who ran at him with all their might.

Their rage did him no whit dismay,  
Who, like a stout and valiant knight,  
Did both the hungry Lyons slay 250  
Within the lady Sabra's sight.

Who all this while sad and demure,  
There stood most like a virgin pure

Now when St George did surely know  
This lady was a virgin true, 255  
His heart was glad, that cist was woc,  
And all his love did soon renew  
He set her on a palfrey steed,  
And towards England came with speed

Where being in short space arriv'd 260  
Unto his native dwelling place,  
Therein with his dear love he liv'd,  
And fortune did his nuptials grace  
They many years of joy did see,  
And led their lives at Coventry 265

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### III

#### LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY

This excellent song is ancient, but we could only give it from a modern copy

Over the mountains,  
And over the waves,  
Under the fountains,  
And under the graves,  
Under floods that are deepest, 5  
Which Neptune obey,  
Over rocks that are steepest,  
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place  
For the glow-worm to lye, 10  
Where there is no space  
For receipt of a fly,

Where the midge daes not venture,  
Lest heiself fast she lay,  
If love come, he will enter, 15  
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him  
A child for his might;  
O! you may deem him 20  
A coward for his flight,  
But if she, whom love doth honour,  
Be conceal'd from the day,  
Set a thousand guards upon her,  
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him, 25  
By having him confin'd,  
And some do suppose him,  
Poor thing, to be blind,  
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
Do the best that you may, 30  
Blind love, if so ye call him,  
Will find out his way

You may train the eagle  
To stoop to your fist,  
O! you may inveigle 35  
The phoenix of the east,  
The lioness, ye may move her  
To give o'er her prey;  
But you'll ne'er stop a lover  
He will find out his way 40

\* \*  
\*

## IV.

## LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET,

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

—seems to be composed (not without improvement) out of two ancient English ones, printed in the former part of this volume. See Book I Ballad XV and Book II Ballad IV — If this had been the original, the authors of those two ballads would hardly have adopted two such different stories besides, this contains enlargements not to be found in either of the others. It is given with some corrections, from a MS copy transmitted from Scotland

LORD Thomas and fair Annet  
 Sate a' day on a hill,  
 Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,  
 They had not talkt then fill

Loid Thomas said a word in jest, 5  
 Fair Annet took it ill  
 'A'! I will nevv wed a wife  
 Against my aun friends will'

'Gif ye wull nevv wed a wife,  
 A wife wull neir wod yee' 10  
 Sae he is hame to tell his mither,  
 And knelt upon his knee

'O rede, O rede, mither,' he says,  
 'A gude rede gie to mee.  
 O sall I tak the nut-browne bride, 15  
 And let faire Annet bee?'

'The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,  
 Fair Annet she has gat nane,  
 And the little beauty fair Annet has,  
 O it wull soon be gane!' 20

And he has till his brother gane

‘Now, brother, rede ye mee,

O sall I marrie the nut browne biide,

And let fau Annet bee?’

‘The nut-browne bride has oxen, biothei,

25

The nut-browne biide has kye,

I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne biide,

And cast fau Annet bye’

‘Her oxen may dye i’ the house, Billie,

And her kye into the byre,

30

And I sall hae nothing to my sell,

Bot a fat fadge by the fyie’

And he has till his sister gane

‘Now, sister, rede ye mee,

O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,

35

And set fau Annet free?’

‘Ise rede ye tak fau Annet, Thomas,

And let the browne biide alane,

Lest ye sould sigh and say, Alace!

What is this we brought hame?’

40

‘No, I will tak my mitheris counsel,

And marrie me owt o’ hand,

And I will tak the nut-browne biide,

Fair Annet may leive the land’

Up then rose fair Annets father

45

Twa hours or it wer day,

And he is gane into the bower,

Wherein fair Annet lay.



‘Rise up, rise up, fair Annet,’ he says,  
‘Put on your silken sheene, 50  
Let us gae to St Maies kirk,  
And see that icht weddeen’

‘My maides, gae to my dressing room,  
And dress to me my han ,  
Whair-en yee laid a plait before, 55  
See yee lay ten times man

My maids, gae to my dressing room,  
And dress to me my smock,  
The one half is o’ the holland fine,  
The other o’ needle-work’ 60

The horse fan Annet rade upon,  
He amblit like the wind,  
Wi’ siller he was shod before,  
Wi’ burning gowd behind

Four and twanty siller bells 65  
Wer a’ tyed till his mane,  
And yae tift o’ the norland wind,  
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knights  
Rade by fan Annet’s side, 70  
And four and twanty fair ladies,  
As gin she had bin a bride

And whan she cam to Maies kirk,  
She sat on Maies stean  
The cleading that fan Annet had on 75  
It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirk,  
She shimmer'd like the sun,  
The belt that was about hei waist,  
Was a' wi' peasles bedone 80

She sat hei by the nut-browne buide,  
And hei een they were sae clear,  
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the buide,  
When fair Annet she drew near

He had a rose into his hand, 85  
And he gave it kisses three,  
And reaching by the nut-browne buide,  
Laid it on fair Annets knee

Up than spak the nut-browne buide,  
She spak wi' meikle spite, 90  
' And whaur gat ye that rose-water,  
That does mak yee sae white?'

' O I did get the rose-water,  
Whan ye wull neu get nane,  
For I did get that very rose-water 95  
Into my mither's wame '

The buide she drew a long bodkin,  
Frae out hei gay head-gear,  
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,  
That word she never spak man 100

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wex pale,  
And marvelt what mote bee  
But whan he saw hei dear hearts blude,  
A' wood-wiath wexed hee

He diew his dagger, that was sac shaip, 105  
 That was sac shaip and meet,  
 And diave into the nut-browne bride,  
 That fell deid at his feit

‘Now stay for me, dear Annet,’ he sed,  
 ‘Now stay, my dear,’ he cly’d, 110  
 Then strake the dagger untill his heart,  
 And fell deid by hei side

Lord Thomas was buried without knk-wa’,  
 Fair Annet within the quier.  
 And o’ the tane than grew a buk, 115  
 The other a bonny brier

And ay they grew, and ay they thow,  
 As they wad fame be nearo,  
 And by this ye may ken right woe,  
 They were twa luvors deare 120

— •

## V.

### UNFADING BEAUTY,

This little beautiful sonnet is reprinted from a small volume of ‘Poems by Thomas Carew, Esq. one of the gentlemen of the privie-chamber, and sewer in ordinary to his majesty (Charles I.) Lond. 1610.’ This elegant, and almost forgotten writer, whose poems have been deservedly revived, died in the prime of his age, in 1639.

In the original follows a third stanza, which, not being of general application, nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit.

HEE, that loves a rosie cheeko,  
 Or a corall lip admires,  
 Or from star-like eyes doth socke  
 Fuell to maintaine his fires,

As old time makes these decay, 5  
So his flames must waste away

But a smooth and stedfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts, and calme desires,  
Hearts with equal love combin'd  
Kindle never-dying fires 10  
Where these are not I despise  
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes  
      "      "      "      "      "

## VI.

## GEORGE BARNWELL

The subject of this ballad is sufficiently popular from the modern play which is founded upon it. This was written by George Lillo, a jeweller of London, and first acted about 1730 — As for the ballad it was printed at least as early as the middle of the 17th century.

It is here given from three old printed copies, which exhibit a strange intermixture of Roman and black letter. It is also collated with another copy in the Ashmole collection at Oxford, which is thus intitled, 'An excellent ballad of George Barnwell, an apprentice of London, who thrice robbed his master and murdered his uncle in Ludlow.' The tune is 'The Merchant.'

This tragical narrative seems to relate a real fact, but when it happened I have not been able to discover.

## THE FIRST PART

ALL youths of fair Englànd  
That dwell both far and near,  
Regard my story that I tell,  
And to my song give ear

A London lad I was, 5  
A merchant's prentice bound,  
My name George Barnwell, that did spend  
My master many a pound

Take heed of harlots then,  
And then enticing trains, 10  
For by that means I have been brought  
To hang alive in chains

As I, upon a day,  
Was walking through the street  
About my master's business, 15  
A wanton I did meet

A gallant dainty dame,  
And sumptuous in attire,  
With smiling look she greeted me,  
And did my name requite 20

Which when I had declar'd,  
She gave me then a kiss,  
And said, if I would come to her,  
I should have more than this

'Fare mistress,' then quoth I, 25  
'If I the place may know,  
This evening I will be with you,  
For I abroad must go

To gather monies in,  
That are my master's due 30  
And ere that I do home return,  
I'll come and visit you'

'Good Barnwell,' then quoth she,  
'Do thou to Shoreditch come,  
And ask for Mrs Millwood's house, 35  
Next door unto the Gun

And trust me on my truth,  
If thou keep touch with me,  
My dearest friend, as my own heart  
Thou shalt right welcome be' 40

Thus parted we in peace,  
And home I passed night,  
Then went abroad, and gathered in,  
By six o'clock at night,

An hundred pound and one. 45  
With bag under my arm  
I went to Mis Millwood's house,  
And thought on little harm,

And knocking at the door,  
Straightway herself came down, 50  
Rustling in most brave attire,  
With hood and silken gown

Who, through her beauty bright,  
So gloriously did shine,  
That she amaz'd my dazzling eyes, 55  
She seemed so divine

She took me by the hand,  
And with a modest grace,  
'Welcome, sweet Barnwell,' then quoth she,  
'Unto this homely place' 60

And since I have thee found  
As good as thy word to be  
A homely supper, ere we part,  
Thou shalt take here with me'

‘O pardon me,’ quoth I, 65  
 ‘Fau mistiess, I you praye,  
 For why, out of my master’s house,  
 So long I daie not stay’

‘Alas, good Sn,’ she said,  
 ‘Aie you so strictly ty’d, 70  
 You may not with your dearest friend  
 One hou or two abide?’

Faith, then the case is hard  
 If it be so,’ quoth she,  
 ‘I would I were a prentice bound, 75  
 To live along with thee

Therefore, my dearest Googe,  
 List well what I shall say,  
 And do not blame a woman much,  
 Her fancy to bewray 80

Let not affection’s force  
 Be counted lewd desue,  
 Nor think it not immodesty,  
 I should thy love requre’

With that she turn’d aside, 85  
 And with a blushing red,  
 A mounful motion she bewray’d  
 By hanging down her head

A handkerchief she had,  
 All wrought with silk and gold 90  
 Which she to stay her tickling teais  
 Before her eyes did hold

This thing unto my sight  
Was wondrous rare and strange,  
And in my soul and inward thought  
It wrought a sudden change

95

That I so hardy grew,  
To take her by the hand  
Saying, 'Sweet mistress, why do you  
So dull and pensive stand?'

100

'Call me no mistress now,  
But Sarah, thy true friend,  
Thy servant, Millwood, honouring thee,  
Until her life hath end

If thou wouldst here alledge,  
Thou art in years a boy,  
So was Adonis, yet was he  
Fair Venus' only joy'

105

Thus I, who ne'er before  
Of woman found such grace,  
But seeing now so fair a dame  
Give me a kind embrace,

110

I slept with her that night,  
With joys that did abound,  
And for the same paid presently,  
In money twice three pound

115

An hundred kisses then,  
For my farewell she gave,  
Crying, 'Sweet Barnwell, when shall I  
Again thy company have?'

120



O stay not hence too long,  
 Sweet George, have me in mind '  
 Her words bewicht my childishness,  
 She uttered them so kind

So that I made a vow, 125  
 Next Sunday without fail,  
 With my sweet Sarah once again  
 To tell some pleasant tale

When she heard me say so,  
 The tears fell from her eye, 130  
 'O George,' quoth she, 'if thou dost fail,  
 Thy Sarah sure will dye'

Though long, yet lo! at last,  
 The appointed day was come,  
 That I must with my Sarah meet, 135  
 Having a mighty sum

Of money in my hand,<sup>1</sup>  
 Unto her house went I,  
 Whereas my love upon her bed  
 In saddest sort did lye 140

'What ails my heart's delight,  
 My Sarah dear?' quoth I,  
 'Let not my love lament and grieve,  
 Nor sighing pine, and die.

But tell me, dearest friend, 145  
 What may thy woes amend,

<sup>1</sup> The having a sum of money with him on Sunday, &c shows this narrative to have been penned before the civil wars the strict observance of the Sabbath was owing to the change of manners at that period.

And thou shalt lack no means of help,  
Though forty pound I spend.'

With that she turn'd her head,  
' And sickly thus did say, 150  
' Oh me, sweet George, my grief is great,  
Ten pound I have to pay

Unto a cruel wretch,  
And God he knows,' quoth she,  
' I have it not ' 'Tush, rise,' I said, 155  
' And take it here of me

Ten pounds, not ten times ten,  
Shall make my love decay'  
Then from my bag into her lap,  
I cast ten pound straightway 160

All blithe and pleasant then,  
To banqueting we go,  
She proffered me to lye with her,  
And said it should be so

And after that same time, 165  
I gave her store of coyn,  
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once,  
All which I did purloyn

And thus I did pass on,  
Until my master then 170  
Did call to have his reckoning in  
Cast up among his men

The which when as I heard,  
I knew not what to say

For well I knew that I was out 175  
Two hundred pound that day

Then from my master straight  
I ran in secret sort,  
And unto Sarah Millwood there  
My case I did report 180

‘But how she us’d this youth,  
In this his care and woe,  
And all a strumpet’s wiley ways,  
The SECOND PART may shew’

#### THE SECOND PART

‘YOUNG Barnwell comes to thee,  
Sweet Sarah, my delight,  
I am undone unless thou stand  
My faithful friend this night.

Our master to accompts, 5  
Hath just occasion found;  
And I am caught behind the hand,  
Above two hundred pound

And now his wrath to ’scape,  
My love, I fly to thee, 10  
Hoping some time I may remain  
In safety here with thee’

With that she knit her brows,  
And looking all awoy,  
Quoth she, ‘What should I have to do 15  
With any prentice boy?’

And seeing you have purloyn'd  
Your master's goods away,  
The case is bad, and therefore here  
You shall no longer stay'

20

Why, dear, thou knowst,' I said,  
'How all which I could get,  
I gave it, and did spend it all  
Upon thee every whit'

Quoth she, 'Thou art a knave,  
To charge me in this sort,  
Being a woman of credit fair,  
And known of good report

25

Therefore I tell thee flat,  
Be packing with good speed,  
I do defie thee from my heart,  
And scorn thy filthy deed'

30

'Is this the friendship, that  
You did to me protest?  
Is this the great affection, which  
You so to me exprest?

35

Now fie on subtle shrews!  
The best is, I may speed  
To get a lodging anywhere  
For money in my need

40

False woman, now farewell,  
Whilst twenty pound doth last,  
My anchor in some other haven  
With freedom I will cast'

When she perceiv'd by this, 45  
I had store of money there  
'Stay, George,' quoth she, 'thou art too quick  
Why, man, I did but jeer

Dost think for all thy speech,  
That I would let thee go? 50  
Faith no,' said she, 'my love to thee  
I wiss is more than so'

'You scorne a pientice boy,  
I heard you just now swear,  
Wherefore I will not trouble you'—— 55  
——'Nay, George, hark in thine ear,

Thou shalt not go to-night,  
What chance soc'ie befall  
But, man, we'll have a bed for thee,  
O, else the devil take all' 60

So I by wiles bewitcht,  
And snar'd with fancy still,  
Had then no power to [get] away,  
Or to withstand her will

For wine on wine I call'd, 65  
And cheer upon good cheer,  
And nothing in the world I thought  
For Sarah's love too dear

Whilst in her company,  
I had such merriment, 70  
All, all too little I did think,  
That I upon her spent.

‘A fig for care and thought’  
When all my gold is gone,  
In faith, my gul, we will have more, 75  
Whoever I light upon

My father’s rich, why then  
Should I want store of gold?’  
‘Nay with a father sure,’ quoth she,  
‘A son may well make bold’ 80

‘I have a sister richly wed,  
I’ll rob her ere I’ll want’  
‘Nay,’ then quoth Sarah, ‘they may well  
Consider of your scant’

‘Nay, I an uncle have, 85  
At Ludlow he doth dwell  
He is a grazier, which in wealth  
Doth all the rest excell

Ere I will live in lack,  
And have no coyn for thee, 90  
I’ll rob his house, and murder him’  
‘Why should you not?’ quoth shee.

‘Was I a man, ere I  
Would live in poor estate,  
On father, friends, and all my kin, 95  
I would my talons grate

For without money, George,  
A man is but a beast  
But bringing money, thou shalt be  
Always my welcome guest. 100

For shouldst thou be pursued  
 With twenty hues and eyes,  
 And with a variant searched for  
 With Argus' hundred eyes,

Yet here thou shalt be safe, 105  
 Such privy ways there be,  
 That if they sought an hundred years,  
 They could not find out thee'

And so carousing both  
 Their pleasures to content 110  
 George Barnwell had in little space  
 His money wholly spent

Which done, to Ludlow straight  
 He did provide to go,  
 To rob his wealthy uncle there; 115  
 His minion would it so.

And once he thought to take  
 His father by the way,  
 But that he fear'd his master had  
 Took order for his stay <sup>1</sup> 120

Unto his uncle then  
 He rode with might and main,  
 Who with a welcome and good cheer  
 Did Barnwell entertain

One fortnight's space he stayed, 125  
 Until it chanced so,  
 His uncle with the cattle did  
 Unto a market go

<sup>1</sup> i. e. for stopping, and apprehending him at his father's.

His kinsman rode with him,  
Where he did see nigh plain, 130  
Great store of money he had took  
When coming home again,

Sudden within a wood,  
He struck his uncle down,  
And beat his brains out of his head, 135  
So sore he crackt his crown

Then seizing fourscore pound,  
To London straight he hyed,  
And unto Sarah Millwood all  
The cruel fact descryed 140

‘Tush, ’tis no matter, George,  
So we the money have  
To have good cheer in jolly sort,  
And deck us fine and brave’

Thus lived in filthy sort, 145  
Until their store was gone  
When means to get them any more,  
I wis, poor George had none

Therefore in railing sort,  
She thrust him out of door 150  
Which is the just reward of those,  
Who spend upon a whore

‘O! do me not disgrace  
In this my need,’ quoth he  
She call’d him thief and murderer, 155  
With all the spight might be.



To the constable she sent,  
To have him apprehended,  
And shewed how far, in each degree,  
He had the laws offended 160

When Bainwell saw her drift,  
To sea he got straightway,  
Where fear and sting of conscience  
Continually on him lay

Unto the lord mayor then, 165  
He did a letter write,  
In which his own and Sarah's fault  
He did at large recite

Whereby she seized was,  
And then to Ludlow sent, 170  
Where she was judg'd, condemn'd, and hang'd,  
For murder incontinent.

There dyed this gallant quean,  
Such was her greatest gains  
For murder in Polonia, 175  
Was Bainwell hung in chains

Lo! here's the end of youth,  
That after harlots haunt  
Who in the spoil of other men,  
About the streets do flaunt 180

---

## VII.

## THE STEDFAST SHEPHERD

These beautiful Stanzas were written by George Wither, of whom some account was given in the former part of this volume, see the song intitled, 'The Shepherd's Resolution,' Book II Song XXI. In the first edition of this work only a fragment of this sonnet was inserted. It was afterwards rendered more complete and intire by the addition of five stanzas more, extracted from Wither's pastoral poem, intitled 'The Mistress of Philuete,' of which this song makes a part. It is now given still more correct and perfect by comparing it with another copy, printed by the author in his improved edition of 'The Shepherd's Hunting,' 1620, 8vo

HENCE away, thou Syren, leave me,  
 Pish! unclaspe these wanton aimes,  
 Sugred words can ne'er deceive me,  
 (Though thou prove a thousand charmes)  
     Fie, fie, foibeare, 5  
     No common snare  
 Can ever my affection chaine,  
     Thy painted baits,  
     And poore deceits,  
 Are all bestowed on me in vaine 10

I'me no slave to such, as you be,  
 Neither shall that snowy brest,  
 Rowling eye, and lip of ruby  
     Ever robb me of my rest  
     Goe, goe display 15  
     Thy beautie's ray  
 To some more-soone enamour'd swaine  
     Those common wiles  
     Of sighs and smiles  
 Aie all bestowed on me in vaine. 20

I have elsewhere vowed a dutie,  
 Tune away thy tempting eye

Shew not me a painted beautie;  
 These impostures I defie  
     My spurr lothes  
     Where gawdy clothes  
 And fained othes may love obtaine  
     I love her so,  
     Whose looke sweares No,  
 That all your labours will be vaine

25

30

Can he prize the tainted posies,  
 Which on every brest are worne,  
 That may plucke the virgin roses  
 From then never-touched thorne?  
     I can goe rest  
     On her sweet brest,  
 That is the pride of Cynthia's traine  
     Then stay thy tongue,  
     Thy mermaid song  
 Is all bestowed on me in vaine

35

40

Hee's a foole, that basely dallies,  
 Where each peasant mates with him  
 Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,  
 Whilst their 's noble hills to climbe?  
     No, no, though clownes  
     Are scar'd with frownes,  
 I know the best can but disdainc,  
     And those Ile prove  
     So will thy love  
 Be all bestowed on me in vaine

45

50

I doe scorne to vow a dutie,  
 Where each lustfull lad may wooe.  
 Give me her, whose sun-like beautie  
 Buzzards dare not soare unto

Shee, shee it is 55  
 Affoords that blisse  
 For which I would refuse no paine  
 But such as you,  
 Fond fooles, adieu,  
 You seeke to captive me in vaine. 60

Leave me then, you Syrens, leave me,  
 Seeke no more to worke my haimes  
 Craftie wiles cannot deceive me,  
 Who am prooffe against your charmes,  
 You labour may 65  
 To lead astray  
 The heart, that constant shall remaine:  
 And I the while  
 Will sit and smile  
 To see you spend your time in vaine 70

---

### VIII

## THE SPANISH VIRGIN, OR EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY

The subject of this ballad is taken from a folio collection of tragical stories, intitled, 'The theatie of God's judgements, by Dr Beard and Dr Taylor,' 1642, Pt 2, p 89 —The text is given (with corrections) from two copies, one of them in black-letter in the Pepys collection. In this every stanza is accompanied with the following distich by way of burden

'O Jealousie! thou art nurst in hell  
 Depart from hence, and therein dwell'

ALL tender hearts, that ake to hear  
 Of those that suffer wrong,  
 All you, that never shed a tear,  
 Give heed unto my song.

Fair Isabella's tragedy 5  
My tale doth far exceed  
Alas! that so much cruelty  
In female hearts should breed!

In Spain a lady liv'd of late,  
Who was of high degree, 10  
Whose wayward temper did create  
Much woe and misery

Strange jealousies so fill'd her head  
With many a vain surmise,  
She thought her lord had wrong'd her bed, 15  
And did her love despise

A gentlewoman passing fair  
Did on this lady wait,  
With bravest dames she might compare,  
Her beauty was compleat 20

Her lady cast a jealous eye  
Upon this gentle maid,  
And taxt her with disloyaltye;  
And did her oft upbraid

In silence still this maiden meek 25  
Her bitter taunts would bear,  
While oft adown her lovely cheek  
Would steal the falling tear

In vain in humble sort she strove  
Her fury to disarm, 30  
As well the meekness of the dove  
The bloody hawke might charm.

Hei lord of humour light and gay,  
 And innocent the while,  
 As oft as she came in his way, 35  
 Would on the dansell smile

And oft before his lady's face,  
 As thinking her her friend,  
 He would the maiden's modest grace  
 And comeliness commend 40

All which mcens'd his lady so  
 She bunt with wiath extreame,  
 At length the fire that long did glow,  
 Burst forth into a flame

For on a day it so befell, 45  
 When he was gone from home,  
 The lady all with rage did swell,  
 And to the damsell come

And chaiging her with great offence,  
 And many a gnievous fault, 50  
 She bade her servants drag her thence,  
 Into a dismal vault,

That lay beneath the common-shore  
 A dungeon dark and deep  
 Where they were wont, in days of yore, 55  
 Offenders great to keep

There never light of chearful day  
 Dispers'd the hideous gloom,  
 But dank and noisome vapours play  
 Around the wretched room 60

And adders, snakes, and toads theron,  
As afterwards was known,  
Long in this loathsome vault had bin,  
And were to monsters grown

Into this foul and fearful place, 65  
The fair one innocent  
Was cast, before her lady's face,  
Her malice to content

This maid no sooner enter'd is,  
But stiait, alas! she hears 70  
The toads to croak, and snakes to hiss  
Then grievously she fears

Soon from then holes the vipers creep,  
And fiercely her assail  
Which makes the damsel sorely weep, 75  
And her sad fate bewail

With her fair hands she strives in vain  
Her body to defend  
With shrieks and cries she doth complain,  
But all is to no end. 80

A servant listning near the door,  
Struck with her doleful noise,  
Stiait ran his lady to implore,  
But she'll not hear his voice

With bleeding heart he goes agen 85  
To mark the maiden's groans,  
And plainly hears, within the den,  
How she herself bemoans.

Again he to his lady hies  
 With all the haste he may 90  
 She into furious passion flies,  
 And orders him away

Still back again does he return  
 To hear her tender cries,  
 The virgin now had ceas'd to mourn, 95  
 Which filled him with surprize

In grief, and horror, and affright,  
 He listens at the walls  
 But finding all was silent quite,  
 He to his lady calls 100

'Too sure, O lady,' now quoth he,  
 'Your cruelty hath sped,  
 Make hast, for shame, and come and see,  
 I fear the virgin's dead'

She starts to hear her sudden fate, 105  
 And does with torches run  
 But all her haste was now too late,  
 For death his worst had done

The door being open'd stant they found  
 The virgin stretch'd along 110  
 Two dreadful snakes had wrapt her round,  
 Which her to death had stung

One round her legs, her thighs, her wast  
 Had twin'd his fatal wreath.  
 The other close her neck embac'd, 115  
 And stopt her gentle breath.



The snakes, being from her body thrust,  
 Then bellies were so fill'd,  
 That with excess of blood they burst,  
 Thus with their prey were kill'd 120

The wicked lady at this sight,  
 With horror straight ran mad,  
 So having dy'd, as was most right,  
 'Cause she no pity had

Let me advise you, ladies all, 125  
 Of jealousy beware  
 It causeth many a one to fall,  
 And is the devil's snare \* \*

---

 IX

## JEALOUSY TYRANT OF THE MIND.

This song is by Dryden, being inserted in his Tragi-Comedy of 'Love Triumphant,' &c a play acted in 1694, and printed the same year — On account of the subject it is inserted here

WHAT state of life can be so blest,  
 As love that warms the gentle brest,  
 Two souls in one, the same desire  
 To grant the bliss, and to require?  
 If in this heaven a hell we find, 5  
 'Tis all from thee,  
 O Jealousie!  
 Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind

All other ills, though sharp they prove,  
 Serve to refine and perfect love 10  
 In absence, or unkind disdain,  
 Sweet hope relieves the lovers pain

But, oh, no cure but death we find  
 To sett us free  
 From jealousie, 15  
 Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind

False in thy glass all objects are,  
 Some sett too near, and some too far  
 Thou art the fire of endless night,  
 The fire that burns, and gives no light 20  
 All torments of the damn'd we find  
 In only thee,  
 O Jealousie,  
 Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind

---

X

CONSTANT PENELOPE

The ladies are indebted for the following notable documents to the Pepys collection, where the original is preserved in black-letter, and is intitled, 'A looking-glass for ladies, or a mirrour for married women Tune Queen Dido, or Troy town'

WHEN Greeks and Trojans fell at strife,  
 And lords in armour bright were seen,  
 When many a gallant lost his life  
 About fair Hellen, beauty's queen,  
 Ulysses, general so free, 5  
 Did leave his dear Penelope

When she this wofull news did hear,  
 That he would to the warrs of Troy,  
 For grief she shed full many a tear,  
 At parting from her only joy, 10  
 Her ladies all about her came,  
 To comfort up this Grecian dame

Ulysses, with a heavy heart,  
 Unto her then did mildly say,  
 'The time is come that we must part, 15  
 My honour calls me hence away,  
 Yet in my absence, dearest, be  
 My constant wife, Penelope '

'Let me no longer live,' she sayd,  
 'Then to my lord I true remain, 20  
 My honour shall not be betray'd  
 Until I see my love again,  
 For I will ever constant prove,  
 As is the loyal turtle-dove '

Thus did they part with heavy cheer, 25  
 And to the ships his way he took;  
 Her tender eyes dropt many a tear,  
 Still casting many a longing look.  
 She saw him on the surges glide,  
 And unto Neptune thus she cry'd 30

'Thou god, whose power is in the deep,  
 And rulest in the ocean main,  
 My loving lord in safety keep  
 Till he return to me again  
 That I his person may behold, 35  
 To me more precious far than gold.'

Then straight the ships with nimble sails  
 Were all convey'd out of her sight  
 Her cruel fate she then bewails,  
 Since she had lost her hearts delight 40  
 'Now shall my practice be,' quoth she,  
 'True vertue and humility

My patience I will put in use,  
 My charity I will extend,  
 Since for my woe there is no cure, 45  
 The helpless now I will befriend  
 The widow and the fatherless  
 I will relieve, when in distress'

Thus she continued year by year  
 In doing good to every one, 50  
 Her name was noised every where,  
 To young and old the same was known  
 That she no company would mind,  
 Who were to vanity inclin'd

Mean while Ulysses fought for fame, 55  
 'Mongst Trojans hazarding his life  
 Young gallants, hearing of her name,  
 Came flocking far to tempt his wife  
 For she was lovely, young, and fair,  
 No lady might with her compare. 60

With costly gifts and jewels fine,  
 They did endeavour her to win,  
 With banquets and the choicest wine,  
 For to allure her unto sin  
 Most persons were of high degree, 65  
 Who courted fair Penelope

With modesty and comely grace,  
 Their wanton suits she did deny,  
 No tempting charms could e'er deface  
 Her dearest husband's memorye, 70  
 But constant she would still remain,  
 Hoping to see him once again

Her book her dayly comfort was,  
 And that she often did peruse,  
 She seldom looked in her glass, 75  
 Powder and paint she ne'er would use.  
 I wish all ladies were as free  
 From pride, as was Penelope

She in her needle took delight,  
 And likewise in her spinning-wheel, 80  
 Her maids about her every night  
 Did use the distaff, and the reel  
 The spiders, that on rafters twine,  
 Scarce spun a thread more soft and fine

Sometimes she would bewail the loss 85  
 And absence of her dearest love  
 Sometimes she thought the seas to cross,  
 Her fortune on the waves to prove  
 'I fear my lord is slain,' quoth she,  
 'He stays so from Penelope' 90

At length the ten years siege of Troy  
 Did end, in flames the city burn'd,  
 And to the Grecians was great joy,  
 To see the towers to ashes turn'd,  
 Then came Ulysses home to see 95  
 His constant, dear, Penelope

O blame her not if she was glad,  
 When she her lord again had seen  
 'Thrice-welcome home, my dear,' she said,  
 'A long time absent thou hast been 100  
 The wars shall never more deprive  
 Me of my lord whilst I'm alive.'

Fair ladies all, example take,  
 And hence a worthy lesson learn,  
 All youthful follies to forsake, 105  
 And vice from virtue to discern  
 And let all women strive to be,  
 As constant as Penelope.

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## XI

## TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

By Col Richard Lovelace from the volume of his poems, intitled, 'Lucasta, Lond 1649' 12mo The elegance of this writer's manner would be more admm'd, if it had somewhat more of simplicity

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,  
 That from the nunnerie  
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,  
 To warre and armes I flie

True, a new mistresse now I chase, 5  
 The first foe in the field,  
 And with a stronger faith embrace  
 A sword, a horse, a shield

Yet this inconstancy is such,  
 As you too shall adore, 10  
 I could not love thee, deare, so much,  
 Lov'd I not honour more

---

## XII

## VALENTINE AND URSINE

The old story-book of Valentine and Oison (which suggested the plan of this tale, but it is not strictly followed in it), was originally a translation from the French, being one of their earliest attempts at romance. See 'Le Bibliotheque de Romans, &c.'

The circumstance of the bridge of bells is taken from the old metrical legend of Sir Bevis, and has also been copied in the 'Seven Champions'. The original lines are,

'Over the dyke a bridge there lay,  
That man and beast might passe away  
Under the brydge were sixty belles,  
Right as the Romans telles,  
That their might no man passe in,  
But all they rang with a gyn'

Sign B iv

In the Editor's folio MS. was an old poem on this subject, in a wretched corrupt state, unworthy the press from which were taken such particulars as could be adopted

## PART THE FIRST.

WHEN Flora 'gins to docke the fields  
With colours fresh and fine,  
Then holy clerkes their mattins sing  
To good Saint Valentine!

The king of France that morning fair  
He would a hunting ride.  
To Artois forest prancing forth  
In all his princely pride

To grace his sports a courtly tram  
Of gallant peers attend,  
And with their loud and cheerful cries  
The hills and valleys rend

Through the deep forest swift they pass,  
Through woods and thickets wild,  
When down within a lonely dell  
They found a new-born child,

5

10

15

All in a scarlet kercher lay'd  
 Of silk so fine and thin.  
 A golden mantle wrapt him round  
 Pinn'd with a silver pin. 20

The sudden sight surpriz'd them all,  
 The courtiers gather'd round,  
 They look, they call, the mother seek,  
 No mother could be found

At length the king himself drew near, 25  
 And as he gazing stands,  
 The pretty babe look'd up and smil'd,  
 And stretch'd his little hands.

'Now, by the rood,' king Pepin says,  
 'This child is passing fair. 30  
 I wot he is of gentle blood,  
 Perhaps some prince's heir

Goe bear him home unto my court,  
 With all the care ye may:  
 Let him be christen'd Valentine, 35  
 In honour of this day.

And look me out some cunning nurse,  
 Well nurtur'd let him bee,  
 Nor ought be wanting that becomes  
 A bairn of high degree.' 40

They look'd him out a cunning nurse,  
 And nurtur'd well was hee,  
 Nor ought was wanting that became  
 A bairn of high degree.



Thus grewe the little Valentine 45  
Belov'd of king and peeis,  
And shew'd in all he spake or did  
A wit beyond his yeais

But chief in gallant feates of arms  
He did himself advance, 50  
That ere he grewe to man's estate  
He had no peerie in France

And now the early downe began  
To shade his youthful chin,  
When Valentine was dubb'd a knight, 55  
That he might glory win

'A boon, a boon, my gracious hege,  
I beg a boon of thee'  
The first adventure, that befalls,  
May be reserv'd for mee' 60

'The first adventure shall be thine,'  
The king did smilng say  
Nor many days, when lo! there came,  
Three palmers clad in graye

'Help, gracious lord,' they weeping say'd, 65  
And knolt, as it was meet.  
'From Artoys forest we be come,  
With weak and weary feet

Within those deep and drearye woods  
There wends a savage boy, 70  
Whose fierce and mortal rage doth yield  
Thy subjects due annoy.

'Mong ruthless beaies he sure was bred,  
He lurks within then den  
With beaies he lives, with beaies he feeds, 75  
And drinks the blood of men

To more than savage strength he joins  
A more than human skill  
For arms, ne cunning may suffice  
His cruel rage to still ' 80

Up then rose sir Valentine,  
And claim'd that arduous deed.  
'Go forth and conquer,' say'd the king,  
'And great shall be thy meed'

Well mounted on a milk-white steed, 85  
His armour white as snow,  
As well beseem'd a vigin knight,  
Who ne'er had fought a foe

To Artoys foirest he repairs  
With all the haste he may, 90  
And soon he spies the savage youth  
A rending of his prey

His unkempt hair all matted hung  
His shaggy shoulders round  
His eager eye all fiery glow'd 95  
His face with fury frown'd

Like eagles' talons grew his nails  
His limbs were thick and strong,  
And dreadful was the knotted oak  
He bare with him along

Soon as su' Valentine approach'd,  
He starts with sudden spring,  
And yelling forth a hideous howl,  
He made the forests ring

As when a tyger fierce and fell 105  
Hath spied a passing roe,  
And leaps at once upon his throat,  
So sprung the savage foe,

So lightly leap'd with furious force  
The gentle knight to seize 110  
But met his tall uplifted spear,  
Which sunk him on his knees

A second stroke so stiff and stern  
Had laid the savage low,  
But springing up, he rais'd his club, 115  
And aim'd a dreadful blow

The watchful warrior bent his head,  
And shun'd the coming stroke,  
Upon his taper spear it fell,  
And all to shivers broke 120

Then lighting nimbly from his steed,  
He drew his burnisht brand  
The savage quick as lightning flew  
To wrest it from his hand

Three times he grasp'd the silver hilt, 125  
Three times he felt the blade,  
Three times it fell with furious force,  
Three ghastly wounds it made

Now with redoubled rage he roar'd,  
His eye-ball flash'd with fire, 130  
Each hairy limb with fury shook;  
And all his heart was ire

Then closing fast with furious gripe  
He clasp'd the champion round,  
And with a strong and sudden twist 135  
He laid him on the ground

But soon the knight, with active spring,  
O'erturned his hairy foe;  
And now between their sturdy fists  
Past many a bruising blow 140

They roll'd and grappled on the ground,  
And there they struggled long  
Skilful and active was the knight;  
The savage he was strong

But brutal force and savage strength 145  
To art and skill must yield  
Sir Valentine at length prevail'd,  
And won the well-fought field

Then binding strait his conquer'd foe  
Fast with an iron chain, 150  
He tyes him to his horse's tail,  
And leads him o'er the plain.

To court his hairy captive soon  
Sir Valentine doth bring,  
And kneeling downe upon his knee, 155  
Presents him to the king

With loss of blood and loss of strength,  
 The savage tamer grew,  
 And to sin Valentine became  
 A servant try'd and true 160

And 'cause with beares he erst was bled,  
 Uisme they call his name,  
 A name which unto future times  
 The Muses shall proclame

## PART THE SECOND

In high renown with prince and peere  
 Now liv'd sin Valentine  
 His high renown with prince and peere  
 Made envious hearts repine

It chanc'd the king upon a day 5  
 Prepar'd a sumptuous feast,  
 And there came lords, and dainty dames,  
 And many a noble guest

Amid then cups, that freely flow'd,  
 Their revelry, and mirth, 10  
 A youthful knight tax'd Valentine  
 Of base and doubtful birth

The foul reproach, so grossly urg'd,  
 His generous heart did wound.  
 And strait he vow'd he ne'er would rest 15  
 Till he his parents found

Then bidding king and peers adieu,  
 Early one summer's day,  
 With faithful Uisme by his side,  
 From court he took his way. 20

O'er hill and valley, moss and moor,  
For many a day they pass,  
At length upon a moated lake,<sup>1</sup>  
They found a bridge of brass

Beyond it rose a castle fair 25  
Y-built of marble stone  
The battlements were gilt with gold,  
And glittred in the sun

Beneath the bridge, with strange device,  
A hundred bells were hung, 30  
That man, nor beast, might pass thereon,  
But strait their larum rung

Thus quickly found the youthful pair,  
Who boldly crossing o'er,  
The jangling sound bedeaft their ears, 35  
And rung from shore to shore

Quick at the sound the castle gates  
Unlock'd and opened wide,  
And strait a gyant huge and grim  
Stalk'd forth with stately pride. 40

'Now yield you, caytiffs, to my will,'  
He cried with hideous roar,  
'Or else the wolves shall eat your flesh,  
And ravens drink your gore'

'Vain boaster,' said the youthful knight, 45  
'I scorn thy threats and thee  
I trust to force thy brazen gates,  
And set thy captives free'

<sup>1</sup> Ver 23, i e a lake that served for a moat to a castle

Then putting spurs unto his steed,  
He aim'd a dreadful thrust  
The spear against the gyant glanc'd,  
And caused the blood to burst 50

Mad and outrageous with the pain,  
He whul'd his mace of steel  
The very wind of such a blow  
Had made the champion reel 55

It haply mist, and now the knight  
His glittering sword display'd,  
And riding round with whulwind speed  
Oft made him feel the blade 60

As when a large and monstrous oak  
Unceasing axes hew  
So fast around the gyant's limbs  
The blows quick-darting flew

As when the boughs with hideous fall  
Some hapless woodman crush  
With such a force the enormous foe  
Did on the champion rush 65

A fearful blow, alas ! there came,  
Both horse and knight it took,  
And laid them senseless in the dust;  
So fatal was the stroke 70

Then smiling forth a hideous grin,  
The gyant strides in haste,  
And, stooping, aims a second stroke :  
' Now caytiff breathe thy last ! ' 75

But ere it fell, two thundering blows  
Upon his scull descend  
From Ursine's knotty club they came,  
Who ran to save his friend 80

Down sunk the gyant gaping wide,  
And rolling his gum eyes  
The hairy youth repeats his blows,  
He gasps, he groans, he dies

Quickly sir Valentine reviv'd 85  
With Ursine's timely care  
And now to search the castle walls  
The venturous youths repair.

The blood and bones of murder'd knights  
They found where'er they came 90  
At length within a lonely cell  
They saw a mournful dame

Her gentle eyes were dim'd with tears,  
Her cheeks were pale with woe  
And long sir Valentine besought 95  
Her doleful tale to know

'Alas ! young knight,' she weeping said,  
'Condole my wretched fate  
A childless mother here you see,  
A wife without a mate. 100

These twenty winters here forlorn  
I've drawn my hated breath,  
Sole witness of a monster's crimes,  
And wishing aye for death



Know, I am sister of a king , 105  
And in my early years  
Was married to a mighty prince,  
The fairest of his peets

With him I sweetly liv'd in love  
A twelvemonth and a day 110  
When, lo ! a foul and treacherous priest  
Y-wrought our loves' decay

His seeming goodness wan him pow'r ,  
He had his master's ear  
And long to me and all the world 115  
He did a saint appear

One day, when we were all alone,  
He proffer'd odious love .  
The wretch with honour I repuls'd,  
And from my presence drove. 120

He feign'd remorse, and piteous beg'd  
His crime I'd not reveal  
Which, for his seeming penitence,  
I promis'd to conceal

With treason, villainy, and wrong 125  
My goodness he repay'd  
With jealous doubts he fill'd my lord,  
And me to woe betray'd

He hid a slave within my bed,  
Then rais'd a bitter cry 130  
My lord, possess with rage, condemn'd  
Me, all unheard, to dye.

But 'cause I then was great with child,  
 At length my life he spar'd  
 But bade me instant quit the realme, 135  
 One trusty knight my guard

Forth on my journey I depart,  
 Opprest with grief and woe,  
 And tow'ids my brother's distant court,  
 With breaking heart I goe 140

Long time thro' sundry foreign lands  
 We slowly pace along  
 At length within a forest wild  
 I fell in labour strong

And while the knight for succour sought, 145  
 And left me there forlorn,  
 My childbed pains so fast increast  
 Two lovely boys were born.

The eldest fair, and smooth, as snow  
 That tips the mountain hoar 150  
 The younger's little body rough  
 With hairs was cover'd o'er

But here afresh begin my woes  
 While tender care I took  
 To shield my eldest from the cold, 155  
 And wrap him in my cloak,

A prowling bear buist from the wood,  
 And seiz'd my younger son  
 Affection lent my weakness wings,  
 And after them I run. 160

But all forweaned, weak and spent  
I quickly swoon'd away,  
And there beneath the greenwood shade  
Long time I lifeless lay

At length the knight brought me relief, 165  
And rais'd me from the ground  
But neither of my pretty babes  
Could ever more be found

And, while in search we wander'd far,  
We met that gyant grim, 170  
Who ruthless slew my trusty knight,  
And bare me off with him

But charm'd by heav'n, or else my griefs,  
He offer'd me no wrong,  
Save that within these lonely walls 175  
I've been immur'd so long'

'Now, surely,' said the youthful knight,  
'You are lady Bellisance,  
Wife to the Grecian emperor  
Your brother's king of France 180

For in your royal brother's court  
Myself my breeding had,  
Where oft the story of your woes  
Hath made my bosom sad

If so, know your accuser's dead, 185  
And dying own'd his crime,  
And long your lord hath sought you out  
Thro' every foreign clime

And when no tidings he could learn  
 Of his much-wronged wife, 190  
 He vow'd thenceforth within his court  
 To lead a hermit's life'

'Now heaven is kind!' the lady said,  
 And dropt a joyful tear.  
 'Shall I once more behold my lord, 195  
 That lord I love so dear?'

'But, madam,' said sir Valentine,  
 And knelt upon his knee,  
 'Know you the cloak that wrapt you babe,  
 If you the same should see?' 200

And pulling forth the cloth of gold,  
 In which himself was found,  
 The lady gave a sudden shriek,  
 And fainted on the ground

But by his pious care reviv'd, 205  
 His tale she heard anon,  
 And soon by other tokens found,  
 He was indeed her son

'But who's this hary youth?' she said,  
 'He much resembles thee 210  
 The bear devour'd my younger son,  
 Or sure that son were he'

'Madam, this youth with bears was bred,  
 And rear'd within their den  
 But recollect ye any mark 215  
 To know your son agen?'

‘Upon his little side,’ quoth she,  
 ‘Was stamp’t a bloody rose’  
 ‘Here, lady, see the crimson mark  
 Upon his body grows!’ 220

Then clasping both her new-found sons  
 She bath’d then cheeks with tears,  
 And soon towards her brother’s court  
 Her joyful course she steers

What pen can paint king Pepin’s joy, 225  
 His sister thus restor’d!  
 And soon a messenger was sent  
 To cheer her drooping lord

Who came in haste with all his peers,  
 To fetch her home to Greece, 230  
 Where many happy years they reign’d  
 In perfect love and peace

To them sir Ursine did succeed,  
 And long the scepter bore  
 Sir Valentine he stay’d in France, 235  
 And was his uncle’s heir

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### XIII

#### THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY

This humorous song (as a former editor<sup>1</sup> has well observed) is to old metrical romances and ballads of chivalry, what Don Quixote is to prose narratives of that kind — a lively satire on their extravagant fictions. But although the satire is thus general, the subject of this ballad is local and peculiar, so that many of the finest strokes of humour are lost for want of our knowing the minute circumstances to which they allude. Many of them can hardly now be recovered, although we have been fortunate enough to learn the general

<sup>1</sup> Collection of Historical Ballads in 3 vol. 1727

subject to which the satire referred, and shall detail the information, with which we have been favoured, in a separate memoir at the end of the poem

In handling his subject, the author has brought in most of the common incidents which occur in Romance. The description of the dragon<sup>1</sup>—his out-rages—the people flying to the knight for succour—his care in chusing his armour—his being drest for fight by a young damsel—and most of the circumstances of the battle and victory (allowing for the burlesque turn given to them) are what occur in every book of chivalry, whether in prose or verse

If any one piece, more than other, is more particularly levelled at, it seems to be the old rhyming legend of sir Bevis. There a *Dragon* is attacked from a *Well* in a manner not very remote from this of the ballad

There was a well, so have I wynde,  
And Bevis stumbled ryght therein

\* \* \*

Than was he glad without fayle,  
And rested a while for his avayle,  
And dranke of that water his fyll,  
And than he lepte out, with good wyll,  
And with Morglay his brande  
He assayled the dragon, I understande  
On the dragon he smote so faste,  
Where that he hit the scales braste  
The dragon then faynted sore,  
And cast a galon and more  
Out of his mouthe of venim strong,  
And on syr Bevis he it long  
It was venymous y-wis

This seems to be meant by the *Dragon of Wantley's stink*, ver 110. As the politic knight's creeping out, and attacking the dragon, &c seems evidently to allude to the following

Bevis blessed himselfe, and forth yode,  
And lepte out with haste full good,  
And Bevis unto the dragon gone is,  
And the dragon also to Bevis  
Longe, and harde was that fyght  
Betwene the dragon, and that knyght  
But ever whan syr Bevis was hurt sore,  
He went to the well, and washed him there,  
He was as hole as any man,  
Ever freshe as whan he began  
The dragon sawe it might not avayle  
Besyde the well to hold batayle,  
He thought he would, wyth some wyle  
Out of that place Bevis begyle,  
He woulde have flowne then awaye,  
But Bevis lepte after with good Morglaye,  
And hyt him under the wynges,  
As he was in his flyenge, &c

Sign, M jv L j &c

After all, perhaps the writer of this ballad was acquainted with the above incidents only through the medium of Spenser, who has assumed most of them in his *Faery Queen*. At least some particulars in the description of the Dragon, &c seem evidently borrowed from the latter. See Book I Canto 11, where the Dragon's 'two wynges like sayls—huge long tayl—with stings—his cruel

<sup>1</sup> See above pag 83 & p 178

rending claws—and yon teeth—his breath of smothering smoke and sulphur—and the duration of the fight for upwards of two days, bear a great resemblance to passages in the following ballad, though it must be confessed that these particulars are common to all old writers of Romance

Although this ballad must have been written early in the seventeenth century, we have met with none but such as were comparatively modern copies. It is here printed from one in Roman letter, in the Pepys Collection, collated with such others as could be procured

Old stories tell, how Hercules  
 A Dragon slew at Leina,  
 With seven heads, and fourteen eyes,  
 To see and well discern-a  
 But he had a club, this dragon to drub, 5  
 Or he had ne'er done it, I warrant ye  
 But More of Moir-Hall, with nothing at all,  
 He slew the dragon of Wantley

This dragon had two furious wings,  
 Each one upon each shoulder, 10  
 With a sting in his tayl, as long as a flayl,  
 Which made him bolder and bolder  
 He had long claws, and in his jaws  
 Four and forty teeth of iron;  
 With a hide as tough, as any buff, 15  
 Which did him round environ

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse  
 Held seventy men in his belly?  
 This dragon was not quite so big,  
 But very near, I'll tell ye 20  
 Devoured he poor children three,  
 That could not with him grapple;  
 And at one sup he eat them up,  
 As one would eat an apple

All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat 25  
 Some say he ate up trees,

And that the forests sure he would  
 Devour up by degrees  
 For houses and churches were to him geese and turkies,  
 He ate all, and left none behind, 30  
 But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not crack,  
 Which on the hills you will find

In Yorkshure, near fair Rotherham,  
 The place I know it well,  
 Some two or three miles, or thereabouts, 35  
 I vow I cannot tell,  
 But there is a hedge, just on the hill edge,  
 And Matthew's house hard by it,  
 O there and then was this dragon's den,  
 You could not chuse but spy it 40

Some say, this dragon was a witch,  
 Some say, he was a devil,  
 For from his nose a smoke arose,  
 And with it burning snivel,  
 Which he cast off, when he did cough, 45  
 In a well that he did stand by,  
 Which made it look, just like a brook  
 Running with burning brandy

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,  
 Of whom all towns did ring, 50  
 For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick, cuff  
 and huff,  
 Call sor of a whore, do any kind of thing  
 By the tail and the main, with his hands twain  
 He swung a horse till he was dead,  
 And that which is stranger, he for very anger 55  
 Eat him all up but his head

Ver 29, were to him gorse and birches. Other Copies



These children, as I told, being cat,  
 Men, women, guls and boys,  
 Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,  
 And made a hideous noise 60  
 ‘O save us all, More of More-Hall,  
 Thou pecciless knight of these woods,  
 Do but slay this dragon, who won’t leave us a rag on,  
 We’ll give thee all our goods’  
  
 ‘Tut, tut,’ quoth he, ‘no goods I want, 65  
 But I want, I want, in sooth,  
 A fair maid of sixteen, that’s brisk, and keen,  
 With smiles about the mouth,  
 Hair black as sloe, skin white as snow,  
 With blushes her cheeks adorning, 70  
 To annoynt me o’er night, ere I go to fight,  
 And to dress me in the morning’  
  
 This being done he did engage  
 To hew the dragon down,  
 But first he went, new armour to 75  
 Bespeak at Sheffield town,  
 With spikes all about, not within but without,  
 Of steel so sharp and strong,  
 Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o’er  
 Some five or six inches long 80  
  
 Had you but seen him in this dress,  
 How fierce he look’d, and how big,  
 You would have thought him for to be  
 Some Egyptian porcupine  
 He fought all, cats, dogs, and all, 85  
 Each cow, each horse, and each hog  
 For fear they did flee, for they took him to be  
 Some strange outlandish hedge-hog

To see this fight, all people then  
 Got up on trees and houses, 90  
 On churches some, and chimneys too,  
 But these put on their trowses,  
 Not to spoil their hose As soon as he rose,  
 To make him strong and mighty,  
 He drank by the tale, six pots of ale, 95  
 And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,  
 For wit doth strength excell,  
 Which made our cunning champion  
 Creep down into a well, 100  
 Where he did think, this dragon would drink,  
 And so he did in truth,  
 ' And as he stoop'd low, he rose up and cry'd, 'boh'  
 And hit him in the mouth

' Oh,' quoth the dragon, 'pox take thee, come out,  
 Thou disturb'st me in my drink ' 106  
 And then he turn'd, and s at him,  
 Good lack how he did stink!  
 ' Beshrew thy soul, thy body's foul,  
 Thy dung smells not like balsam, 110  
 Thou son of a whore, thou stink'st so sore,  
 Sure thy diet is unwholesome'

Our politick knight, on the other side,  
 Crept out upon the brink,  
 And gave the dragon such a douse, 115  
 He knew not what to think  
 ' By cock,' quoth he, 'say you so. do you see?'  
 And then at him he let fly  
 With hand and with foot, and so they went to't,  
 And the word it was, 'Hey boys, hey!' 120

'Your words,' quoth the dragon, 'I don't undeistand '  
 Then to it they fell at all,  
 Like two wild boars so fierce, if I may,  
 Compare great things with small  
 Two days and a night, with this dragon did fight 125  
 Our champion on the ground,  
 Tho' then strength it was great, then skill it was  
 neat,  
 They never had one wound

At length the hard earth began to quake,  
 The dragon gave him a knock, 130  
 Which made him to reel, and straightway he  
 thought,  
 To lift him as high as a rock,  
 And thence let him fall But More of More-Hall,  
 Like a valiant son of Mars,  
 As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him about, 135  
 And hit him a kick on the a . .

'Oh,' quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,  
 And turn'd six times together,  
 Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing  
 Out of his throat of leather, 140  
 'More of More-Hall! O thou rascal!  
 Would I had seen thee never,  
 With the thing at thy foot, thou hast pricked my a  
 gut,  
 And I'm quite undone for ever

Murder, Murder,' the dragon cry'd, 145  
 'Alack, alack, for grief;  
 Had you but mist that place, you could  
 Have done me no mischief.'

Then his head he shaken, trembled and quaked,  
 And down he laid and cry'd, 150  
 First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,  
 So groan'd, kickt, s . . . , and dy'd

A description of the supposed scene of the foregoing ballad, which was communicated to the Editor in 1767, is here given in the words of the relater

'In Yorkshure, 6 miles from Rotherham, is a village, called Wortley, the seat of the late Wortley Montague, Esq. About a mile from this village is a lodge, named Warncliffe Lodge, but vulgarly called Wantley here lies the scene of the song I was there above forty years ago and it being a woody rocky place, my friend made me clamber over rocks and stones, not telling me to what end, till I came to a sort of a cave, then asked my opinion of the place, and pointing to one end, says, 'Here lay the Dragon killed by Moor of Moor-hall here lay his head, here lay his tail, and the stones we came over on the hill, are those he could not crack, and yon white house you see half a mile off, is Moor-hall' I had dined at the lodge, and knew the man's name was Matthew, who was a keeper to Mr Wortley, and, as he endeavoured to persuade me, was the same Matthew mentioned in the song —In the house is the picture of the Dragon and Moor of Moor-Hall, and near it a Well, 'which,' says he, 'is the well described in the ballad'

†† Since the former editions of this humorous old song were printed, the following Key to the Satire hath been communicated by Godfrey Bosville, Esq of Thorp, near Malton, in Yorkshure, who, in the most obliging manner, gave full permission to subjoin it to the poem

Warncliffe Lodge, and Warncliffe Wood (vulgarly pronounced Wantley), are in the parish of Penniston, in Yorkshure The rectory of Penniston was part of the dissolved monastery of St Stephen's, Westminster, and was granted to the Duke of Norfolk's family who therewith endowed an hospital, which he built at Sheffield, for women The trustees let the impropriation of the great tithes of Penniston to the Wortley family, who got a great deal by it, and wanted to get still more for Mr Nicholas Wortley attempted to take the tithes in kind, but Mr Francis Bosville opposed him, and there was a decree in favour of the Modus in 37th Eliz The vicarage of Penniston did not go along with the rectory, but with the copyhold rents, and was part of a large purchase made by Ralph Bosville, Esq from Qu Elizabeth, in the 2d year of her reign and that part he sold in 12th Eliz to his elder brother Godfrey, the father of Francis, who left it, with the rest of his estate, to his wife, for her life, and then to Ralph, 3d son of his uncle Ralph. The widow married Lionel Rowlestone, lived eighteen years, and survived Ralph.

This premised, the ballad apparently relates to the law-suit carried on concerning this claim of Tithes made by the Wortley family 'Houses and Churches, were to him Geese and Turkeys' which are titheable things, the Dragon chose to live on Sir Francis Wortley, the son of Nicholas, attempted again to take the tithes in kind, but the parishioners subscribed an agreement to defend their Modus And at the head of the agreement was Lionel Rowlestone, who is supposed to be one of 'the Stones, dear Jack, which the Dragon could not crack' The agreement is still preserved in a

large sheet of parchment, dated 1st of James I, and is full of names and seals, which might be meant by the coat of armour, 'with spikes all about, both within and without' More of More-hall was either the attorney, or counsellor, who conducted the suit. He is not distinctly remembered, but More-hall is still extant at the very bottom of Wantley [Wunchiff] Wood, and lies so low, that it might be said to be in a Well as the Dragon's den [Warncliff Lodge] is at the top of the wood, 'with Matthen's house build by it'. The Keepers belonging to the Wortley family were named, for many generations, Matthew Northall the last of them left this lodge, within memory, to be Keeper to the Duke of Norfolk. The present owner of More-hall still attends Mr Bosville's Manor-Court at Oxspring, and pays a Rose a year. 'More of More-hall, with nothing at all, slew the Dragon of Wortley'. He gave him, instead of tithes, so small a Modus, that it was in effect nothing at all, and was slaying him with a vengeance. 'The poor children thence,' &c cannot surely mean the three sisters of Francis Bosville, who would have been co-heiresses had he made no will? The late Mr Bosville had a contest with the descendants of two of them, the late Sir Geo Saville's father, and Mr Copley, about the presentation to Penniston, they supposing Francis had not the power to give this part of the estate from the heirs at law, but it was decided against them. The Dragon (Sir Francis Wortley) succeeded better with his cousin Wordesworth, the freehold Lord of the manor (for it is the copyhold manor that belongs to Mr Bosville) having persuaded him not to join the refractory parishioners, under a promise that he would let him his tithes cheap and now the estates of Wortley and Wordesworth are the only lands that pay tithes in the parish.

*NB* The 'two days and a night' mentioned in ver 125 as the duration of the combat, was probably that of the trial at law.

A legend current in the Wortley family states the 'dragon to have been a formidable drinker, drunk dead by the chieftain of the opposite moors'. Ellis thinks it was a wolf or some other fierce animal hunted down by More of More-hall.—ED.

## XIV

### ST GEORGE FOR ENGLAND

#### THE FIRST PART

As the former song is in ridicule of the extravagant incidents in old ballads and metrical romances, so this is a burlesque of their style, particularly of the rambling transitions and wild accumulation of unconnected parts, so frequent in many of them.

This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, 'imprinted at London, 1612'. It is more ancient than many of the preceding, but we place it here for the sake of connecting it with the SECOND PART.

WHY doe you boast of Arthur and his knightes,  
Knowing [well] how many men have endured  
fightes?

For besides king Arthur, and Lancelot du lake,  
Or su Tristram de Lionel, that fought for ladies  
sake,

Read in old histories, and there you shall see  
How St George, St George the dragon made to  
flee

St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
Fiance,

Sing, *Honr soit qui mal y pense*

Mark our father Abraham, when first he resckued  
Lot

Onely with his household, what conquest there he  
got

David was elected a prophet and a king,  
He slew the great Goliath, with a stone within a  
sling

Yet these werè not knightes of the table round,  
Nor St George, St George, who the dragon did  
confound

St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
France,

Sing, *Honr soit qui mal y pense.*

Jephthah and Gideon did lead then men to fight,  
They conquered the Amorites, and put them all to  
fight

Hercules his labours [were] on the plaines of  
Basse,

And Sampson slew a thousand with the jawbone of  
an asse,

And eke he threw a temple downe, and did a  
 mighty spoyle  
 But St George, St George he did the dragon  
 foyle  
 St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
 France,  
 Sing, *Hon soit qui mal y pense*

The waines of ancient monarchs it were too long  
 to tell,  
 And likewise of the Romans, how faire they did  
 excell,  
 Hannyball and Scipio in many a fielde did  
 fighte  
 Orlando Furioso he was a worthy knighte  
 Remus and Romulus, were they that Rome did  
 bulde  
 But St George, St George the dragon made to  
 yelde  
 St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
 France,  
 Sing, *Hon soit qui mal y pense*

The noble Alphonso, that was the Spanish  
 king,  
 The order of the red scarffes and bandiolles in did  
 bring <sup>1</sup>  
 He had a troope of mighty knightes, when first he  
 did begin,  
 Which sought adventunes farie and neare, that  
 conquest they might win

<sup>1</sup> This probably alludes to 'An Ancient Order of Knighthood, called the Order of the Band, instituted by Don Alphonsus, king of Spain, to wear a red riband of three fingers breadth,' &c See Ames Typog p 327

The ranks of the Pagans he often put to flight  
 But St George, St George did with the dragon fight  
 St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
 Fiance,

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Many [knights] have fought with proud Tambeilaine  
 Cutlax the Dane, great waies he did maintaine  
 Rowland of Beame, and good [su] Olivere  
 In the forest of Acon slew both wolfe and beare  
 Besides that noble Hollander, [sir] Goward with  
 the bill

But St George, St George the dragon's blood did  
 spill

St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
 Fiance,

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*

Valentine and Orson were of king Pepin's blood  
 Alfide and Henry they were brave knightes and good  
 The four sons of Aymon, that follow'd Chailemaine  
 Su Hughon of Budeaux, and Godfrey of Bullaine  
 These were all French knightes that lived in that age  
 But St George, St George the dragon did assuage  
 St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
 Fiance,

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*

Bevis conquered Ascapart, and after slew the boare,  
 And then he crost beyond the seas to combat with  
 the moore

Sir Isenbras, and Eglamore they were knightes most  
 bold,

And good Sir John Mandeville of travel much hath  
 told



There were many English knights that Pagans  
 did convert  
 But St George, St George pluckt out the dragon's  
 heart  
 St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
 France,  
 Sing, *Honr soit qui mal y pense*

The noble earl of Warwick, that was call'd sir Guy,  
 The infidels and pagans stoutlie did defie,  
 He slew the giant Brandmore, and after was the  
 death  
 Of that most ghastly dun cove, the divell of Duns-  
 more heath,  
 Besides his noble deeds all done beyond the seas  
 But St George, St George the dragon did appease  
 St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
 France,  
 Sing, *Honr soit qui mal y pense.*

Richard Cœur-de-lion cist king of this land,  
 He the lion goied with his naked hand <sup>1</sup>  
 The false duke of Austria nothing did he feare,  
 But his son he killed with a boxe on the eare,  
 Besides his famous actes done in the holy lande  
 But St George, St. George the dragon did with-  
 stande  
 St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
 France,  
 Sing, *Honr soit qui mal y pense*

Henry the fifth he conquered all France,  
 And quartered their arms, his honour to advance

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the fabulous Exploits attributed to this King in the old Romances See the Dissertation prefixed to this Volume

He their cities razed, and threw then castles downe,  
 And his head he honoured with a double crowne  
 He thumped the French-men, and after home he  
 came

But, St George, St George he did the diagon tame  
 St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
 France,

Sing, *Hon sort qui mal y pense*

St David of Wales the Welsh-men much advance  
 St Jaques of Spaine, that never yet broke lance  
 St Patricke of Ireland, which was St Georges boy,  
 Seven yeares he kept his hoise, and then stole him  
 away

For which knavish act, as slaves they doe remaine  
 But St George, St. George the diagon he hath  
 slaine

St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
 France,

Sing, *Hon sort qui mal y pense*

## XV.

### ST GEORGE FOR ENGLAND,

#### THE SECOND PART

—was written by John Grubb, M A of Christ Church, Oxford The occasion of its being composed is said to have been as follows A set of gentlemen of the university had formed themselves into a Club, all the members of which were to be of the name of 'George' Their anniversary feast was to be held on St George's day Our Author solicited strongly to be admitted, but his name being unfortunately John, this disqualification was dispensed with only upon this condition, that he would compose a song in honour of their Patron Saint, and would every year produce one or more new stanzas, to be sung on their annual festival This gave birth to the following

humorous performance, the several stanzas of which were the produce of many successive anniveisaries<sup>1</sup>

This diverting poem was long handed about in manuscript, at length a friend of Grubb's undertook to get it printed, who, not keeping pace with the impatience of his friends, was addressed in the following whimsical macaronic lines, which, in such a collection as this, may not impropely accompany the poem itself

Expostulatuncula, sive Querimoniuncula ad Antonium [Atherton] ob Poema Johannis Grubb, *Viri τοῦ πρᾶν ingeniosissimi in lucem nondum editi*

Toni! Tune sines divina poemata Grubbi  
Intomb'd in secret thus still to remain any longer,  
*Τὸν ποίημά σου shall last, ὦ Γρυββε διαμυρεpes æt,*  
Grubbe tuum nomen vivet dum nobilis ale a  
Efficit heroas, dignamque heroe puellam  
Est genus heroum, quos nobilis efficit alen-a  
Qui pro ἡρωικῶν clamant, quatinque liquoris  
Quem vocitant Homines Brandy, Superi Chary brandy  
Sæpe illi long cut, vel small cut flare Tobacco  
Sunt solita pipoa Ast si generosior herba  
(Pei varios casus, pei tot discrimina rerum)  
Mundungus desit, tum non fucare recusant  
Brown-paper tost<sup>2</sup>, vel quod sit arundine bed mat  
Hic labor, hoc opus est heroum ascendere sedes!  
Ast ego quo ἰαπλαί? quo me fiet entheus odor  
Grubbe, tui memorum? Divinum expando poema  
Quæ moia? quæ ratio est, quin Grubbi protinus anser  
Vigili, klaceique simul canat inter olores?

At length the importunity of his friends prevailed, and Mr Grubb's song was published at Oxford, under the following title

THE BRITISH MUSE  
A New Poem in honour of St George  
By Mr JOHN GRUBB,  
School-master of Christ Church  
OXFORD 1688

Favete linguis caimina non plus  
Audita, musarum succidos  
Canto —

Hor

Sold by Henry Clements, Oxford

THE story of king Arthur old  
Is very memorable,  
The number of his valiant knights,  
And roundness of his table  
The knights around his table in  
A circle sate d'ye see

5

<sup>1</sup> To this circumstance it is owing that the Editor has never met with two copies, in which the stanzas are arranged alike, he has therefore thrown them into what appeared the most natural order. The verses are properly long Alexandrines, but the narrowness of the page made it necessary to subdivide them they are here printed with many improvements.

And altogethei made up one  
 Large hoop of chivaly  
 He had a sword, both broad and shaip,  
 Y-cleped Calibunn, 10  
 Would cut a flint more easily,  
 Than pen-knife cuts a corn,  
 As case-knife does a capon carve,  
 So would it carve a rock,  
 And split a man at single slash, 15  
 From noddle down to nock  
 As Roman Augur's steel of yore  
 Dissected Tarquun's niddle,  
 So this would cut both conjurer  
 And whetstone thro' the middle 20  
 He was the cream of Biecknock,  
 And flower of all the Welsh  
 But George he did the dragon fell,  
 And gave him a plaguy squelsh  
 St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
 France, 25  
 Sing, *Honi sôt qui mal y pense.*

Pendiagon, like his father Jove,  
 Was fed with milk of goat,  
 And like him made a noble shield  
 Of she-goat's shaggy coat 30  
 On top of burnisht helmet he  
 Did wear a crest of lecks,  
 And onions' heads, whose dreadful nod  
 Diew tears down hostile cheeks  
 Itch, and Welsh blood did make him hot, 35  
 And very prone to ue,  
 H' was ting'd with brimstone, like a match,  
 And would as soon take fire

As brimstone he took inwardly  
 When scuff gave him occasion, 40  
 His postern puff of wind was a  
 Sulphureous exhalation  
 The Burton never tergivers'd,  
 But was for adverse drubbing,  
 And never turn'd his back to aught, 45  
 But to a post for scrubbing  
 His sword would serve for battle, or  
 For dinner, if you please,  
 When it had slain a Cheshire man,  
 'Twould toast a Cheshire cheese 50  
 He wounded, and, in their own blood,  
 Did anabaptize Pagans  
 But George he made the dragon an  
 Example to all dragons  
 St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
 Fianco, 55  
 Sing, *Ilona sort qui mal y pense*

Brave Warwick Guy, at dinner time,  
 Challeng'd a gyant savage;  
 And streight came out the unwieldy lout  
 Brim-full of wrath and cabbage 60  
 He had a phiz of latitude,  
 And was full thick i' th' middle,  
 The cheeks of puffed trumpeter,  
 And paunch of squire Beadle<sup>1</sup>  
 But the knight fell'd him, like an oak, 65  
 And did upon his back tread,  
 The valiant knight his weazon cut,  
 And Atropos his packthread

<sup>1</sup> Men of bulk answerable to their places, as is well known at Oxford.

Besides he fought with a dun cow,  
 As say the poets witty, 70  
 A dreadful dun, and horned too,  
 Like dun of Oxford city  
 The feivent dog-days made her mad,  
 By causing heat of weather,  
 Syrus and Procyon bated her, 75  
 As bull-dogs did her father  
 Giasiers, nor butchers this fell beast,  
 E'er of her fiodick hindied,  
 John Dosset<sup>1</sup> she'd knock down as flat,  
 As John knocks down her kindied 80  
 Her heels would lay ye all along,  
 And kick into a swoon,  
 Fiewin's<sup>2</sup> cow-heels keep up your corpse,  
 But hers would beat you down

She vanqusht many a sturdy wight, 85  
 And proud was of the honour,  
 Was pufft by mauling butchers so,  
 As if themselves had blown her  
 At once she kickt, and pusht at Guy,  
 But all that would not fight him, 90  
 Who wav'd his winyard o'er su-loyn,  
 As if he'd gone to knight him  
 He let her blood, frenzy to cure,  
 And eke he did her gall rip,  
 His trenchant blade, like cook's long  
 spit, 95  
 Ran thro' the monster's bald-rib  
 He rear'd up the vast crooked rib,  
 Instead of arch triumphal.

<sup>1</sup> A butcher that then served the college — <sup>2</sup> A cook, who on fast nights was famous for selling cow-heel and tripe

But George hit th' dragon such a pelt,  
 As made him on his bum fall. 100  
 St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
 France,  
 Sing, *Honr soit qui mal y pense*

Tamerlain, with Tartarian bow,  
 The Turkish squadrons slew,  
 And fetch'd the pagan crescent down, 105  
 With half-moon made of yew  
 His trusty bow proud Turks did gall,  
 With showers of arrows thuck,  
 And bow-strings, without strangling, sent  
 Grand-Visiers to old Nick 110  
 Much turbants, and much Pagan pates  
 He made to humble in dust,  
 And heads of Saracens he fixt  
 On spear, as on a sign-post.  
 He coop'd in cago Bajazet the prop 115  
 Of Mahomet's religion,  
 As if 't had been the whispering bird,  
 That prompted him; the pigeon  
 In Turkey-leather scabbard, he  
 Did sheath his blade so trenchant 120  
 But George he swing'd the dragon's tail,  
 And cut off every inch on't.  
 St George he was for England, St. Dennis was for  
 France,  
 Sing, *Honr soit qui mal y pense.*

The amazon Thalestris was 125  
 Both beautiful, and bold;  
 She scar'd her breasts with iron hot,  
 And bang'd her foes with cold.

Her hand was like the tool, wherewith  
     Jove keeps proud mortals under 130  
 It shone just like his lightning,  
     And batter'd like his thunder  
 Her eye darts lightning, that would  
     blast  
     The proudest he that swagger'd,  
 And melt the rapier of his soul, 135  
     In its corporeal scabbard  
 Her beauty, and her 'drum to foes  
     Did cause amazement double,  
 As timorous larks amazed are  
     With light, and with a low-bell 140  
 With beauty and that lapland charm,<sup>1</sup>  
     Poor men she did bewitch all,  
 Still a blind whining lover had,  
     As Pallas had her screech-owl  
 She kept the chastness of a nun 145  
     In amour, as in cloyster.  
 But George undid the dragon just  
     As you 'd 'undo an oyster  
 St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
     France,  
 Sing, *Honr soit qui mal y pense* 150

Stout Hercules, was offspring of  
     Great Jove, and fair Alcmena.  
 One part of him celestial was,  
     One part of him terrene  
 To scale the hero's cradle walls 155  
     Two fiery snakes combin'd,  
 And, curling into swaddling cloaths,  
     About the infant twin'd.

<sup>1</sup> The drum.



But he put out these dragons' fires,  
 And did their hissing stop, 160  
 As red-hot iron with hissing noise  
 Is quencht in blacksmith's shop  
 He cleans'd a stable, and rubb'd down  
 The horses of new-comers,  
 And out of horse-dung he rais'd fame, 165  
 As Tom Wienc<sup>1</sup> does cucumbers  
 He made a river help him through;  
 Alpheus was under-gloom,  
 The stream, disgust at office mean,  
 Ran mumbling thro' the room 170  
 This liquid ostler to prevent  
 Being tired with that long work,  
 His father Neptune's trident took,  
 Instead of three-tooth'd dung-fork  
 This Hercules, as soldier, and 175  
 As spinster, could take pains,  
 His club would sometimes spin ye flax,  
 And sometimes knock out brains  
 H' was forc'd to spin his miss'a shift  
 By Juno's wrath and hoi-spite, 180  
 Fair Omphale whipt him to his wheel,  
 As cook whips barking turn-spit.  
 From man, or chunn he well knew how  
 To get him lasting fame  
 He'd pound a giant, till the blood, 185  
 And milk till butter came  
 Often he fought with huge battoon,  
 And oftentimes he boxed,  
 Tapt a fresh monster once a month,  
 As Heivey<sup>2</sup> doth fresh hogshhead. 190

<sup>1</sup> Who kept Paradise gardens at Oxford — <sup>2</sup> A noted drawer at the Mermaid tavern in Oxford

He gave Anteus such a hug,  
 As wiestleis give in Coinwall  
 But George he did the dragon kill,  
 As dead as any door-nail  
 St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
 France, 197  
 Sing *Hon sort qui mal y pense*

The Gemini, sprung from an egg,  
 Were put into a cradle  
 Their brains with knocks and bottled ale,  
 Were often-times full addle 200  
 And, scarcely hatch'd, these sons of him,  
 That hurls the bolt trisulcate,  
 With helmet-shell on tender head,  
 Did tustle with red-ey'd pole-cat  
 Castor a hoiseman, Pollux tho' 205  
 A boxer was, I wist  
 The one was famed for iron heel,  
 Th' other for leaden fist  
 Pollux to shew he was god,  
 When he was in a passion 210  
 With fist made noses fall down flat  
 By way of adoration  
 This fist, as sure as French disease,  
 Demolish'd noses' ridges,  
 He like a certain lord<sup>1</sup> was fam'd 215  
 For breaking down of bridges  
 Castor the flame of fiery steed,  
 With well-spur'd boots took down,  
 As men, with leathern buckets, quench  
 A fire in country town 220

<sup>1</sup> Lord Lovelace broke down the bridges about Oxford, at the beginning of the Revolution. See on this subject a ballad in Smith's Poems, p 102 Lond 1713.

His famous hoise, that liv'd on oats,  
 Is sung on oaten quill,  
 By bards' immortal provender  
 The nag surviveth still  
 This shelly brood on none but knaves 225  
 Employ'd then busk attilloy  
 And flew as naturally at logues  
 As eggs at thief in pilloy<sup>1</sup>  
 Much sweat they spent in furious fight,  
 Much blood they did offund 230  
 Then whites they vented thro' the pores,  
 Their yolks thro' gaping wound  
 Then both were cleans'd from blood and dust  
 To make a heavenly sign,  
 The lads weie, like their armour, scow'd, 235  
 And then hung up to shine,  
 Such weie the heavenly double-Dicks,  
 The sons of Jove and Tyndar.  
 But George he cut the dragon up,  
 As he had bin duck or windar 240  
 St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
 Fiânce,  
 Sing, *Hon sort qui mal y pense*

Gorgon a twisted adder wore  
 For knot upon her shoulder  
 She kemb'd her hissing perwig, 245  
 And curling snakes did powder  
 These snakes they made stuff changelings  
 Of all the folks they hust on,

<sup>1</sup> It has been suggested by an ingenious correspondent that this was a popular subject at that time

Not carted bawd, or Dan de Foo,  
 In wooden buff ere bluster'd so

Smith's Poems, p. 117.

They turned barbaais into hones,  
 And masons into free-stone, 250  
 Swoided magnetic Amazon  
 Her shield to load-stone changes,  
 Then amorous sword by magic belt  
 Clung fast unto her haunches  
 This shield long village did protect, 255  
 And kept the army from-town,  
 And chang'd the bulhes into rocks,  
 That came t' invade Long-Compton <sup>1</sup>  
 She post-diluvian stores unmans,  
 And Pyrha's work unnavels, 260  
 And stares Deucahon's hardy boys  
 Into their primitive pebbles  
 Red noses she to rubies turns,  
 And noddles into buicks  
 But George made dragon laxative, 265  
 And gave him a bloody flux  
 St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
 France,  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*

By boar-spear Meleager got  
 An everlasting name, 270  
 And out of haunch of basted swine,  
 He hew'd eternal fame  
 This beast each hero's trouzers ript,  
 And rudely shew'd his bare-breech,  
 Prickt but the wem, and out there came 275  
 Heroic guts and garbadge  
 Legs were secur'd by iron boots  
 No more, than peas by peascods.

<sup>1</sup> See the account of Rolicht Stones, in Dr Plot's Hist of Oxfordshire.

Brass helmets, with inclosed skulls,  
 Wou'd crackle in 's mouth like chesnuts 280  
 His tawny hauns erected were  
 By rage, that was resistless,  
 And wrath, instead of cobler's wax,  
 Did stuffen his rising bustles  
 His tusk lay'd dogs so dead asleep, 285  
 Nor horn, nor whip cou'd wake 'um  
 It made them vent both their last blood,  
 And then last alburni-grecum  
 But the knight gor'd him with his spear,  
 To make of him a tame one, 290  
 And arrows thick, instead of cloves,  
 He stuck in monster's gammon  
 For monumental pillar, that  
 His victory might be known,  
 He rais'd up, in cylindric form, 295  
 A collar of the brawn  
 He sent his shade to shades below,  
 In Stygian mud to wallow  
 And eke the stout St George oftsoon,  
 He made the dragon follow 300  
 St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
 France;  
 Sing, *Hon sort qui mal y pense*

Achilles of old Chiron leant  
 The great horse for to ride,  
 H' was taught by th' Centaur's rational part, 305  
 The humble to bestide.  
 Bright silver feet, and shining face  
 Had that stout hero's mother,  
 As rapier's silver'd at one end,  
 And wounds you at the other. 310

Her feet were bight, his feet were swift,  
 As hawk pursuing sparrow.  
 Her's had the metal, his the speed  
 Of Biabuin's<sup>1</sup> silver arrow  
 Thetis to double pedagogue 315  
 Commits her dearest boy,  
 Who bled him from a slender twig  
 To be the scourge of Troy  
 But ere he lasht the Trojans, h' was  
 In Stygian waters' steep, 320  
 As birch is soaked first in piss,  
 When boys are to be whipt  
 With skin exceeding hard, he rose  
 From lake, so black and muddy,  
 As lobsters from the ocean rise, 325  
 With shell about their body  
 And, as from lobster's broken claw,  
 Pick out the fish you might  
 So might you from one unshell'd heel  
 Dig pieces of the knight 330  
 His myrmidons robb'd Priam's bairns  
 And hen-roosts, says the song, \*  
 Carried away both coin and eggs,  
 Like ants from whence they sprung  
 Himself toie Hector's pantaloons, 335  
 And sent him down bare-breech'd  
 To pedant Radamanthus, in  
 A posture to be switch'd  
 But George he made the dragon look,  
 As if he had been bewitch'd 340  
 St George he was for England, St Dennis was for France,  
 Sing *Hon soit qui mal y pense*

<sup>1</sup> Biabuin, a gentleman commoner of Lincoln college, gave a silver arrow to be shot for by the archers of the university of Oxford

Full fatal to the Romans was  
 The Carthaginian Hanni-  
 bal, him I mean, who gave them such 345  
 A devilish thump at Cannæ  
 Moors thick, as goats on Penmenmuic,  
 Stood on the Alpes's front  
 Then one-eyed guide,<sup>1</sup> like blinking mole,  
 Boi'd thro' the hindring mount 350  
 Who, baffled by the massy rock,  
 Took vinegar for relief,  
 Like plowmen, when they hew their way  
 Thro' stubborn rump of beef  
 As dancing louts from humid toes 355  
 Cast atoms of ill savour  
 To blinking Hyatt,<sup>2</sup> when on vile crowd  
 He mentiment does endeavour,  
 And saws from suffering timber out  
 Some wretched tune to quiver 360  
 So Romans stunk and squeak'd at sight  
 Of Affrican carnovol.  
 The tawny surface of his phiz  
 Did seive instead of vizzard  
 But George he made the dragon have 365  
 A grumblng in his gizzard  
 St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
 Fiance,  
 Sing, *Hon sort qui mal y pense.*

The valour of Domitian,  
 It must not be forgotten, 370  
 Who from the jaws of worm-blowing flies,  
 Protected veal and mutton

<sup>1</sup> Hannibal had but one eye — <sup>2</sup> A one eyed fellow, who pretended to make fiddles, as well as play on them, well-known at that time in Oxford.

A squadron of flies enant,  
 Against the foe appears,  
 With regiments of buzzing knights, 375  
 And swarms of volunteers  
 The warlike wasp encourag'd 'em,  
 With animating hum,  
 And the loud brazen hornet next,  
 He was their kettle-drum 380  
 The Spanish don Cantharido  
 Did him most sorely pester,  
 And rais'd on skin of vent'ous knight  
 Full many a plaguy blister  
 A bee whipt thro' his button hole, 385  
 As thro' key hole a witch,  
 And stabl'd him with her little tuck  
 Drawn out of scabbard breech  
 But the undaunted knight lifts up  
 An aim both big and brawny, 390  
 And slasht her so, that here lay head,  
 And there lay bag and honey  
 Then 'mongst the rout he flew as  
 swift,  
 As weapon made by Cyclops,  
 And bravely quell'd seditious buz, 395  
 By dint of massy fly-flops  
 Surviving flies do curses breathe,  
 And maggots too at Cæsar  
 But George he shav'd the dragon's beard,  
 And Askelon<sup>1</sup> was his razor 400  
 St George he was for England, St Dennis was for  
 Fiance,  
 Sing, *Honr sort qui mal y pense*

<sup>1</sup> The name of St George's sword



John Grubb, the facetious writer of the foregoing song, makes a distinguished figure among the Oxford wits so humourously enumerated in the following distich

‘Alma novem genuit cēlebres Rhedycina poetis  
Bub, Stubb, Grubb, Crabb, Tripp, Young, Carey, Tickel, Evans’

These were Bub Dodington (the late lord Melcombe), Dr Stubbes, our poet Grubb, Mr Crabb, Dr Tripp the poetry-professor, Dr Edw Young the author of Night-Thoughts, Walter Carey, Thomas Tickel, Esq, and Dr Evans, the epigrammatist

As for our poet Grubb, all that we can learn further of him, is contained in a few extracts from the University Register, and from his epitaph. It appears from the former that he was matriculated in 1667, being the son of John Grubb, ‘De Acton Burnel in comitatu Salop pauperis’. He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, June 28, 1671 and became Master of Arts, June 28, 1675. He was appointed Head Master of the Grammar School at Christ Church and afterwards chosen into the same employment at Gloucester, where he died in 1697, as appears from his monument in the church of St Mary de Crypt in Gloucester, which is inscribed with the following Epitaph

H S E  
JOHANNES GRUBB, A M  
Natus apud Acton Burnel in agro Salopiensi  
Anno Dom 1645  
Cujus viriam in linguis notitiam,  
et felicem studiendis pueris industriam,  
gratâ adhuc memoriâ testatur Oxoniū  
Ibi enim Ad Christi initiatus,  
artes excoluit,  
Pueros ad easdem mox excolendas  
accuratè formavit  
Huc demum  
unanī omnium consensu accitus,  
eandem suscepit provinciam,  
quam feliciter adeo absolvit,  
ut nihil optandum sit  
nisi ut diutius nobis interfusset  
Fuit enim  
propter festivam ingenij suavitatem,  
simplicem morum candorem, et  
præcipuam erga cognatos benevolentiam,  
omnibus desideratissimus  
Obiit 2do die Aprilis, Anno Dni 1697  
Ætatis sue 51

---

## XVI

## MARGARET'S GHOST

This ballad, which appeared in some of the public newspapers in or before the year 1724, came from the pen of David Mallet, Esq., who in the edition of his poems, 8 vols 1750, informs us that the plan was suggested by the four verses quoted above in pag 99, which he supposed to be the beginning of some ballad now lost

'These lines,' says he, 'naked of ornament and simple as they are, struck my fancy, and bringing flesh into my mind an unhappy adventure much tall ed of formerly, gave birth to the following poem, which was written many years ago'

The two introductory lines (and one or two others elsewhere) had originally more of the ballad simplicity, viz

When all was wrapt in dark midnight,  
And all were fast asleep, &c <sup>1</sup>

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,  
When night and morning meet,  
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet

Her face was like an April morn,  
Clad in a wintry cloud  
And clay-cold was her lily hand,  
That held her sable shroud

So shall the fairest face appeal,  
When youth and years are flown 14  
Such is the robe that kings must wear,  
When death has reft thou crown

Her bloom was like the springing flower,  
That sips the silver dew,  
The rose was budded in her cheek, 15  
Just opening to the view

But love had, like the canker worm,  
Consum'd her early prime

<sup>1</sup> This ballad was first published in Aaron Hill's 'Plain Dealer,' July 24, 1724.—ED

The rose grew pale, and left her cheek,  
 She dy'd before her time 20

'Awake' she cry'd, 'thy true love calls,  
 Come from her midnight grave,  
 Now let thy pity hear the maid,  
 Thy love refus'd to save

This is the dark and dreary hour, 25  
 When injur'd ghosts complain,  
 Now yawning graves give up their dead,  
 To haunt the faithless swain

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  
 Thy pledge, and broken oath 30  
 And give me back my maiden vow,  
 And give me back my troth

Why did you promise love to me,  
 And not that promise keep?  
 Why did you swear mine eyes were bright, 35  
 Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,  
 And yet that face forsake?  
 How could you win my virgin heart,  
 Yet leave that heart to break? 40

Why did you say my lip was sweet,  
 And made the scarlet pale?  
 And why did I, young witless maid,  
 Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair, 45  
 These lips no longer red

Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,  
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is,  
This winding-sheet I wear 50  
And cold and weary lasts our night,  
Till that last morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence!  
A long and last adieu!  
Come see, false man, how low she lies, 55  
Who dy'd for love of you'

The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd,  
With beams of rosy ièd  
Pale William shook in ev'ry limb,  
And raving left his bed 60

He hyed him to the fatal place,  
Where Margaret's body lay,  
And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,  
That wrapt her breathless clay

And thence he call'd on Margaret's name, 65  
And thence he wept full sore  
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,  
And word spake never more

\* \* \* In a late publication, intitled, 'The Friends,' &c Lond 1773, 2 vols 12mo (in the first volume), is inserted a copy of the foregoing ballad, with very great variations, which the editor of that work contends was the original and that Mallet adopted it for his own and altered it as here given. But the superior beauty and simplicity of the present copy, gives it so much more the air of an original, that it will rather be believed that some transcriber altered it from Mallet's, and adapted the lines to his own taste, than which nothing is more common in popular songs and ballads.

## XVII.

## LUCY AND COLIN

— was written by Thomas Tickel, Esq., the celebrated friend of Mr Addison, and editor of his works. He was son of a clergyman in the north of England, had his education at Queen's College, Oxon, was under secretary to Mr Addison and Mr Craggs, when successively secretaries of state, and was lastly (in June, 1724) appointed secretary to the Lords Justices in Ireland, which place he held till his death in 1740. He acquired Mr Addison's patronage by a poem in praise of the opera of Rosamond, written while he was at the University.

It is a tradition in Ireland, that this song was written at Castletown, in the county of Kildare, at the request of the then Miss Conolly—probably on some event recent in that neighbourhood.<sup>1</sup>

Of Lomster, fam'd for maidens fan,  
Bright Lucy was the grace,  
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream  
Reflect so fan a face

Till luckless love, and pining care  
Impair'd her rosy hue,  
Her coral lip, and damask cheek,  
And eyes of glossy blue

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,  
When beating rains descend?  
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,  
Her life now near its end

By Lucy wain'd, of flattering swains,  
Take heed, ye easy fair  
Of vengeance due to broken vows,  
Ye perjured swains, beware

Three times, all in the dead of night,  
A bell was heard to ring,

<sup>1</sup> Gray calls this the 'prettiest ballad' in the world — Ed

And at her window, shrieking thrice,  
The raven flap'd his wing 29

Too well the love-loin maiden knew  
That solemn boding sound,  
And thus, in dying words, bespoke  
The virgins weeping round.

'I hear a voice, you cannot hear, 25  
Which says, I must not stay  
I see a hand, you cannot see,  
Which beckons me away.

By a false heart, and broken vows,  
In early youth I die 30  
Am I to blame because his bride  
Is thrice as rich as I?

Ah Colin! give not her thy vows,  
Vows due to me alone  
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss, 35  
Nor think him all thy own.

To-morrow in the church to wed,  
Impatient, both prepare,  
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,  
That Lucy will be there 40

Then bear my coise, ye comrades, bear,  
The bridegroom blithe to meet,  
He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
I in my winding-sheet'

She spoke, she dy'd,—her coise was boine, 45  
The bridegroom blithe to meet,

He in his wedding trim so gay,  
 She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?  
 How were those nuptials kept?                    50  
 The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,  
 And all the village wept

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair  
 At once his bosom swell  
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow,                    55  
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell

From the vain bride (ah bride no more!)  
 The varying crimson flood,  
 When, stretch'd before her rival's coise,  
 She saw her husband dead                    60

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,  
 Convey'd by trembling swains,  
 One mould with her, beneath one sod,  
 For ever now remains

Oft at their grave the constant hind                    65  
 And plighted maid are seen,  
 With garlands gay, and true-love knots  
 They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,  
 This hallow'd spot forbear,                    70  
 Remember Colin's dreadful fate,  
 And fear to meet him there.

## XVIII

## THE BOY AND THE MANTLE,

AS REVISED AND ALTERED BY A MODERN HAND

Mr Wharton in his ingenious *Observations on Spenser*, has given his opinion, that the fiction of the Boy and the Mantle is taken from an old French piece intitled 'Le court Mantel' quoted by M de St Palaye in his curious 'Memoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie,' Paris, 1759, 2 tom 12mo, who tells us the story resembles that of Ariosto's enchanted cup 'Tis possible our English poet may have taken the hint of this subject from that old French Romance, but he does not appear to have copied it in the manner of execution to which (if one may judge from the specimen given in the *Memoires*) that of the ballad does not bear the least resemblance After all, 'tis most likely that all the old stories concerning K Arthur are originally of British growth, and that what the French and other southern nations have of this kind, were at first exported from this island See *Memoires de l'Acad des Inscript* tom xx p 352 [Since this volume was printed off, the 'Fabliaux ou Contes' 1781, 5 tom 12mo, of M Le Grand, have come to hand and in tom I p 54 he hath printed a modern version of the old tale 'Le Court Mantel,' under a new title, 'Le Manteau maltaillé,' which contains the story of this ballad much enlarged, so far as regards the mantle, but without any mention of the knife, or the horn Addit Note Ed 1794 ]

IN Carleile dwelt king Arthur,  
 A prince of passing might,  
 And there maintain'd his table round,  
 Beset with many a knight

And there he kept his Christmas 5  
 With mirth and princely cheare,  
 When, lo! a straunge and cunning boy  
 Before him did appeare

A kirtle, and a mantle  
 This boy had him upon, 10~  
 With brooches, rings, and owches  
 Full dauntly bedone



He had a sake of silk  
About his middle meet,  
And thus, with seemely cutesy, 15  
He did king Aithur greet

‘God speed thee, bravo king Aithur,  
Thus feasting in thy bowie  
And Guenever thy goodly queen,  
That fan and peerlesse flowie 20

Ye gallant loids, and lordings,  
I wish you all take heed,  
Lest, what ye deem a blooming rose  
Should prove a cankered weed’

Then straitway from his bosome 25  
A little wand he drow,  
And with it eke a mantle  
Of wondrous shape, and hew

‘Now have thou here, king Aithur,  
Have this here of mee, 30  
And give unto thy comely queen,  
All-shapen as you see

No wife it shall become,  
That once hath been to blame’  
Then every knight in Arthur’s court 35  
Slye glaunced at his dame.

And first came lady Guenever,  
The mantle she must trye.  
This dame, she was now-fangled,  
And of a roving eye. 40

When she had tane the mantle,  
And all was with it cladde,  
From top to toe it shiver'd down,  
As tho' with sheers beshradde.

One while it was too long, 45  
Another while too short,  
And wrinkled on her shouldeis  
In most unseemly sort

Now green, now red it seemed,  
Then all of sable hue 50  
'Beshrew me,' quoth king Arthur,  
'I think thou beest not true'

Down she threw the mantle,  
Ne longer would not stay,  
But storming like a fury, 55  
To her chamber flung away

She curst the whoreson weaver,  
That had the mantle wrought  
And doubly curst the fioward impe,  
Who thither had it brought 60

'I had rather live in desarts  
Beneath the green-wood tree  
Than here, base king, among thy grooms,  
The sport of them and thee.'

'Sir Kay call'd forth his lady, 65  
And bade her to come near  
'Yet dame, if thou be guilty,  
I pray thee now forbear.'

This lady, pertly gigling,  
 With forward step came on, 70  
 And boldly to the little boy  
 With fearless face is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,  
 With purpose for to wear  
 It shrunk up to her shoulder, 75  
 And left her backside bare

Then every merry knight,  
 That was in Arthur's court,  
 Glib'd, and laught, and flouted,  
 To see that pleasant sport. 80

Downe she threw the mantle,  
 No longer bold or gay,  
 But with a face all pale and wan,  
 To her chamber slunk away.

Then forth came an old knight, 85  
 A pattering o'er his creed,  
 And proffer'd to the little boy  
 Five nobles to his need;

'And all the time of Christmass  
 Plumb-porridge shall be thine, 90  
 If thou wilt let my lady fair  
 Within the mantle shine'

A saint his lady seemed,  
 With step demure, and slow,  
 And gravely to the mantle 95  
 With mincing pace doth goe.

When she the same had taken,  
That was so fine and thin,  
It shrivell'd all about her,  
And show'd her danty skin 100

Ah! little did *her* mincing,  
Or *his* long prayers bestead,  
She had no more hung on her,  
Than a tassel and a thread

Down she threwe the mantle, 105  
With terror and dismay,  
And, with a face of scarlet,  
To her chamber hyed away

Sir Cradock call'd his lady,  
And bade her to come neare 110  
'Come win this mantle, lady,  
And do me credit here

Come win this mantle, lady,  
For now it shall be thine,  
If thou hast never done amiss, 115  
Sith fist I made thee mine'

The lady gently blushing,  
With modest grace came on,  
And now to trye the wondrous charm  
Courageously is gone. 120

When she had tane the mantle,  
And put it on her backe,  
About the hem it scemed  
To wrinkle and to cracke.

‘Lye still,’ shee cyled, ‘O mantle’ 125  
 And shame me not for nought,  
 I’ll freely own whate’er amiss,  
 On blamoful I have wrought

Once I kist Sir Chadocke  
 Beneathe the green wood tree 130  
 Once I kist Sir Chadocke’s mouth  
 Before he married mee’

When thus she had her shryven,  
 And her worst fault had told,  
 The mantle soon became her 135  
 Right comely as it shold

Most rich and fan of colour,  
 Like gold it glittering shone  
 And much the knights in Arthuri’s court  
 Admir’d her every one 140

Then towards king Arthuri’s table  
 The boy he turn’d his eye  
 Where stood a boar’s-head garnished  
 With bayes and rosmarye

When thence he o’er the boar’s head 145  
 His little wand had drawne,  
 Quoth he, ‘There’s never a cuckold’s knife,  
 Can carve this head of brawnne’

Then some their whittles rubbed  
 On whetstone, and on hone 150  
 Some throwe them under the table,  
 And swore that they had none.

Sir Cradock had a little knife  
Of steel and iron made,  
And in an instant thro' the skull 155  
He thrust the shining blade

'He thrust the shining blade  
Full easily and fast  
And every knight in Arthurs court  
A morsel had to taste 160

The boy brought forth a horne,  
All golden was the rim  
Said he, 'No cuckolde ever can  
Set mouth unto the brim

No cuckold can this little horne 165  
Lift fairly to his head,  
But on this, or that side,  
He shall the liquor shed'

Some shed it on their shoulder,  
Some shed it on their thigh, 170  
And hee that could not hit his mouth,  
Was sure to hit his eye

Thus he, that was a cuckold,  
Was known of every man  
But Cradock lifted easily, 175  
And wan the golden can

Thus boar's head, horn and mantle  
Were this fair couple's meed  
And all such constant lovers,  
God send them well to speed 180

Then down in rage came Guenevei,  
 And thus could spiteful say,  
 'Sir Chadoek's wife most wrongfully  
 Hath borne the prize away.

See yonder shameless woman, 185  
 That makes herself so clean  
 Yet from her pillow taken  
 Thrice five gallants have been

Priests, clarkes, and wedded men  
 Have her lewd pillow prest 190  
 Yet she the wonderous prize forsooth  
 Must beare from all the rest'

Then bespake the little boy,  
 Who had the same in hold  
 'Chastize thy wife, king Arthur, 195  
 Of speech she is too bold

Of speech she is too bold,  
 Of carnage all too free, '  
 Sir king, she hath within thy hall  
 A cuckold made of thee 200

All follick light and wanton  
 She hath her carnage borne  
 And given thee for a kingly crown  
 To wear a cuckold's hoine'

~\*~

\* \* \* The Rev Evan Evans, editor of the 'Specimens of Welsh Poetry,' 4to affirmed that the story of the Boy and the Mantle is taken from what is related in some of the old Welsh MSS of Tegan Eidfion, one of King Arthur's mistresses. She is said to have possessed a mantle that would not fit any immodest or incontinent woman, this (which, the old writers say, was reckoned among the curiosities of Britain) is frequently alluded to by the old Welsh Bards.

Carleile, so often mentioned in the ballads of K. Arthur, the editor once thought might probably be a corruption of Cai-leon, an ancient British city on the river Uske, in Monmouthshire, which was one of the places of K. Arthur's chief residence, but he is now convinced, that it is no other than Carlisle, in Cumberland, the Old English Minstrels, being most of them Northern Men, naturally represented the Hero of Romance as residing in the North. And many of the places mentioned in the Old Ballads are still to be found there. As Tearne-Wadling, &c.

Near Penrith is still seen a large circle, surrounded by a mound of earth which retains the name of Arthur's Round Table

## XIX.

THE ANCIENT FRAGMENT OF THE  
MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE

The Second Poem in this Volume, intitled The Marriage of Sir Gawaine, having been offered to the reader with large conjectural supplements and corrections, the old Fragment itself is here literally and exactly printed from the Editor's folio MS. with all its defects, inaccuracies, and errata, that such austere Antiquaries, as complain that the ancient copies have not been always rigidly adhered to, may see how unfit for publication many of the pieces would have been, if all the blunders, corruptions, and nonsense of illiterate reciters and transcribers had been superstitiously retained, without some attempt to correct and emend them.

This ballad had most unfortunately suffered by having half of every leaf in this part of the MS. torn away, and, as about nine stanzas generally occur in the half page now remaining, it is concluded, that the other half contained nearly the same number of stanzas.

KINGE Arthur lues in meiry Carleile  
and seemely is to see  
and there he hath w<sup>th</sup> him Queene Genev<sup>r</sup>  
y<sup>t</sup> bride so bright of blee

And there he hath w<sup>th</sup> him Queene Geneveir  
y<sup>t</sup> bride soe bright in bower  
& all his barons about him stode  
y<sup>t</sup> were both stiffe & stowre



The K kept a royall Christmasse  
 of mirth & great honor  
 when . . .

[*About Nine Stanzas wanting*]

---

And bring me word what thing it is  
 y<sup>t</sup> a woman most desire  
 this shalbe thy ransome Arthur he sayes  
 for Ile haue noe other hier

---

K Arthur then held v<sup>p</sup> his hand  
 according thene as was the law  
 he tooke his leaue of the baion there  
 and homeward can he draw

---

And when he came to Merry Carlile  
 to his chamber he is gone  
 and ther came to him his Cozen S<sup>r</sup> Gawaine  
 as he did make his mone

---

And ther came to him his Cozen S<sup>r</sup> Cawaine <sup>1</sup>  
 y<sup>t</sup> was a courteous knight  
 why sigh yo<sup>u</sup> soe soie vnecke Arthur he said  
 or who hath done thee vnright

---

O peace o peace thou gentle Gawaine  
 y<sup>t</sup> fane may thee be ffall  
 for if thou knew my sighing soe deepe  
 thou wold not meuaile att all

---

Ffor when I came to tearne wadling  
 a bold barron there I fand  
 w<sup>th</sup> a great club vpon his backe  
 standing stiffe & strong

And he asked me wether I wold fight  
 oi from him I shold be gone  
 o<sup>1</sup> else I must him a ransome pay  
 & soe dep't him from

---

To fight w<sup>th</sup> him I saw noe cause  
 me thought it was not meet  
 for he was stiffe & strong w<sup>th</sup> all  
 his strokes were nothing sweete

---

Therfor this is my ransome Gawaime  
 I ought to him to pay  
 I must come againe as I am swoine  
 vpon the Newyeers day

---

And I must bring him woid what thing it is  
 [About Nine Stanzas wanting]

---

Then king Arthur drest him for to ryde  
 in one soe rich array  
 toward the folesaid Tearne wadling  
 y<sup>t</sup> he might keep his day

---

And as he rode over a more  
 hee see a lady where shee sate  
 betwixt an oke and a greene hollen  
 she was cladd in red scarlett

---

Then there as shold have stood her mouth  
 then there was sett her eye  
 the other was in her forehead fast  
 the way that she might see

---

Her nose was crooked & turnd outward  
 her mouth stood foule a wry

<sup>1</sup> Sic

a worse formed lady then was shce  
 neueman saw w<sup>th</sup> his eye

---

To halch vpon him k Aithur  
 this lady was full fame  
 but k Aithur had forgott his lesson  
 what he shold say agaïne

---

What knight art thou the lady sayd  
 that wilt not speake tome  
 of me thou nothing dismayd  
 tho I be vgly to see

---

for I haue halched yo<sup>n</sup> curteouslye  
 & yo<sup>n</sup> will not me agame  
 yott I may happen S<sup>r</sup> knight shce said  
 to ease thee of thy paine

---

Giue thou ease me lady he said  
 or helpe me any thing  
 thou shalt haue gentle Gawaine my cozen  
 & marry him w<sup>th</sup> a ring

---

Why if I helpe thee not thou noble k Aithur  
 of thy owne hearts desyringe  
 of gentle Gawaine . . .

[*About Nine Stanzas wanting*]

---

And when he came to the teaine wadling  
 the baion there cold he synde<sup>1</sup>  
 w<sup>th</sup> a great weapon on his backe  
 standing stiffe & stronge

---

And then he tooke k Arthurs letters in his hands  
 & away he cold them fling

<sup>1</sup> Sic MS.

& then he puld out a good blowne sword  
& cȳd himself a k

---

And he sayd I haue thee & thy land Arthur  
to doe as it pleaseth me  
for this is not thy ransome sure  
therefore yeeld thee to me

---

And then bespoke him noble Arthur  
& bad him hold his hands  
& give me leave to speake my mynd  
in defence of all my land

---

the<sup>1</sup> said as I came over a More  
I see a lady where shee sate  
between an oke & a green hollen  
shee was clad in red scarlette

---

And she says a woman will haue her will  
& this is all her cheef desire  
doe me right as thou art a baron of skill  
this is thy ransome & all thy hyer

---

He sayes an early vengeance light on her  
she walkes on yonder more  
it was my sister that told thee this  
she is a misshappen hore

---

But heer Ile make mine avow to god  
to do her an euill turne  
for an euer I may thate fowle theefe get  
in a fyer I will her burne

---

[*About Nine Stanzas wanting*]

## THE SECOND PART

SIR Lancelott & s<sup>r</sup> Steven bold  
 they rode w<sup>th</sup> them that day  
 and the foimost of the company  
 there rode the steward Kay

---

Soe did S<sup>r</sup> Baniel & S<sup>r</sup> Boie  
 S<sup>r</sup> Garrett w<sup>th</sup> them soe gay  
 soe did S<sup>r</sup> Tristram y<sup>t</sup> gentle k<sup>t</sup>  
 to the foirest fresh & gay

---

And when he came to the greene foirest  
 vnderneath a greene holly tree  
 then sate that lady in red scalet  
 y<sup>t</sup> vnseemly was to see

---

S<sup>r</sup> Kay beheld this Ladys face  
 & looked vppon her smile  
 whosoeuer kisses this lady he sayes  
 of his kisse he stands in feare

---

S<sup>r</sup> Kay beheld the lady againe  
 & looked vpon her snout  
 whosoeuer kisses this lady he saies  
 of his kisse he stands in doubt

---

Peace coz. Kay then said S<sup>r</sup> Gawaine  
 amend thee of thy life  
 for there is a knight amongst us all  
 y<sup>t</sup> must marry her to his wife

---

What wedd her to wiffe then said S<sup>r</sup> Kay  
 in the diuells name anon  
 gett me a wiffe where ere I may  
 for I had rather be slaine

Then soome tooke vp their hawkes in hast  
& some tooke vp then hounds  
& some swaie they wold not marry hei  
for Citty nor for towne

---

And then be spake him noble k Arthur  
& sware there by this day  
for a litle foule sight & mishking  
[*About Nine Stanzas wanting*]

---

Then shee said choos<sup>3</sup> thee gentle Gawaine  
truth as I doe say  
wether thou wilt haue me in this liknesse  
in the night or else in the day

---

And then bespake him Gentle Gawame  
w<sup>th</sup> one soe mild of moode  
sayes well I know what I wold say  
god grant it may be good

---

To haue thee fowle in the night  
when I w<sup>th</sup> thee shold play  
yct I had rather if I might  
haue thee fowle in the day

---

What when Lords goe w<sup>th</sup> ther seires<sup>1</sup> shee said  
both to the Ale & wine  
alas then I must hyde my selfe  
I must not goe withinne

---

And then bespake him gentle gawaine  
said Lady thats but a skill  
And because thou art my owne lady  
thou shalt haue all thy will

<sup>1</sup> Sic in MS pro *feires*, i. e. *Mates*

Then she said blesed be thou gentle Gawaine  
 this day y<sup>t</sup> I thee see  
 for as thou see me att this tyme  
 from henceforth I wilbe

---

My father was an old knight  
 & yett it chanced soe  
 that he marryed a younge lady  
 y<sup>t</sup> brought me to this woo

---

Shee witched me being a fane young Lady  
 to the greene forest to dwell  
 & there I must walke in womans liknesse  
 most like a feend of hell

---

She witched my brother to a Carlist B.  
*[About Nine Stanzas wanting]*

that looked soe foule & that was wont  
 on the wild more to goe

---

Come kisse her Brother Kay then saad S<sup>r</sup> Gawaine  
 & amerid the of thy liffe  
 I sweare this is the same lady  
 y<sup>t</sup> I marryed to my wiffe

---

S<sup>r</sup> Kay kissed that lady bright  
 standing vpon his ffeete  
 he swore as he was trew knight  
 the spice was neuer soe sweete

---

Well Coz Gawaine saies S<sup>r</sup> Kay  
 thy chance is fallen arright  
 for thou hast gotten one of the fairest maids  
 I euer saw w<sup>th</sup> my sight

It is my fortune said S<sup>r</sup> Gawaine  
for my Vnckle Arthurs sake  
I am glad as grasse wold be of iame  
gíeat Joy that I may take

---

S<sup>r</sup> Gawaine tooke the lady by the one arme  
S<sup>r</sup> Kay tooke her by the tother  
they led her straight to k. Arthur  
as they were brother & brother

---

K Arthur welcomed them there all  
& soe did lady Geneuer his queene  
w<sup>th</sup> all the knights of the round table  
most seemly to be seene

---

K Arthur beheld that lady faire  
that was soe fane & bright  
he thanked christ in trinity  
for S<sup>r</sup> Gawaine that gentle knight

---

Soe did the knights both more and lesse  
reioyced all that day  
for the good chance y<sup>t</sup> hapened was  
to S<sup>r</sup> Gawaine & his lady gay    Ffinis

---





THE  
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

*A Northumberland Ballad.*

BY  
BISHOP PERCY.

TO HER GRACE  
ELIZABETH,  
DUCHESS AND COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND,  
IN HER OWN RIGHT BARONESS PERCY,  
&c &c &c

Down in a northern vale wild flow'ers grew,  
And lent new sweetness to the summer gale,  
The Muse there found them all remote from view,  
Obscu'd with weeds, and scattered o'er the dale

O Lady, may so slight a gift prevail,  
And at your gracious hands acceptance find?  
Say, may an ancient legendary tale  
Amuse, delight, or move the polish'd mind?

Surely the cares and woes of humankind,  
Tho' simply told, will gain each gentle ear  
But all for you the Muse her lay design'd,  
And bade your noble Ancestors appear,

She seeks no other praise, if you commend  
Her great protectress, patroness, and friend

## ADVERTISEMENT

WARKWORTH CASTLE in Northumberland stands very boldly on a neck of land near the sea-shore, almost surrounded by the river Coquet, (called by our old Latin Historians, Coqueda) which runs with a clear rapid stream, but when swollen with rains becomes violent and dangerous.

About a mile from the Castle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of a Hermitage, of which the Chapel is still entire. This is hollowed with great elegance in a cliff near the river, as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for an Antechapel and Vestry, or were appropriated to some other sacred uses for the former of these, which runs parallel with the Chapel, is thought to have had an Altar in it, at which Mass was occasionally celebrated, as well as in the Chapel itself.

Each of these apartments is extremely small, for that which was the principal Chapel does not in length exceed eighteen feet, nor is more than seven feet and a half in breadth and height. It is however very beautifully designed and executed in the solid rock, and has all the decorations of a complete Gothic Church or Cathedral in miniature.

But what principally distinguishes the Chapel, is, a small Tomb or Monument, on the south-side, the altar on the top of which lies a Female Figure extended in the manner that effigies are usually exhibited praying on ancient tombs. This figure, which is very delicately designed, some have ignorantly called an image of the Virgin Mary, though it has not the least resemblance to the manner in which she is represented in the Romish Churches, who is usually erect, as the object of adoration, and never in a prostrate or recumbent posture. Indeed the real image of the Blessed Virgin probably stood in a small nich, still visible behind the altar, whereas the figure of a Bull's Head, which is rudely carved at this Lady's feet, the usual place for the Crest in old monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different personage.

About the tomb are several other Figures, which as well as the principal one above-mentioned, are cut in the natural rock, in the same manner as the little Chapel itself, with all its Ornaments, and the two adjoining Apartments. What slight traditions are scattered through the country concerning the origin and foundation of this Hermitage, Tomb, &c are delivered to the reader in the following rhymes.

It is universally agreed, that the Founder was one of the Beirum family, which had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and were anciently Lords of Bothal Castle, situate about ten miles from Warkworth. He has been thought to be the same Beirum, that endowed Brinkburn Priory, and built Brenkshaugh Chapel which both stand in the same winding valley, higher up the river.

But Brinkburn Priory was founded in the reign of K. Henry I<sup>1</sup> whereas the form of the Gothic Windows in this Chapel, especially of those near the altar, is found rather to resemble the style of architecture that prevailed about the reign of K. Edward III. And indeed that the sculpture in this Chapel cannot be much older, appears from the Crest which is placed at the Lady's feet on the tomb, for Camden<sup>2</sup> informs us, that armorial Crests did not become hereditary till about the reign of K. Edward II.

<sup>1</sup> Tanner's Mon. Ang.—<sup>2</sup> See his Remains.

These appearances still extant, strongly confirm the account given in the following poem, and plainly prove that the Hermit of Warkworth was not the same person that founded Binkburn Priory in the twelfth century, but rather one of the Bertram family, who lived at a later period

\* \* Fit was the word used by the old minstrels to signify a Part or Division of their Historical Songs, and was peculiarly appropriated to this kind of compositions See *Reliques of Ancient Eng Poetry*, Vol II p 166 and 397 2d Ed

## FIT THE FIRST

- 1 DARK was the night, and wild the storm,  
And loud the torrent's roar,  
And loud the sea was heard to dash  
Against the distant shore
- 2 Musing on man's weak hapless state,  
The lonely Hermit lay,  
When, lo! he heard a female voice  
Lament in sore dismay.
- 3 With hospitable haste he rose,  
And wak'd his sleeping fire,  
And snatching up a lighted brand,  
Forth hied the reverend sire.
- 4 All sad beneath a neighbouring tree  
A beauteous maid he found,  
Who beat her breast, and with her tears  
Bedew'd the mossy ground
- 5 O weep not, lady, weep not so,  
Nor let vain fears alarm;  
My little cell shall shelter thee,  
And keep thee safe from harm.
- 6 It is not for myself I weep,  
Nor for myself I fear,

- But for my dear and only friend,  
Who lately left me here
- 7 And while some sheltering bower he sought  
Within this lonely wood,  
Ah! soe I fear his wandering feet  
Have slept in yonder flood.
- 8 O! trust in heaven, the Hermit said,  
And to my cell repair,  
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,  
And ease thee of thy care
- 9 Then climbing up his rocky stairs,  
He scales the cliffs so high,  
And calls aloud, and waves his light  
To guide the stranger's eye
- 10 Among the thickets long he winds,  
With careful steps and slow  
At length a voice return'd his call,  
Quick answering from below
- 11 O tell me, father, tell me true,  
If you have chanc'd to see  
A gentle maid, I lately left  
Beneath some neighbouring tree
- 12 But either I have lost the place,  
Or she hath gone astray  
And much I fear this fatal stream  
Hath snatch'd her hence away
- 13 Praise heaven, my son, the Hermit said;  
The lady's safe and well.

And soon he join'd the wandering youth,  
'And brought him to his cell

14 Then well was seen, these gentle friends  
They lov'd each other dear  
The youth he press'd her to his heart;  
The maid let fall a tear

15 Ah! seldom had their host, I ween,  
Beheld so sweet a pair  
The youth was tall with manly bloom,  
She slender, soft, and fair.

16 The youth was clad in forest green,  
With bugle-horn so bright  
She in a silken robe and scarf  
Snatch'd up in hasty flight

17 Sit down, my children, says the Sage;  
Sweet rest your limbs require  
Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,  
And mends his little fire

18 Partake, he said, my simple store,  
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds,  
And spreading all upon the board,  
Invites with kindly words

19 Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare,  
The youthful couple say  
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,  
And talk'd their cares away

20 Now say, my children, (for perchance  
My counsel may avail)

What strange adventure brought you here  
Within this lonely dale ?

21 First tell me, father, said the youth,  
(Nor blame mine eager tongue)  
What town is near? What lands are these?  
And to what lord belong?

22 Alas! my son, the Hermit said,  
Why do I live to say,  
The rightful lord of these domains  
Is banish'd far away?

23 Ten winters now have shed their snows  
On this my lowly hall,  
Since valiant Hotspur (so the North  
Our youthful lord did call)

24 Against Fourth Henry Bolingbroke  
Led up his northern powers,  
And stoutly fighting lost his life  
Near proud Salopia's towers.

25 One son he left, a lovely boy,  
His country's hope and heir,  
And, oh! to save him from his foes  
It was his grandsire's care

26 In Scotland safe he plac'd the child  
Beyond the reach of strife,  
Nor long before the brave old Earl  
At Bramham lost his life

27 And now the Percy name, so long  
Our northern pride and boast,



Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud,  
Their honours left and lost

23 No chieftain of that noble house  
Now leads our youth to arms,  
The bordering Scots dispoil our fields,  
And ravage all our farms

29 Then halls and castles, once so fair,  
Now mould'ring in decay,  
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,  
And bear their wealth away

30 Nor far from hence, where yon full stream  
Runs winding down the lea,  
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,  
And overlooks the sea

31 Those towers, alas! now he forlorn,  
With noisome weeds o'erspread,  
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,  
And where the poor were fed.

32 Meantime far off, mid Scottish hills  
The Percy lives unknown  
On stranger's bounty he depends,  
And may not claim his own

33 O might I with these aged eyes  
But live to see him here,  
Then should my soul depart in bliss!—  
He said, and dropt a tear.

34 And is the Percy still so lov'd  
Of all his friends and thee?

Then, father, bless me, said the youth,  
 For I thy guest am he

35 Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aside  
 To wipe the tears he shed,  
 And lifting up his hands and eyes,  
 Pour'd blessings on his head

36 Welcome, our dear and much-lov'd lord,  
 Thy country's hope and care  
 But who may this young lady be,  
 That is so wonderous fair?

37 Now, father, listen to my tale,  
 And thou shalt know the truth:  
 And let thy sage advice direct  
 My unexperienc'd youth

38 In Scotland I've been nobly bred  
 Beneath the Regent's hand,<sup>1</sup>  
 In feats of arms, and every lore  
 To fit me for command

39 With fond impatience long I burn'd  
 My native land to see  
 At length I won my guardian friend,  
 To yield that boon to me

40 Then up and down in hunter's garb  
 I wandered as in chace,  
 Till in the noble Neville's house<sup>2</sup>  
 I gain'd a hunter's place

<sup>1</sup> Robert Stuart, Duke of Albany. See the continuator of Fordun's *Scoti-Chronicon*, cap 18, cap 22, &c — <sup>2</sup> Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, whose principal residence was at Raby castle, in the bishoprick of Durham

- 41 Sometime with him I liv'd unknown,  
    Till I'd the hap so rare  
    To please this young and gentle dame,  
    That baron's daughter fair
- 42 Now, Percy, said the blushing maid,  
    The truth I must reveal,  
    Souls great and generous, like to thine,  
    Then noble deeds conceal
- 43 It happened on a summer's day,  
    Led by the fragrant breeze  
    I wandered forth to take the air  
    Among the green-wood trees
- 44 Sudden a band of rugged Scots,  
    That near in ambush lay,  
    Moss-troopers from the border-side,  
    There seiz'd me for their prey.
- 45 My shucks had all been spent in vain,  
    But heaven, that saw my grief,  
    Brought this brave youth within my call,  
    Who flew to my relief
- 46 With nothing but his hunting spear,  
    And dagger in his hand,  
    He sprung like lightning on my foes,  
    And caus'd them soon to stand
- 47 He fought, till more assistance came,  
    The Scots were overthrown,  
    Thus freed me, captive, from their bands  
    To make me more his own

48 O happy day ! the youth replied  
    Blest were the wounds I bare '  
    From that fond hour she deign'd to smile,  
    And listen to my prayer

49 And when she knew my name and birth,  
    She vowed to be my bride,  
    But oh ! we fear'd (alas, the while !)  
    Her princely mother's pride

50 Sister of haughty Bolingbroke,<sup>1</sup>  
    Our house's ancient foe,  
    To me, I thought, a banish'd wight,  
    Could ne'er such favour show

51 Despairing then to gain consent,  
    At length to fly with me  
    I won this lovely timorous maid,  
    To Scotland bound are we

52 This evening, as the night drew on,  
    Fearing we were pursu'd,  
    We turn'd adown the right-hand path,  
    And gain'd this lonely wood

53 Then lighting from our weary steeds  
    To shun the pelting shower,  
    We met thy kind conducting hand,  
    And reach'd this friendly bower.

54 Now rest ye both, the Hermit said,  
    Awhile your cares forgoe

<sup>1</sup> Joan, Countess of Westmoreland, mother of the young lady, was daughter of John of Gaunt, and half sister of King Henry IV

Nor, Lady, scorn my humble bed  
 —We'll pass the night below.<sup>1</sup>

## FIT THE SECOND

- 1 LOVELY smil'd the blushing morn,  
 And every storm was fled  
 But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,  
 Fair Eleanor left her bed.
- 2 She found her Henry all alone,  
 And cheer'd him with her sight;  
 The youth consulting with his friend  
 Had watch'd the livelong night
- 3 What sweet surprize o'erpower'd her breast?  
 Her cheek what blushes dyed,  
 When fondly he besought her there  
 To yield to be his bride?
- 4 Within this lonely hermitage  
 There is a chapel meet  
 Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,  
 And make my bliss compleat
- 5 O Henry, when thou deign'st to sue,  
 Can I thy suit withstand?  
 When thou, lov'd youth, hast won my heart,  
 Can I refuse my hand?
- 6 For thee I left a father's smiles,  
 And mother's tender care,

<sup>1</sup> Adjoining to the cliff which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building, in which the Hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower apartment, with a little bedchamber over it, and is now in ruins whereas the little Chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still very entire and perfect

And whether weal or woe betide,  
Thy lot I mean to share.

7 And wilt thou then, O generous maad,  
Such matchless favour show,  
To share with me a banish'd wight  
My penil, pain, or woe?

8 Now heaven, I trust, hath joys in store  
To crown thy constant breast,  
For, know, fond hope assures my heart  
That we shall soon be blest

9 Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle  
Surrounded by the sea,  
There dwells a holy friar, well-known  
To all thy friends and thee <sup>1</sup>

10 'Tis Father Bernard, so revered  
For every worthy deed,  
To Raby castle he shall go,  
And for us kindly plead

11 To fetch this good and holy man  
Our reverend host is gone,  
And soon, I trust, his pious hands  
Will join us both in one.

12 Thus they in sweet and tender talk  
The lingering hours beguile  
At length they see the hoary sage  
Come from the neighbouring isle

<sup>1</sup> In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a Cell, which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tynemouth-Abbey.

- 13 With pious joy and wonder mix'd  
He greets the noble pair,  
And glad consents to join their hands  
With many a fervent prayer
- 14 Then strait to Raby's distant walls  
He kindly wends his way,  
Meantime in love and dalliance sweet  
They spend the livelong day
- 15 And now, attended by their host,  
The Hermitage they view'd,  
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,  
And overhung with wood
- 16 And near, a flight of shapely Steps,  
All cut with nicest skill,  
And piercing thro' a stony Arch,  
Ran winding up the hill
- 17 There dock'd with many a flower and herb  
His little Garden stands,  
With fruitful trees in shady rows,  
All planted by his hands.
- 18 Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,  
Three sacred Vaults he shows  
The chief a Chapel, neatly arch'd,  
On branching columns rose.
- 19 Each proper ornament was there,  
That should a chapel grace;  
The Lattice for confession fram'd,  
And Holy-water Vase.

- 20 O'er either door a sacred Text  
Invites to godly fear,  
And in a little Scutcheon hung  
The cross, and crown, and spear
- 21 Up to the Altar's ample breadth  
Two easy steps ascend;  
And near, a glimmering solemn light  
Two well-wrought Windows lend
- 22 Beside the altar rose a Tomb  
All in the living stone,  
In which a young and beauteous Maid  
In goodly sculpture shone
- 23 A kneeling Angel fairly carv'd  
Lean'd hovering o'er her breast,  
A weeping Warrior at her feet,  
And near to these her Crest<sup>1</sup>
- 24 The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,  
Attract the wondering pair  
Eager they ask, What hapless dame  
Lies sculptured here so fair?
- 25 The Hermit sigh'd, the Hermit wept,  
For sorrow scarce could speak  
At length he wip'd the trickling tears  
That all bedewed his cheek
- 26 Alas! my children, human life  
Is but a vale of woe,

<sup>1</sup> This is a Bull's Head, the crest of the Widdrington family. All the Figures, &c. here described are still visible, only somewhat effaced with length of time.



And very mournful is the tale,  
Which ye so fain would know

## THE IRMII'S TALL

27 Young lord, thy grandsire had a friend  
In days of youthful fame;  
Yon distant hills were his domains,  
Sir Bertram was his name

“  
28 Where'er the noble Percy fought,  
His friend was at his side,  
And many a skirmish with the Scots  
Then early valour try'd

29 Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,  
As fain as fain might be,  
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek  
Was not so fair as she

30 Fain Widdington the maiden's name,  
Yon towers her dwelling place,<sup>1</sup>  
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief  
Devoted to thy race

31 Many a lord, and many a knight  
To this fain damsel came;  
But Bertram was her only choice,  
For him she felt a flame.

32 Lord Percy pleaded for his friend,  
Her father soon consents;  
None but the beauteous maid herself  
His wishes now prevents.

<sup>1</sup> Widdington Castle is about five miles south of Warkworth

- 33 But she with studied fond delays  
Defers the blissful hour ,  
And loves to try his constancy,  
And prove her maiden power
- 34 That heart, she said, is lightly priz'd,  
Which is too lightly won ,  
And long shall rue that easy maid  
Who yields her love too soon
- 35 Lord Percy made a solemn feast  
In Alnwick's princely hall ,  
And there came lords, and there came knights,  
His chiefs and barons all.
- 36 With wassel, muth, and revelry  
The castle rung around .  
Lord Percy call'd for song and harp,  
And pipes of martial sound
- 37 The Minstrels of thy noble house,  
All clad in robes of blue, .  
With silver crescents on their aims,  
Attend in order due
- 38 The great achievements of thy race  
They sung their high command  
'How valiant Manfred o'er the seas  
First led his northern band <sup>1</sup>
- 39 Brave Galfrid next to Normandy  
With venturous Rollo came ,

<sup>1</sup> See Dugdale's baronage, &c

And from his Noiman castles won  
Assum'd the Percy name.<sup>1</sup>

40 They sung, how in the Conqueror's fleet  
Lord Wilham shipp'd his powers,  
And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride  
With all her lands and towers<sup>2</sup>

41 Then journeying to the Holy Land,  
There bravely fought and dy'd  
But first the silver Crescent wan,  
Some Paynim Soldan's pride

42 They sung how Agnes, beauteous hen,  
The queen's own brother wed  
Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,  
In princely Biabant bred<sup>3</sup>

43 How he the Percy name reviv'd,  
And how his noble hue  
Still foremost in their country's cause  
With godlike ardour shine'

44 With loud acclaims the listening crowd  
Applaud the masters' song,

<sup>1</sup> In Lower Normandy are three places of the name of Percy, whence the family took the surname De Percy —<sup>a</sup> William de Percy (fifth in Descent from Giffard or Gessley de Percy, son of Mulfred), assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions in Yorkshire, of Emma de Forde (so the Norman writers name her), whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold. This young lady, William from a principle of honour and generosity, married for having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the Conqueror, 'he (to use the words of the old Whetby Chronicle), wedded hyr that was very hene to them, in dischaunging of his conscience' See Hall, MSS., 692 (26). He died in Asia, in the first crusade —<sup>b</sup> Agnes de Percy, sole heiress of her house, married Josceline de Lovan, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatus, duke of Biabant, and brother of Queen Adeliza, second wife of king Henry I. He took the name of Percy, and was ancestor of the earls of Northumberland. His son lord Richard de Percy was one of the twenty-five barons chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

- And deeds of arms and war became  
The theme of every tongue
- 45 Now high heroic acts they tell,  
Their perils past recall  
When, lo ! a damsel young and fair  
Stepp'd forward thro' the hall
- 46 She Bertram courteously address'd ;  
And kneeling on her knee,  
Sir knight, the lady of thy love  
Hath sent this gift to thee
- 47 Then forth she drew a glittering helme  
Well-plated many a fold,  
The casque was wrought of tempered steel,  
The crest of burnish'd gold
- 48 Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,  
And yields to be thy bride,  
When thou hast prov'd this maiden gift  
Where sharpest blows are try'd
- 49 Young Bertiam took the shining helme  
And thence he kiss'd the same  
Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque  
With deeds of noblest fame
- 50 Lord Percy, and his barons bold  
Then fix upon a day  
To scour the marches, late oppress'd,  
And Scottish wrongs repay
- 51 The knights assembled on the hills  
A thousand horse and more

Brave Widdington, tho' sunk in years,  
The Percy-standard bore.

52 Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,  
And range the borders round ·  
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale  
Their bugle-horns resound.

53 As when a lion in his den  
Hath heard the hunters cries,  
And rushes forth to meet his foes ,  
So did the Douglas rise

54 Attendant on their chief's command  
A thousand warriors wait  
And now the fatal hour drew on  
Of cruel keen debate

55 A chosen troop of Scottish youths  
Advance before the rest ,  
Lord Percy mark'd them gallant men,  
And thus his friend address'd ·

56 Now, Bertram, prove thy Lady's helme,  
Attack yon forward band ,  
Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,  
Or perish by their hand

57 Young Bertram bow'd, with glad assent,  
And spur'd his eager steed,  
And calling on his Lady's name,  
Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

58 As when a grove of sapling oaks  
The livid lightning rends ,

So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks  
Sir Bertram's sword descends

59 This way and that he dives the steel,  
And keenly pierces thro',  
And many a tall and comely knight  
With furious force he slew

60 Now closing fast on every side  
They hem sir Bertram round  
But dauntless he repels their rage,  
And deals forth many a wound

61 The vigour of his single arm  
Had well-nigh won the field,  
When ponderous fell a Scottish ax,  
And clove his lifted shield

62 Another blow his temples took,  
And left his helm in twain,  
That beauteous helm, his Lady's gift!  
—— His blood bedew'd the plain

63 Lord Percy saw his champion fall  
Amid the unequal fight,  
And now, my noble friends, he said,  
Let's save this gallant knight.

64 Then rushing in, with stretch'd out shield  
He o'er the warrior hung,  
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing  
To guard her callow young

65 Three times they strove to seize their prey,  
Three times they quick retire :

What force could stand his furious strokes,  
Or meet his martial fire ?

66 Now gathering round on every part  
The battle rag'd amain ,  
And many a lady wept her lord  
That hour untimely slain.

67 Percy and Douglas, great in arms,  
There all their courage show'd ,  
And all the field was strew'd with dead,  
And all with crimson flow'd

68 At length the glory of the day  
The Scots reluctant yield,  
And, after wonderful valour shown,  
They slowly quit the field.

69 All pale extended on their shields  
And weltering in his gore  
Lord Percy's knights then bleeding friend  
To Wark's fair castle bore

70 Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love ,  
Her father kindly sed ,  
And she herself shall dress thy wounds,  
And tend thee in thy bed.

71 A message went, no daughter came,  
Fare Isabel ne'er appears  
Beshrew me, said the aged chief,  
Young maidens have their fears.

72 Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see  
So soon as thou canst ride ,

And she shall nurse thee in her bower,  
And she shall be thy bride

73 Sir Bertiam, at her name reviv'd,  
He bless'd the soothing sound,  
Fond hope supplied the Nurse's care,  
And heal'd his ghastly wound

\* \* Wark Castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern bank of the river Tweed, a little to the east of Tiviotdale, and not far from Kelso. It is now intirely destroyed

#### FIT THE THIRD

- 1 ONE early morn, while dewy drops  
Hung trembling on the tree,  
Saw Bertiam from his sick-bed rose,  
His bride he would go see
- 2 A brother he had in prime of youth,  
Of courage firm and keen,  
And he would tend him on the way  
Because his wounds were green
- 3 All day o'er moss and moor they rode,  
By many a lonely tower,  
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night  
Ere they drew near her bower
- 4 Most drear and dark the castle seem'd,  
That wont to shine so bright,  
And long and loud sir Bertiam call'd  
Ere he beheld a light.
- 5 At length her aged Nurse arose  
With voice so shrill and clear  
What wight is this, that calls so loud,  
And knocks so boldly here?



- 6 'Tis Bertiam calls, thy Lady's love,  
Come from his bed of care  
All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss,  
To see thy Lady fair
- 7 Now out, alas! (she loudly shriek'd)  
Alas! how may this be?  
For six long days are gone and past  
Since she set out to thee.
- 8 Sad terror seiz'd sir Bertiam's heart,  
And oft he deeply sigh'd,  
When now the draw-bridge was let down,  
And gates set open wide
- 9 Six days, young knight, are past and gone,  
Since she set out to thee,  
And sure if no sad harm had hap'd  
Long since thou wouldst her see
- 10 For when she heard thy grievous chance  
She tore her hair, and cried,  
Alas! I've slain the comeliest knight,  
All thro' my folly and pride!
- 11 And now to atone for my sad fault,  
And his dear health regain,  
I'll go myself, and nurse my love,  
And soothe his bed of pain.
- 12 Then mounted she her milk-white steed  
One morn at break of day;  
And two tall yeomen went with her  
To guard her on the way.

- 13 Sad tenor smote sir Bertram's heart,  
And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind  
Trust me, said he, I ne'er will rest  
Till I thy Lady find
- 14 That night he spent in sorrow and care,  
And with sad boding heart  
Or e'er the dawning of the day  
His brother and he depart
- 15 Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,  
O'er Scottish hills to range,  
Do thou go north, and I'll go west,  
And all our dress we'll change
- 16 Some Scottish carle hath seized my love,  
And borne her to his den,  
And ne'er will I tread English ground  
Till she is restored agen
- 17 The brothers strait their paths divide,  
O'er Scottish hills to range,  
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,  
And oft their dress they change
- 18 Sir Bertram clad in gown of gray,  
Most like a Palmer poor,  
To halls and castles wanders round,  
And begs from door to door
- 19 Sometimes a Minstrel's garb he wears,  
With pipe so sweet and shrill,  
And wends to every tower and town,  
O'er every dale and hill

- '20 One day as he sate under a thorn  
All sunk in deep disdain,  
An aged Pilgrim pass'd him by,  
Who mark'd his face of care
- 21 All Minstrels yet that over I saw  
Are full of game and glee  
But thou art sad and woe-begone!  
I marvel whence it be!
- 22 Father, I serve an aged Lord,  
Whose grief afflicts my mind,  
His only child is stol'n away,  
And fain I would her find
- 23 Cheer up, my son, perchance, (he said)  
Some tidings I may bear  
For oft when human hopes have fail'd,  
Then heavenly comfort's near.
- 24 Behind yon hills so steep and high,  
Down in a lowly glen,  
There stands a castle fair and strong,  
Far from th' abode of men
- 25 As late I chanc'd to crave an alms  
About this evening hour,  
Methought I heard a Lady's voice  
Lamenting in the tower
- 26 And when I ask'd what harm had hap'd,  
What Lady sick there lay?  
They rudely drove me from the gate.  
And bade me wend away

- 27 These tidings caught sir Bertiam's ear,  
He thank'd him for his tale,  
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,  
And soon he reach'd the vale
- 28 Then drawing near those lonely towers,  
Which stood in dale so low,  
And sitting down beside the gate,  
His pipes he 'gan to blow
- 29 Sir Porter, is thy lord at home  
To hear a Minstrel's song?  
Or may I crave a lodging here,  
Without offence or wrong?
- 30 My Lord, he said, is not at home  
To hear a Minstrel's song  
And should I lend thee lodging here  
My life would not be long
- 31 He play'd again so soft a strain,  
Such power sweet sounds impart;  
He won the churlish Porter's ear,  
And moved his stubborn heart
- 32 Minstrel, he say'd, thou play'st so sweet,  
For entrance thou should'st win,  
But, alas, I'm sworn upon the rood  
To let no stranger in
- 33 Yet, Minstrel, in yon rising cliff  
Thou'lt find a sheltering cave;  
And here thou shalt my supper share,  
And there thy lodging have

- 34 All day he sits beside the gate,  
And pipes both loud and clear  
All night he watches round the walls,  
In hopes his love to hear
- 35 The first night, as he silent watch'd,  
All at the midnight hour,  
He plainly heard his Lady's voice  
Lamenting in the tower
- 36 The second night the moon shone clear,  
And gilt the spangled dew,  
He saw his Lady thro' the grate,  
But 'twas a transient view
- 37 The third night wearied out he slept  
Till near the morning tide;  
When, starting up, he seiz'd his sword,  
And to the castle hy'd
- 38 When, lo! he saw a ladder of ropes  
Depending from the wall,  
And o'er the mote was newly laid  
A poplar strong and tall.
- 39 And soon he saw his love descend  
Wiapt in a tartan plaid,  
Assisted by a sturdy youth  
In highland garb y-clad
- 40 Amaz'd, confounded at the sight,  
He lay unseen and still,  
And soon he saw them cross the stream,  
And mount the neighbouring hill.

- 41 Unheard, unknown of all within,  
The youthful couple fly  
But what can scape the lover's ken?  
Or shun his piercing eye?
- 42 With silent step he follows close  
Behind the flying pair,  
And saw her hang upon his arm  
With fond familiar air
- 43 Thanks, gentle youth, she often said,  
My thanks thou well hast won  
For me what wyles hast thou contriv'd?  
For me what dangers run?
- 44 And ever shall my grateful heart  
Thy services repay —  
Siu Bertiam could no further hear,  
But cried, Vile traitor, stay!
- 45 Vile traitor! yield that Lady up!  
And quick his sword he drew  
The stranger turn'd in sudden rage,  
And at Siu Bertiam flew
- 46 With mortal hate their vigorous arms  
Gave many a vengeful blow  
But Bertiam's stronger hand prevail'd,  
And laid the stranger low
- 47 Die, traitor, die!—A deadly thrust  
Attends each furious word  
Ah! then fair Isabel knew his voice,  
And rush'd beneath his sword

- 48 O stop, she cried, O stop thy arm!  
Thou dost thy brother slay!—  
And here the Hermit paus'd, and wept  
His tongue no more could say
- 49 At length he cried, Ye lovely pair,  
How shall I tell the rest?  
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,  
It fell, and stabb'd her breast
- 50 Wert thou thyself that hapless youth?  
Ah! cruel fate! they said  
The Hermit wept, and so did they  
They sigh'd, he hung his head
- 51 O blind and jealous rage, he cried,  
What evils from thee flow?  
The Hermit paus'd, they silent mourn'd  
He wept, and they were woe
- 52 Ah! when I heard my brother's name,  
And saw my lady bleed,  
I rav'd, I wept, I curst my arm,  
That wrought the fatal deed
- 53 In vain I clasp'd her to my breast,  
And clos'd the ghastly wound,  
In vain I press'd his bleeding corpse,  
And rais'd it from the ground
- 54 My brother, alas! spake never more,  
His precious life was flown  
She kindly strove to sooth my pain,  
Regardless of her own

- 55 Bertram, she said, be comforted,  
And live to think on me  
May we in heaven that union prove,  
Which here was not to be!
- 56 Bertram, she said, I still was true,  
Thou only hadst my heart  
May we hereafter meet in bliss!  
We now, alas! must part
- 57 For thee I left my father's hall,  
And flew to thy relief,  
When, lo! near Chiviot's fatal hills  
I met a Scottish chief,
- 58 Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffered love  
I had refus'd with scorn;  
He slew my guards, and seiz'd on me  
Upon that fatal morn;
- 59 And in those dreary hated walls  
He kept me close confin'd,  
And fondly sued, and warmly press'd  
To win me to his mind
- 60 Each rising morn increas'd my pain,  
Each night increas'd my fear,  
When wandering in this northern gaub,  
Thy brother found me here.
- 61 He quickly form'd this brave design  
To set me captive free,  
And on the moor his horses wait,  
Ty'd to a neighbouring tree.



- 62 Then haste, my love, escape away,  
And for thyself provide,  
And sometime fondly think on her,  
Who should have been thy bride
- 63 Thus pouring comfort on my soul  
Even with her latest breath,  
She gave one parting fond embrace,  
And clos'd her eyes in death
- 64 In wild amaze, in speechless woe  
Devoid of sense I lay  
Then sudden all in frantic mood  
I meant myself to slay
- 65 And rising up in furious haste  
I seiz'd the bloody brand <sup>1</sup>  
A sturdy arm here interpos'd,  
And wrench'd it from my hand
- 66 A crowd, that from the castle came,  
Had miss'd their lovely ward;  
And seizing me to prison bore,  
And deep in dungeon barr'd
- 67 It chanc'd that on that very morn  
Then chieft was prisoner ta'en  
Lord Percy had us soon exchang'd,  
And strove to soothe my pain
- 68 And soon those honoured dear remains  
To England were convey'd,  
And there within their silent tombs,  
With holy rites were laid

<sup>1</sup> i. e., Sword

- 69 For me, I loath'd my wretched life,  
And oft to end it sought,  
Till time, and thought, and holy men  
Had better counsels taught
- 70 They rais'd my heart to that pure source,  
Whence heavenly comfort flows  
They taught me to despise the world,  
And calmly bear its woes
- 71 No more the slave of human pride,  
Vain hope, and sordid care,  
I meekly vowed to spend my life  
In penitence and prayer
- 72 The bold Su Bertram now no more,  
Impetuous, haughty, wild,  
But poor and humble Benedict,  
Now lowly, patient, mild
- 73 My lands I gave to feed the poor,  
And sacred altars raise,  
And here a lonely Anchorite  
I came to end my days
- 74 This sweet sequestered vale I chose,  
These rocks, and hanging grove,  
For oft beside this murmuring stream  
My love was wont to rove
- 75 My noble Friend approv'd my choice,  
This blest retreat he gave.  
And here I carv'd her beauteous form,  
And scoop'd this holy cave.

- 76 Full fifty winters, all foilorn,  
My life I 've linger'd here;  
And daily o'er this sculptu'd samt  
I drop the pensive tear
- 77 And thou, dear brother of my heart,  
So faithful and so true,  
The sad remembrance of thy fate  
Still makes my bosom rue<sup>1</sup>
- 78 Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,  
Forsaken or forgot,  
The Percy and his noble Son  
Would grace my lowly cot
- 79 Oft the great Earl from toils of state,  
And cumbrous pomp of power,  
Would gladly seek my little cell  
To spend the tranquil hour.
- 80 But length of life is length of woo,  
I liv'd to mourn his fall:  
I liv'd to mourn his godlike Son,<sup>1</sup>  
Their friends and followers all.
- 81 But thou the honours of thy race,  
Lov'd youth, shalt now restore,  
And raise again the Percy name  
More glorious than before.
- 82 He ceas'd, and on the lovely pair  
His choicest blessings laid  
While they with thanks and pitying tears  
His mournful tale repaid.

<sup>1</sup> Hotspur.

- 83 And now what present course to take  
 They ask the good old sire,  
 And guided by his sage advice  
 To Scotland they retire
- 84 Mean-time their suit such favour found  
 At Raby's stately hall,  
 Earl Neville and his princely Spouse  
 Now gladly pardon all
- 85 She suppliant at her Nephew's<sup>1</sup> throne  
 The royal grace implor'd  
 To all the honours of his race  
 The Percy was restor'd.
- 86 The youthful Earl still more and more  
 Admired his beauteous dame  
 Nine noble Sons to him she bore,  
 All worthy of their name.

— THE END OF THE BALLAD.

\* \* The account given in the foregoing ballad of young Percy, the son of Hotspur, receives the following confirmation from the old Chronicle of Whitby

'Henry Percy, the son of Sir Henry Percy, that was slayne at Shrewesbery, and of Elizabeth, the daughter of the Erle of Marche, after the death of his Father and Grauntsyre, was exiled into Scotland<sup>2</sup> in the time of king Henry the Fourth but in the time of king Henry the Fifth, by the labour of Johanne the countes of Westmerland, (whose Daughter Alianor he had wedded in coming into England,) he recovered the King's grace, and the countye of Northumberland, so was the second Erle of Northumberland.

'And of this Alianor his wife, he begate IX Sonnes, and III Daughters, whose names be Johanne, that is buried at Whytbye Thomas, lord Egremont Katherine Gray of Rythyn Sir Raffe Percy William Percy, a Byshopp Richard Percy John, that dyed without Issue [another John, called by Vincent,<sup>3</sup> "Johannes Percy senior de Warkworth "] George Percy,

<sup>1</sup> King Henry V A D 1414—<sup>2</sup> remained an exile in Scotland during the Reign of King Henry IV In Scotia exulavit tempore Henrici Regis quarti Lat, MS penes Duc North

<sup>3</sup> See his Great Baronage No 20 in the Herald's office

Cleak Henry that dyed without issue Anne ——— [besides the eldest son\* and successor here omitted, because he comes in below, viz.]

Henry Percy, the third Erie of Northumberland

Vid Harl MSS No 692 (26) in the British Museum

## POSTSCRIPT

It will perhaps gratify the curious Reader to be informed, that from a woid or two formerly legible over one of the Chapel Doors, it is believed that the Text there inscribed was that Latin verse of the Psalmist,<sup>1</sup> which is in our Translation,

### MY TEARS HAVE BLEND MY MEAT DAY AND NIGHT

It is also certain, that the memory of the first Hermit was held in such regard and veneration by the Percy Family, that they afterwards maintained a Chantry Priest, to reside in the Hermitage, and celebrate Mass in the Chapel whose allowance, uncommonly liberal and munificent, was continued down to the Dissolution of the Monasteries, and then the whole Salary, together with the Hermitage and all its dependences, reverted back to the Family, having never been endowed in mortmain. On this account we have no Record, which fixes the date of the Foundation, or gives any particular account of the first Hermit, but the following Instrument will show the liberal Exhibition afforded to his Successors. It is the Patent granted to the last Hermit in 1532, and is copied from an ancient MS book of Grants, &c of the VIth Earl of Northumberland, in Henry the VIIIth's time -

### SIR GEORGE LANCASTRE PATENT OF XX MERKS BY YERE

Henry Erie of Northumberland, &c Knowe youe that I the saide Erie, in consideration of the diligent and thankful service, that my welbelovyd Chypleyn Sir George Lancastre hath don unto me the said Erie, and also for the goodde and vertuous disposition that I do perceyve in him And for thit he shall have in his daily recommendation and prayers the good estate of all suche noble Blode and other Personages, as he now levyng, And the Soules of such noble Blode as he departed to the mercy of God owte of this present lyve, Whos Names are conteyned and wryetyn in a Table upon parchment signed with thande of me the said Erie, and delivered to the custodie and keapyng of the said Sir George Lancastre And further, thit he shall kepe and saye his devyn service in celebratyng and doynge Mass of Regyne every weke accordynge as it ys wrytten and set furth in the saide Table Have geven and graunted, and by these presentes do gyve and graunte unto the said Sir George, myn Armytage blded in a Rock of stone within my Parke of Wauke-worth in the Countie of Northumberland in the honour of the blessed Trynete, With a yerly Stipende of twenty Merks by yer,<sup>2</sup> from the feest of saint Michell thuchangell last past aloie the date hereof yerly during the naturall lyve of the said Sir George And also I the said Erie have geven and graunted, and by these Presents do gyve and graunte unto the said Sir George Lancastre, the occupation of one litle Giesground of myn called Cony-garth mygh ad-

<sup>1</sup> Psal xlii 3 — Classed, 1. I No 1 penes Duc Northumb — <sup>2</sup> This would be equal to £100, per annum now See the Chronicle Pretiosum

joynunge the said Harmytage, only to his owne use and prouffit wynter and some duryng the said terme, The Gaden and Orteyard belongyng the said Armytage, The Gate<sup>1</sup> and Pasture of Twelf Kye and a Bull, with their Calves suking, And two Horses goying and beyng within my said Parke of Warkworth wynter and somet, One Draught of Fisshe every Sondaie in the yere to be drawen fornenst<sup>2</sup> the said Armytage, called The Trynete Draught; And Twenty Lods of Fyewode to be taken of my Wodds called Shillbotell Wode, duryng thi<sup>3</sup> said term The said Stupend of xx Merks by yei to be taken and peiceved<sup>3</sup> yeily of the rent and ferme of my Fisshyng of Warkworth, by thiands of the Fermow or Fermours of the same for the tyme beyng yeily at the times ther used and accustomed by evyn Portions Allowe in recompense In wytnes wheof to thes my Letties Patentes I the herof, yerly<sup>4</sup> the said Eile have set the Seale of myn Armes Even Richard Ryche undir my Signet at my Castell of Warkworth, the thiud daie of December, in the xiiii<sup>th</sup> Yei of the Reigne of our Sovereyn Lorde kyng Henry the eight<sup>5</sup>

On the Dissolution of the Monasteries, the above Patent was produced before the Court of Augmentation in Michaelmas-Term, 20 Oct A 29 Hen viii when the same was allowed by the Chancellor and Counsel of the said Court, and all the profits confumed to the incumbent Sir George Lancaster, Excepting that in compensation for the annual Stipend of Twenty Marks, he was to receive a Stipend of Ten Marks, and to have a free Chapel called The Rood Chapel, and the Hospital of St Leonard, within the Barony of Wigdon, in the County of Cumberland

After the peusal of the above Patent it will perhaps be needless to caution the Reader agunst a Mistake, some have fallen into, of confounding this Hermitage near Warkworth, with a Chantry founded within the town itself, by Nicholas de Farnham bishop of Durham, in the reign of Henry III who appropriated the Church of Brankeston for the maintenance there of two Benedictine Monks from Durham<sup>6</sup> That small monastic foundation is indeed called a Cell by bishop Tanner<sup>6</sup> but he must be very ignorant indeed, who supposes that the word Cell is necessarily to be understood a Hermitage, whereas it was commonly applied to any small conventual establishment which was dependant on another

As for the Chapel belonging to this endowment of bishop Farnham, it is mentioned as in ruins in several old Surveys of Queen Elizabeth's time, and its site, not far from Warkworth Church, is still remembered But that there was never more than one Priest maintained, at one and the same time, within the Hermitage, is plainly proved (if any further proof is wanting) by the following Extract from a Survey of Warkworth, made in the Year 1567,<sup>7</sup> viz

'Ther is in the Parke (sc of Warkworth) also one Howse hewyn within one Cragge, which is called the Harmitage Chapel In the same ther haith bene one Pleast<sup>8</sup> Keaped, which did such godlye Services as that tyme was used and celebrated The Mantion Howse [sc the small building adjoining to the Cragg] ys now in decaye the Closes that appertained to the said Chantrie is occupied to his Lordshipp's use'

<sup>1</sup> i e Going from the Verb, to Gae —<sup>2</sup> Or fore-anenst i e opposite —<sup>3</sup> Sic MS —<sup>4</sup> So the MS The above Sir Richard Ryche was Chancellor of the Augmentations at the Suppression of the Monasteries —<sup>5</sup> Ang Sacr p 738 —<sup>6</sup> Mon Ang p 398 —<sup>7</sup> By Geo Clarkson penes Due North

# A GLOSSARY

OF THE

## OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN

### VOLUME THE THIRD

*Such words, as the reader cannot find here, he is desired to look for in the Glossaries to the other volumes*

#### A

*A' au*, s all  
*Abge*, suffic, to pay for  
*Aft*, s off  
*Afore*, before  
*Aik*, s oak  
*Aith*, s oath  
*Ane*, s one, an, a  
*Ann*, if  
*Aquoy*, coy, shy  
*Astonied*, astonished, stunned  
*Auld*, s old  
*Arove*, vow  
*Awe'*, s away  
*Aye*, ever, also, ah! alas!  
*Ayont*, s beyond

#### B

*Ban*, curse  
*Banisher*, s, steamers, little flags  
*Baud*, s bold  
*Bedeane*, immediately  
*Bedone*, wrought, made up  
*Beere*, s bier  
*Ben*, s within doors  
*Bent*, s long grass, also, wild fields,  
 where bents, &c grow  
*Bereth*, beareth  
*Ber nes*, barns  
*Beseeme*, become  
*Beshuddle*, cut into shreds  
*Beshrew me*! a lesser form of im-  
 precation  
*Besmarche*, to soil, discolour  
*Blee*, complexion  
*Blent*, blended  
*Blintion*, blinkand, s twinkling  
*Blurk*, s, squinting  
*Blut*, s, twinkles, sparkles

*Blinne*, cease, give over  
*Blyth*, *blythe*, sprightly, joyous  
*Blyth*, joy, sprightliness  
*Bookesman*, clerk, secretary  
*Boon*, favour, request, petition  
*Bore*, born  
*Bower*, *bowre*, any bowed or arched  
 room, a parlour, chamber, also  
 a dwelling in general  
*Bower woman*, s chamber-maid  
*Brow*, s the brow, or side of a hill,  
 a declivity  
*Brakes*, tufts of fern  
*Brand*, sword  
*Burst*, burst  
*Brave*, gay, *bravery*, s brave  
*Brayle*, drew out, unsheathed  
*Bren*, s burn  
*Bridal*, s (properly *bride-ale*) the  
 nuptial feast  
*Brigue*, *brigg*, bridge  
*Britled*, carved Vad *Dyrtlynge*  
 Gloss Vol I  
*Brooch*, *brouche*, 1st, a spurt, 2dly,  
 a buckle, 3dly, any ornamental  
 tunket Stone-buckles of silver  
 or gold, with which gentlemen  
 and ladies clasp their shirt-  
 bosoms, and handkerchiefs, are  
 called in the North *Brooches*, —  
 from the 1 *brouche*, a spurt  
*Brought*, s brought  
*Bayle*, *bayle-horn*, a hunting-horn  
 being the horn of a *Bayle*, or  
*Wild Bull*  
*Baw*, *bowne*, brook  
*Bush*, dress, deck  
*But if*, unless  
*Butt*, s without, out of door s  
*Bye*, s cow-house

<sup>1</sup> Of the Scottish words *Ban*, and *Bent*, *Ben* is from the Dutch *banen* Lat *inter, intra*, which is compounded of the preposition *ban*, or *be* the same as *by* in English, and of *in* — *But* or *But*, is from the Dutch *butten*, Lat *inter, contra, per, contra, quoniam*, which is com-  
 pounded of the same preposition *by* or *be*, and of *ut*, the same as *out* in English

*Cun*, gan; began  
*Cuntyff*, a slave.  
*Canna*, s cannot  
*Cawle*, a churl; clown  
*Carlish*, churlish, discourteous  
*Caru*, s call  
*Cauld*, s gold  
*Ccites*, certainly  
*Chap*, knock  
*Chevaliers*, f knights  
*Child*, a knight See Vol I Gloss &c  
*Chield*, s is a slight or familiar way of speaking of a person, like our English word *fellow* The *chield*, is the fellow  
*Christentre*, Christendome  
*Churl*, clown a person of low birth, a villain  
*Church-ale*, a wake, a feast in commemoration of the dedication of a Church  
*Clanths*, s clothes  
*Clead*, s clothed  
*Cleading*, s clothing  
*Cled*, s clad, clothed  
*Clerks*, clergymen, literati, scholars  
*Cliding*, s clothing  
*Cog*, cheat  
*Cold*, *Could*, knew  
*Coleyme*, Cologne steel  
*Con thanks*, give thanks  
*Cote*, coat  
*Courtinals*, cuckolds  
*Cramasie*, s crimson  
*Crannon*, skull  
*Crinkle*, run in and out, run into flexures, wrinkle  
*Crook*, twist, wrinkle, distort  
*Crowt*, to pucker up  
*Cum*, s come

## D

*Dank*, moist, damp  
*Dawes*, days  
*Deas*, *deas*, the high table in a hall from *f dans*, a canopy  
*Dealan*, *deland*, s dealing  
*Dec*, s die  
*Deed*, dead  
*Deemed*, doomed, judged, &c thus, in the Isle of Man, Judges are called *Deemsters*  
*Dearly*, precious, richly  
*Deud*, s dead

*Deud bell*, s passing-bell  
*Delt*, narrow valley  
*Delt*, dealt  
*Desrye*, *descriue*, describe  
*Demains*, demesnes, estate in lands  
*Dight*, decked  
*Ding*, *dunge*, knock, beat  
*Din*, *drune*, noise, bustle  
*Disna*, s doest not  
*Distrene*, the horse rode by a knight in the tournament  
*Dosend*, s dosing, drowsy, torpid, benumbed, &c  
*Doublet*, a man's inner garment, waistcoat  
*Doubt*, fear  
*Doubteous*, doubtful  
*Douty*, doughty  
*Dropping*, s dropping  
*Dreiry*, s dreary  
*Dule*, s dole, sorrow  
*Dwellan*, *dwelland*, s dwelling  
*Dyan*, *dyand*, s dying

## E

*Eather*, s either  
*Eee*, *een*, *eyne*, s eye, eyes.  
*Een*, even, evening  
*Effund*, pour forth  
*Eftsoon*, in a short time  
*Eir*, s e'er, ever  
*Enouch*, s enough  
*Eke*, also  
*Evamshed*, s vanished.  
*Everiche*, every, each  
*Everychone*, every one  
*Ewe-bughts*, or *Ewe-boughts*, s are small inclosures, or pens, into which the farmers drive (Scoticè *wen*) their milch ewes, morning and evening, in order to milk them They are commonly made with *fale-dykes*, i.e. earthen dykes  
*Excalibar*, Arthur's sword, otherwise *caliburn* or *escalberd*  
*Ezar*, azure

## F

*Fadge*, s a thick loaf of bread figuratively, any coarse heap of stuff  
*Fann*, glad, fond, well-pleased  
*Fawe*, thrive  
*Falds*, s thou foldest



*Ferlan'*, falland, s falling  
*Falsen*, a deceiver, hypocrite  
*Fes*, s thou fallest  
*Faw'n*, s fallen  
*Faye*, faith  
*Fearle, fere, fene*, mate  
*Feates*, feats  
*Fet*, reward, recompence, it also signifies land, when it is connected with the tenure by which it is held, as knight's fee, &c  
*Fet*, fetched  
*Fillan'*, filland, s filling  
*Filinge*, defiling  
*Find frost*, find mischance, or disaster A phrase still in use  
*Fit*, s foot  
*Five teen*, fifteen  
*Flayne*, flayed  
*Flindas*, s, pieces, splinters  
*Fonde*, found  
*Foregoe*, quit, give up, resign  
*Foreworned*, much wearied  
*Forthy*, therefore  
*Fow*, *Fow*, s full Item, drunk  
*Frac*, s fro from  
*Furth*, forth  
*Fyers*, fierce  
*Fyled, fyling*, defiled, defiling

## G

*Gae*, s gave.  
*Gae, gaes*, s go, goes  
*Gaed, gauld*, s went  
*Gan*, began  
*Gane*, s gone  
*Gang*, s go  
*Gar*, s make  
*Gart, ganred, gard*, s made.  
*Gear, gev*, s gear, goods, furniture  
*Gaid*, s gave  
*Geite*, pierced  
*Gibed*, jeered  
*Gie*, s give  
*Giff*, if  
*Gin*, s if  
*Gin, gyn, gunn*, engine, contrivance  
*Gins*, begins.  
*Gip*, an interjection of contempt  
*Glee*, merriment, joy  
*Glen*, s a narrow valley

*Glente*, glanced, shpt  
*Glowr*, s stare, or frown  
*Glo-e*, canting, dissimulation, fair outside  
*Gode*, good  
*Gone*, go  
*Goud*, s gold, a' goud bot the hem, all gold about the hem.  
*Greet*, s weep  
*Groomes*, attendants, servants  
*Gude, guid*, s good  
*Guerdon*, reward  
*Gule*, led  
*Gyle*, guile

## H

*Ha'*, s hall  
*Hame*, home  
*Hap*, luck  
*Haus*, hanc, s *Hapluch*, the neck-bone, (*hulse-bone*) a phrase for the neck  
*Hee's*, s he shall also, he has  
*Hey-day guise*, frolic, sportive frolicsome manner.<sup>1</sup>  
*Heathennes*, the heathen part of the world  
*Hem*, 'em, them  
*Henti*, held, pulled  
*Ho*, they  
*Her, hure*, then.  
*Hetti, hight*, bid, call, command  
*Hewkes*, heralds coats  
*Hind*, s behind  
*Hings*, s hangs  
*Hip, hep*, the berry, which contains the stones or seeds of the dog-rose  
*Hin, her lann*, s her, herself alone  
*Hole*, whole  
*Hollen*, probably a corruption for *holly*  
*Honde*, hand  
*Hooly*, s slowly  
*Hose*, stockings  
*Huggle*, hug, clasp  
*Hyt*, it.

## I

*Ifardly*, s ill-favouredly, ugly  
*Ika*, s each, every one.  
*Impe*, a little demon.  
*Jettid*, strutted, used by Shakspere

<sup>1</sup> This word is perhaps, in p. 170, corruptly *glen*, being apparently the same with *Heydegules*, or *Heydegulves*, which occurs in Spenser, and means a wild frolic dance.—JOHNS DICT

in 'Twelfth Night' 'how he jets  
under his advanced plumes'  
*Juncates*, delicacies, Junkets in  
L'Allegro  
*Ingle*, *s* fire  
*Jow*, *s* joll, or jowl  
*Ireful*, angry, furious  
*Ise*, *s* I shall  
*Incontinent*, immediately

## K

*Kame*, *s* comb  
*Hamcing*, *s* combing.  
*Kantle*, piece, corner.  
*Kark*, *s* chalk  
*Keel*, *s* raddle  
*Kempt*, combed.  
*Ken*, *s* know  
*Keven-chefes*, handkerchiefs  
*Key-cold*, very cold  
*Kilted*, *s* tucked up  
*Kirk*, *s* church  
*Kirk-wal*, *s* church-wall or per-  
haps church-yard-wall  
*Kinn*, *s* chun  
*Kittle*, a petticoat, woman's gown  
*Kith*, acquaintance  
*Knellan*, *knellund*, *s* knelling, ring-  
ing the knell  
*Kytell*, vid *kittle* In the Intro-  
it signifies a man's under gar-  
ment<sup>1</sup>

## L

*Lache*, want  
*Ladies*, sometimes used for  
nymphs  
*Lurth*, *s* loth  
*Lamb's wool*, a cant phrase for ale  
and roasted apples  
*Lang*, *s* long  
*Lap*, *s* leaped  
*Largesse*, *f* gift, liberality  
*Lee*, *lea*, field, pasture  
*Lee*, *s* lie  
*Lecch*, physician  
*Leese*, *s* lose  
*Leffe*, *leefe*, dear  
*Leid*, *s* lyed  
*Lenman*, lover

*Leugh*, *s* laughed  
*Lewd*, ignorant, scandalous, inde-  
cent  
*Libbard*, leopard  
*Libbard's-bane*, an herb so called  
*Lichtly*, *s* lightly, easily, nimbly  
*Lig*, *s* lie  
*Linitours*, friars licensed to beg  
within certain limits  
*Linitacioune*, a certain precinct  
allowed to a limitoun  
*Luther*, naughty, wicked.  
*Lo'e*, *loed*, *s* love, loved  
*Lothly*, (vid *lodlye*, Gloss Vol. II)  
loathsome<sup>2</sup>  
*Lounge*, lung  
*Lourd*, *lour*, *s* lever, had rather  
*Lues*, *lure*, *s* loves, love  
*Lyan*, *lyand*, *s* lying  
*Lystenyth* listen

## M

*Murr*, more  
*Mart*, *s* might  
*Manchet*, the best of fine bread  
*Mark*, a coin in value 13s 4d  
*Mazer*, maple  
*Maugre*, in spite of  
*Muris*, *s* a thrush  
*Moun*, *s* must  
*Maut*, *s* malt  
*Meed*, reward  
*Micht*, might  
*Mickle*, much, great  
*Midy*, a small insect, a kind of  
gnat  
*Minstral*, *s* minstrel, musician, &c  
*Minstrelsie*, music  
*Minkie*, dark, black  
*Mishap*, misfortune  
*Mither*, *s* mother  
*Moe*, more  
*Mold*, mould, ground  
*Monnd*, moaning, bemoaning  
*More*, originally and properly  
signified a hill (from *A S* mor,  
mons,) but the hills of the North  
being generally full of bogs, a

<sup>1</sup> Bale, in his *Actes of Eng* Votaries (2d Part, fol 53) uses the word KYTTEL to signify a Monk's frock. He says, Roger Earl of Shrewsbury, when he was dying, sent 'to Chunyaie, in  
france, for the KYTTEL of holy Ilugh the Abbot there,' &c.—<sup>2</sup> The adverbial terminations -some  
and -ly were applied indifferently by our old writers thus, as we have *Lothly* for *Loathsome*,  
above, so we have *Ugely* in a sense not very remote from *Ugly* in Lord Surrey's Version of  
An 2d viz

'In every place the uglye sightes I saw'

*Moor* came to signify boggy  
marshy ground in general  
*Mourningynges*, mournings  
*Mosses*, swampy grounds covered  
with peat-moss  
*Mote*, *mought*, might  
*Mou*, *s* mouth

## N

*Na*, *nae*, *s* no  
*Naething*, *s* nothing.  
*Nane*, *s* none  
*Newfangle*, *newfangled*, fond of  
novelty of new fashions, &c.  
*Nicht*, *s* night  
*Noble*, a coin in value 6s 8d  
*Norland*, *s* northern  
*North-gales*, North Wales.

## O

*Obiand*, *s* upbiand  
*Ony*, *s* any  
*Or*, *or* before — In 'Old Robin,' v  
41, *or* seems to have the force of  
the Latin *vel*, and to signify *even*  
*Our*, you  
*Out-brayle*, chew out, unsheathed  
*Owie*, *s* over  
*Owe-word*, *s* the last word The  
burden of a song  
*Owches*, bosses, or buttons of gold.

## P.

*Pail*, a cloak, or mantle of state  
*Palmer*, a pilgrim, who, having  
been at the holy land, carried a  
palm branch in his hand  
*Paramour*, gallant, lover, mistress  
*Partake*, participate, assign to  
*Pattering*, murmuring, rambling,  
from the manner in which the  
*Pater-noster* was anciently hur-  
ried over, in a low inarticulate  
voice  
*Paynum*, pagan  
*Pearlins*, *s* a coarse sort of bone-  
lace  
*Peer* *peerless*, equal, without  
equal.  
*Peering*, peeping, looking narrowly  
*Perill*, danger  
*Philomene*, philomel, the nightin-  
gale.  
*Plaene*, complain.  
*Plēn*, complain

*Porcuping*, porcupine, *f* *porceppe*  
*Poteiner*, perhaps pocket, or  
pouch *Puntier* in *It* *s* a  
shepherd's scrip (*and* Cotgrave)  
*Piece*, *s* a little  
*Picus*, *pi*, *se*, piess  
*Picked*, spurred forward, travelled  
a good round pace  
*Prowess*, bravery, valour, military  
gallantry  
*Puissant*, strong, powerful  
*Purfel*, an ornament of embroidery.  
*Purjelled*, embroidered

## Q

*Quarl*, shrink, flinch, yield  
*Quay*, *quhey*, *s* a young heifer,  
called a *whie* in Yorkshire  
*Quean*, sorry, base woman  
*Quell*, subdue, also, kill  
*Queth*, a blow, or bang  
*Quha*, *s* who  
*Quhan*, *s* where  
*Quhan*, *whan*, *s* when  
*Quhaneer*, *s* whence'er.  
*Quhen*, *s* when  
*Quich*, alive, living.  
*Quitt*, requite  
*Quo*, quoth.

## R.

*Rade*, *s* 1000  
*Raise*, *s* 1050  
*Reade*, *rede*, *s*, advise.  
*Reeve*, bailiff  
*Renneeth*, *renning*, runneeth, run-  
ning.  
*Raft*, bereft  
*Register*, the officer who keeps the  
public register  
*Riull*, royal  
*Ruddle*, seems to be a vulg idiom  
for *unriddle*, or is perhaps a  
corruption of *reade*, *s* advise  
*Rin*, *s* run *Rin my errand*, a  
contracted way of speaking for  
'run on my errand' The pro-  
noun is omitted So the Fr say  
*faire message*.  
*Rood*, *Rode*, cross, crucifix  
*Route*, go about, travel.  
*Rudd*, red, ruddy.  
*Ruth*, pity  
*Ruthfull*, rueful, woeful.

*Sa, sae, s* so  
*Soft, s* soft  
*Swim, s* same.  
*Saur, s* spore  
*Shall, s* shall  
*Sharke, s* shirt  
*Saut, s, sabb*  
*Say, essay, attempt*  
*Scant, scarce* item, scantiness  
*See, permit, in Child Waters, l* 60  
*Seely, silty*  
*Seething, boiling*  
*Sed, said*  
*Sel, sell, s* self  
*Sen, s* since  
*Seneschall, steward*  
*Sey, s* say, a kind of woollen stuff  
*Shee's, s* she shall  
*Sheene, shining*  
*Shield-bone, the blade-bone, a*  
     common phrase in the North  
*Shent, shamed, disgraced, abused,*  
*Shepenes, shipens, cow - houses,*  
     sheep-pens A S Seypen  
*Shimmered, s* glittered  
*Sho, scho, s* she  
*Shoone, shoes*  
*Shope, shaped*  
*Shread, cut into small pieces*  
*Shreeven, shriwen, confessed her*  
     sins  
*Shullen, shall*  
*So, such, such*  
*Such-like, s* such-like  
*Sighan, sighand, s* sighing  
*Siller, s* silver  
*Sith, since*  
*Skinkled, s* glittered, means some-  
     times spilt  
*Started, s* whetted, or, perhaps,  
     wiped  
*Sleath, slayeth*  
*Slee, slay*  
*Sna, snaw, s* snow  
*Sooth, truth, true*  
*Soth, sothe, ditto*  
*Sould, s* should  
*Souldan, soldan, sowdan, sultan*  
*Spack, s* spake  
*Speed, speeded, succeeded,*  
*Sperk, s* speak

*Speir, s* spere, speare, speere, spere,  
     ask, inquire<sup>1</sup>  
*Speur, s* speak  
*Spill, spoil, destroy, kill*  
*Spullan, spilland, s* spilling  
*Spurging, froth that purges out*  
*Squelsh, a blow, or bang*  
*Stay, apprehension. See George*  
     Barnwell  
*Steane, s* stone  
*Sterte, started*  
*Steven, voice, sound*  
*Stunt, stop, short allowance*  
*Stound, stonde, space, moment,*  
     hour, time  
*Stowre, strong, robust, fierce*  
*Stower, stowre, stir, disturbance,*  
*Strint, strut or swell*  
*Stude, stuid, s* stood  
*Summere, a sumpter horse*  
*Surcease, cease*  
*Sune, s* soon  
*Sueere, swire, neck*  
*Syne, s* then, afterwards

## T

*Teene, sorrow, grief*  
*Tester, sixpence*  
*Thewes, manneis, limbs*  
*Than, s* then  
*Thaur, s* there  
*Thur, s* this, these  
*Tho, then*  
*Thrall, captive*  
*Thrall, captivity*  
*Thralldome, ditto*  
*Thrang, close*  
*Thrilled, twirled, turned round.*  
*Thropes, villages*  
*Thocht, thought*  
*Tift, s* puff of wind  
*Twiled, twirled, turned round*  
*Tone, t'one, the one*  
*Tor, a tower, also a high-pointed*  
     rock, or hill  
*Tres-ha die, f* thrice-hardy  
*Tienchant, f* cutting  
*Trust furth, s* draw forth to an  
     assiguation  
*Trisulcate, three - forked, three -*  
     pointed  
*Trow, believe, trust also, verily.*

<sup>1</sup> So Chaucer, in his Rhyme of Sir Thopas

— 'He soughte north and south,  
And oft he spired with his mouth'

<sup>1</sup> i. e. 'inquired'

*Thoth*, truth, faith, fidelity  
*Tush*, an interjection of contempt  
 or impatience

*Twa*, s two  
*Twayne*, two  
*Tynluggill*, Tintagel Castle in Corn-  
 wall

U  
*Uene*, approach, coming  
*Unbethought*, for *bethought* So  
*Unloose* for *Loose*  
*Unctuous*, fat, clammy, oily  
*Undermeles*, afternoons.  
*Unkempt*, uncombed  
*Ure*, use

W  
*Wadded*, perhaps from *woad* 1 e  
 of a light blue colour<sup>1</sup>

*Wae*, *waefo*, s woe, woeful,  
*Wae*, s *walde*, would  
*Walker*, a fuller of cloth  
*Waltered*, *waltered*, rolled along ;  
 also, wallowed

*Waly*, an interjection of grief  
*Wame*, *wem* s belly  
*Warde*, s advise, forewarn  
*Wassel*, drinking, good cheer  
*Wat*, s wet Also, knew  
*Wate*, s blained. Præter of *ayte*, to  
 blame

*Wax*, to grow, become  
*Wayward*, perverse  
*Wcale*, welfare  
*Wae-in*, s drive in gently  
*Weede*, clothing, dress  
*Wel*, well Also, we'll  
*Weird*, wizard, witch. Properly  
 fate destiny

*Welkin*, the sky  
*Well away*, exclaim of pity  
*Wem*, hurt  
*Wende*, *wened*, thought  
*Wend*, to go  
*Werryed*, worried  
*Wha*, s who  
*Whaur*, s where  
*Whan*, s when

*Whilk*, s which.  
*Whit*, jot  
*Whittles*, knives.  
*Wi*, s with  
*Wight*, human creature, man or  
 woman.  
*Wild-worm*, serpent  
*Winda*, perhaps the contraction  
 of *Windhover*, a kind of hawk  
*Wis*, know  
*Wit*, *weet*, know, understand  
*Woe*, woeful, sorrowful.  
*Wode*, *wod*, wood Also, mad  
*Woe man*, a sorrowful man  
*Woe-worth*, woe be to [you] AS  
*wothan*, (thou) to be, to become  
*Wolde*, would  
*Wonde*, wound, winded  
*Wood*, *wode*, mad, furious  
*Wood-worth*, s furiously enraged  
*Wot*, know, think  
*Wow*, s exclaim of wonder.  
*Wacke*, rum, destruction  
*Wynne*, win, joy  
*Wyt*, *wit*, *weet*, know.  
*Wyte*, blame

## Y

*Yaned*, yawned  
*Yate*, gate  
*Y-built*, built.  
*Ychulle*, I shall  
*Yee're*, s ye are.  
*Yees*, s ye shall.  
*Yese*, s. ye shall  
*Y/l*, il.  
*Ylke*, *ilk*, same. *That ylk*, that  
 same  
*Ylythe*, listen  
*Yn*, in  
*Yode*, *youil*, went  
*Yong*, s young  
*Yon-lane*, s alone, by yourself  
*Ys* is  
*Ylonge*, stung  
*Y-wrought*, wrought  
*Y-ways*, truly verily

<sup>1</sup> Taylor, in Hist of Gavel-kind, p 49, says, 'Bright, from the British word *Brith*, which signifies their *wadde* colour, this was a light blue'—MINSHEW'S DICTION

THE END

